DELLINGER'S *New Short Novel,* "Lion Tamers"

RAILROAD STORIES

JUNE 15¢

NRA CODE

ALL COMPLETE

Old-Time Railroading:

Danger Ahead!

MEN *Women Despise*

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. In business they wonder why all too often "they can't get the order." • • •

In social life or business, there is one fault that others do not excuse. It is halitosis (bad breath). You yourself never know when you have halitosis. That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety per cent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly attacks fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine, which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

The fame of its roast 'possum and fragrant juleps was known throughout the Blue Grass country

On clear moonlight nights, the guests of that fine old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel often pricked up their ears as the deep baying of 'coon dogs floated in over the Kentucky hills. They knew what it meant, and smiled in happy anticipation—for when local hunters treed a 'possum, you could expect next day a meal famous all the way from Lookout Mountain to Louisville.

But there was more than good old-fashioned Southern cooking to draw gentlefolk to that famous hostelry down in Kentucky, and to the more than locally famous waters of the nearby limestone spring.

One thing upon which every Southern gentleman of the day prided himself was his judgment of bourbon. So the local hotel sought far and wide for something to please the critical palates of its guests, and found a whiskey, made up Louisville way, that came to be called Crab Orchard.

In those early days, that rich red bourbon didn't even have a label. It wasn't put up in bottles. They bought it by the barrel—and you were lucky indeed if they let you, as a special favor, carry a jug or two away.

And thus, the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel spread its reputation for the exquisite food and mellow whiskey to be found there.

But more than sixty years rolled by before the whiskey labeled and bottled with the name Crab Orchard suddenly burst into nationwide fame.

Prohibition had come and gone. People were searching for something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—and they wanted a low price. Crab Orchard filled all three wants so accurately that it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.*

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay

A good guide to good whiskey

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community where the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

15c a Copy

RAILROAD STORIES

$1.50 a Year

JUNE, 1935
Vol. XVII, No. 3

NRA CODE

Formerly RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—*Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

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THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, New York City

WILLIAM T. DEWART, President R. H. TITHERINGTON, Secretary

MESSAGERIES HACHETTE
3, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

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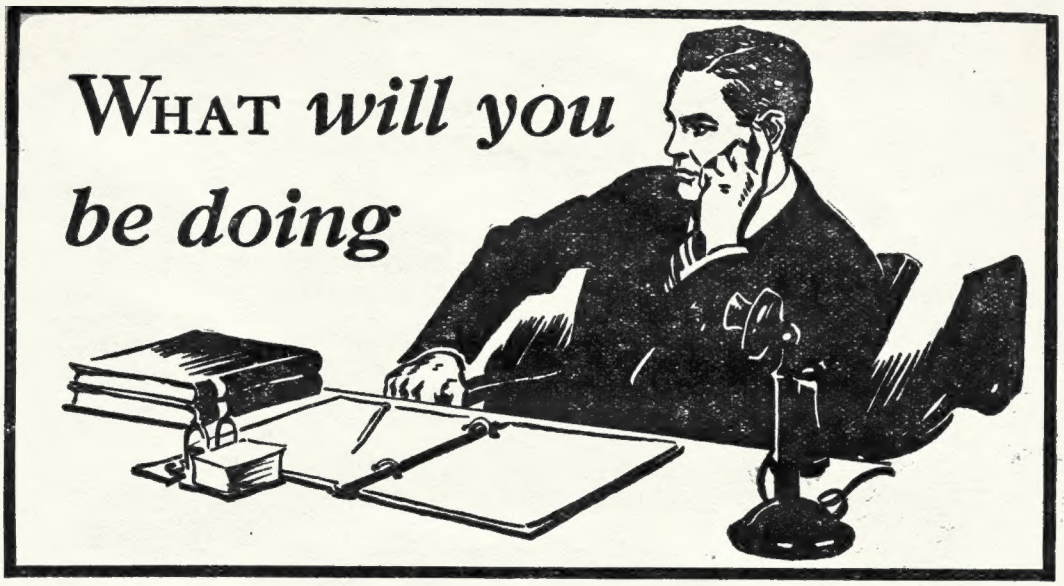

ONE YEAR *from today?*

THREE hundred and sixty-five days from now—what?

Will you still be struggling along in the same old job at the same old salary—worried about the future—never able to make both ends meet?

One year from today will you still be putting off your start toward success—thrilled with ambition one moment and then cold the next—delaying, waiting, fiddling away the precious hours that will never come again?

Don't do it, man—don't do it.

There is no greater tragedy in the world than that of a man who stays in the rut all his life, when with just a little effort he could advance.

Make up your mind today that you're going to train yourself to do some one thing well. Choose the work you like best in the list below, mark an X beside it, and without cost or obligation, at least get the full story of what the I.C.S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University" BOX 2174-F, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X: ★

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Building Estimating
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Structural Draftsman
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ How to Invent and Patent
- ☐ Electrical Engineer
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- ☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Boilermaker
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- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Steam Engineer
- ☐ Steam Electric Engineer
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ R. R. Locomotives
- ☐ R. R. Section Foreman
- ☐ Air Brakes ☐ R. R. Signalmen
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- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Bridge Engineer
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- ☐ Chemistry
- ☐ Pharmacy
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- ☐ Mine Foreman
- ☐ Navigation
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- ☐ Agriculture ☐ Fruit Growing
- ☐ Poultry Farming

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- ☐ Office Management
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- ☐ C. P. Accountant
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- ☐ Secretarial Work
- ☐ Spanish ☐ French
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Service Station Salesmanship
- ☐ First Year College
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- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Grade School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ College Preparatory
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning

Name.....*Age*.....*Address*.....

City.....*State*.....*Present Position*.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Classified Advertising

The Purpose of this Department

is to put the reader in touch immediately with the newest needfuls for the home, office, farm, or person; to offer, or seek, an unusual business opportunity, or to suggest a service that may be performed satisfactorily through correspondence. It will pay a housewife or business man equally well to read these advertisements carefully.

Classified Advertising Rates in The Munsey Magazines

	Line Rate	
All-Story	$.50	Combination Line Rate $2.75 Less 2% cash discount
The Argosy Comb'n		
The Argosy / Det. Fic. Weekly	1.75	
Railroad Stories	.60	

Classified Advertising forms close on the first day of second month preceding publication.

10% discount allowed on six consecutive insertions. Discounts to be earned must be deducted from the sixth insertion.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN

BIG MONEY APPLYING GOLD INITIALS ON AUTOMOBILES. It's the easiest thing today. You make $1.45 profit on every $1.50 job. No experience needed. Free samples. RALCO, MY-1082, Washington Street, Dept. 17, Boston, Mass.

SALESMAN-DISTRIBUTOR WITH CAR. SELL DRUG, HARDWARE, GARAGES, ETC. NEW TEN CENT ITEM. QUICK SELLER. SURE REPEATER. IDEAL FOR TRUCK JOBBERS. PEERLESS WATERPROOF CEMENT CO., 2744 DODIER ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SELL PROCESS EMBOSSED PRINTING $3.95 Thousand, with Free Cut Service. Worth $6.00. Nothing like it! Commission $1.00, advanced. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. UNITED ENGRAVERS, R-6155 South State, Chicago.

MEN, WOMEN earn up to $10 Day introducing new, different Pinless Curtain Stretcher. Curtains attached in 30 seconds. Big Spring Seller. Low priced. Free sample offer. No capital necessary. EVANS COMPANY, Dept. MX-42, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

MEN, WOMEN, WANTING GOVERNMENT POSITIONS GET FREE DETAILS OF COMING EXAMINATIONS. WRITE IMMEDIATELY. MODERN INSTITUTE, M-42, DENVER, COLO.

PATENTS AND INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Send sketch and description or model, or write for information. In business 30 years. Complete facilities. Adam Fisher Company, 249 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

DETECTIVES

WANTED: Men and women to study detective profession, secret service, military and naval intelligence. Write Joseph Kavanagh, Former Agent United States Secret Service, MC-55, Hoboken, N. J.

Specialize in Railroad and Railway Work. Railroad Detective Course very Reasonable. Particulars Free. Write INTERNATIONAL SECRET SERVICE INSTITUTE, RS-65, Hoboken, N. J.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS being paid for stories, poems, plays, songs. Free Copyright in your own name. Free submission to publishers. Submit Mss. to Mark Twain Writers', Dept. A, Springfield, Ill.

OLD COINS WANTED

TO $8 FOR LINCOLN HEADS: TO $78 FOR INDIAN HEAD PENNIES. ALL DATES WANTED. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR OTHER COINS. CATALOG 10c. PENNY SHOP, DEPT. 20, CEDAR FALLS, IA.

LINCOLN AND INDIANHEAD PENNIES BOUGHT. We pay up to $2.00 each for Lincolnheads, unc.; $51.00, Indianheads. Other United States coins, $2500.00. Send 10c. for Buying Catalog. Dept. FH3, Continental Coin Co., Incorporated, Box 1722, Chicago.

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ROLL DEVELOPED, 8 Prints, Oil Painted Enlargement, 25c. Prompt Service. Work Guaranteed. Individual attention to each picture. JANESVILLE FILM SERVICE, A63, Janesville, Wis.

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WAR RELICS FOR CLUBHOUSE OR DEN. Vickers Aircraft machine guns; cost Government $700. Rendered unserviceable without marring, only $7.75 each F.O.B., N. Y. Sent C. O. D. on payment of $1.00. Weight 33 lbs. FIALA OUTFITS, 47 Warren Street, New York, Dept. R.S.

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WORK FOR "UNCLE SAM." Start $105.00-$175.00 month. Men—women, 18-50. Early Government examinations expected. Qualify now. Full particulars—list jobs—FREE. Write immediately. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. S1, Rochester, N. Y.

MODELS AND MODEL SUPPLIES

LIMITED OFFER, "O" Gauge Steel rail $3.00 per 100 feet. Sample 3c. Send 3c. stamp for complete model railroad supply catalog No. 33E. MODEL RAILROAD SHOP, Dunellen, N. J.

MODELMAKING

THE MODELMAKER. The magazine for those interested in building model railroads, power boats, engines. Send 15 cents for copy. MODELMAKER CORP., 98R East Main Street, Bay Shore, N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2000.00 FOR 1c. WE PAY THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PRICES FOR OLD COINS, ENCASED POSTAGE STAMPS AND PAPER MONEY. LARGE CENTS UP TO $2000.00 EACH. HALF CENTS $250.00, 1909 CENT $10.00, INDIAN HEAD CENTS $50.00, HALF DIMES $150.00, 25c. BEFORE 1873 $300.00, 50c. BEFORE 1879 $750.00, SILVER DOLLARS BEFORE 1874 $2500.00, GOLD DOLLARS $1000.00, TRADE DOLLARS $250.00, 1822 $5 GOLD $5000.00, OLD PAPER MONEY $26.00, ENCASED POSTAGE STAMPS $12.00, CERTAIN FOREIGN COIN $150.00, ETC. SEND DIME FOR LARGE ILLUSTRATED LIST. ROMANOCOINSHOP, DEPT. 480, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

INDIAN GOODS

100 good Indian Arrowheads $2.50. 100 Common $1.50. 10 Tiny bird points $1.00. Perfect pottery pipe $2.50. Good Tomahawks, Hoes, Celts, 50c. ea. Grooved Axe $1.00. Fine Flint Knife 35c. List 3c. H. DANIEL, Dardanelle, Ark.

OLD GOLD AND DIAMONDS

WANTED—OLD GOLD, DIAMONDS

MAIL us your old gold teeth—old or broken jewelry—antiques—watches—diamonds—silver. Cash by return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied.
OHIO SMELTING CO., INC.
315-A Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Thrilling! Profitable!

Be a Police Reporter

We train you in 15 easy inexpensive lessons of home study to qualify for a fascinating career; working full or spare time for newspapers. We tell you how to get jobs. Advanced education unnecessary.

FREE A facsimile Police Blotter of 24 hours record, and details of this training, sent to those who reply promptly.

NATIONAL REPORTERS TRAINING BUREAU Dept. M.S. 1 Box 220, Montclair, N. J.

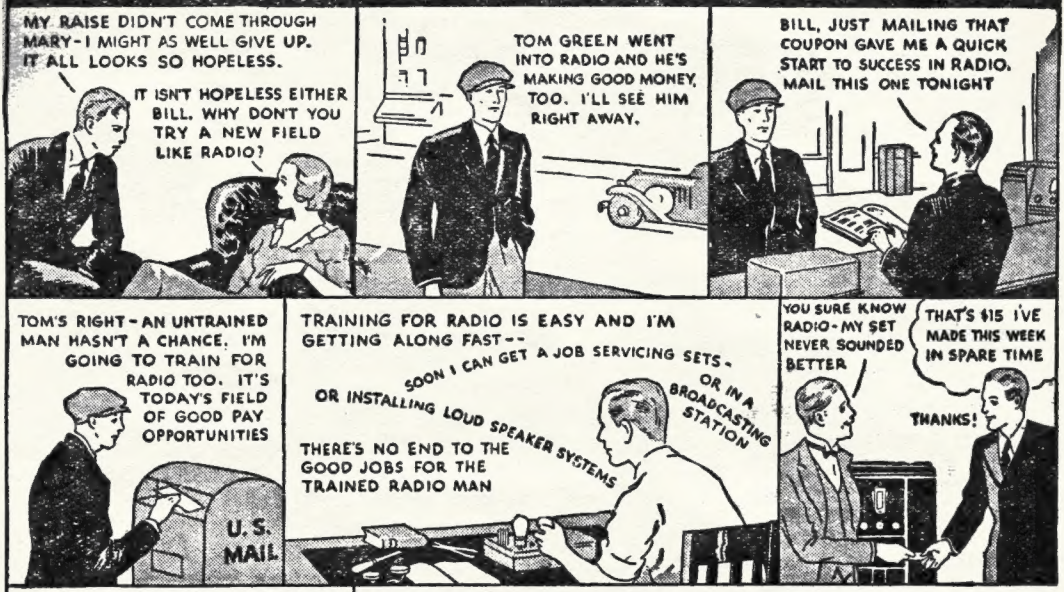
High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete your High School education at home — *in 2 years or less.* Course meets all requirements for entrance to college and leading professions. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Full credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Send for Free Bulletin TODAY. No obligation.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. HA-1, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

In answering advertisements it is desirable that you mention RAILROAD STORIES.

HE THOUGHT HE WAS LICKED—THEN A TIP GOT BILL A GOOD JOB!


MY RAISE DIDN'T COME THROUGH MARY—I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP. IT ALL LOOKS SO HOPELESS.
IT ISN'T HOPELESS EITHER BILL. WHY DON'T YOU TRY A NEW FIELD LIKE RADIO?
TOM GREEN WENT INTO RADIO AND HE'S MAKING GOOD MONEY, TOO. I'LL SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY.
BILL, JUST MAILING THAT COUPON GAVE ME A QUICK START TO SUCCESS IN RADIO. MAIL THIS ONE TONIGHT
TOM'S RIGHT—AN UNTRAINED MAN HASN'T A CHANCE. I'M GOING TO TRAIN FOR RADIO TOO. IT'S TODAY'S FIELD OF GOOD PAY OPPORTUNITIES
U.S. MAIL
TRAINING FOR RADIO IS EASY AND I'M GETTING ALONG FAST—
SOON I CAN GET A JOB SERVICING SETS—
OR INSTALLING LOUD SPEAKER SYSTEMS
OR IN A BROADCASTING STATION
THERE'S NO END TO THE GOOD JOBS FOR THE TRAINED RADIO MAN
YOU SURE KNOW RADIO—MY SET NEVER SOUNDED BETTER
THAT'S $15 I'VE MADE THIS WEEK IN SPARE TIME
THANKS!
N.R.I. TRAINING CERTAINLY PAYS. OUR MONEY WORRIES ARE OVER AND WE'VE A BRIGHT FUTURE AHEAD IN RADIO.
OH BILL, IT'S WONDERFUL YOU'VE GONE AHEAD SO FAST IN RADIO.

I'LL TRAIN YOU AT HOME *In Your Spare Time For A* GOOD RADIO JOB

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute

The man who has directed the Home-Study Training of more men for the Radio industry than any other man in America.

Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about Radio—the field with a future. N. R. I. training fits you for jobs in connection with the manufacture, sale and operation of Radio equipment. It fits you to go in business for yourself, service sets, operate on board ships, in broadcasting, television, aviation, police Radio and many other jobs. My FREE book tells how you quickly learn at home in spare time to be a Radio Expert.

Many Radio Experts Make $40, $60, $75 a Week

Why struggle along in a dull job with low pay and no future? Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. I have doubled and tripled salaries. Hundreds of successful men now in Radio got their start through N. R. I. training.

Many Make $5, $10, $15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Hold your job. I'll not only train you in a few hours of your spare time a week, but the day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio Equipment for conducting experiments and making tests that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Cleo T. Retter, 30 W. Beechwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio, wrote: "Working only in spare time, I made about $1,500 while taking the Course."

Find Out What Radio Offers

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers you. Read what my Employment Department does to help you get into Radio after graduation, about my Money Back Agreement, and the many other N. R. I. features. Mail the coupon in an envelope, or paste it on a 1c. post card TODAY.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5FK
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

HERE'S PROOF that my training pays

Now Owns Own Business
One week I made $75 on repairing alone, and this doesn't count sales. If a fellow wants to get into Radio, N. R. I. is the starting point." R. S. Lewis, Modern Radio Service, Pittsfield, Ill.

Spare Time Jobs Earn $15 a Week
"I have no trouble getting Radio work. I have the reputation of being the best Radio man in town, and average $15 to $20 a week for spare time only." G. Bernard Grey, 151 Washington St., Bronson, Michigan.

Owes His Success to Radio Training
"Since 1929 I have earned my living in Radio. I owe my last three jobs to N. R. I. I am now in the main control room of one of the large broadcasting chains." Serge A. De Somov, 1516 Library Ave., New York City.

MAIL THIS NOW

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5FK
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send your book which points out the spare time and full time job opportunities in Radio and your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts.

(Please print plainly)

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention RAILROAD STORIES.

OWN A Potato Chip Factory

COMPLETE

NEW "HOME FACTORY" MAKES

PERFECT POTATO CHIPS— DONUTS—SALTED NUTS

Stop looking for something difficult. Turn potatoes into cash. I show you just how with my newly perfected outfit. Start anywhere. Very little cash needed. Exclusive location. Profits pour in. No experience needed. I furnish the plans. Begin anywhere—village, small town, city or suburb. A big opportunity is waiting. Business permanent.

MAKE UP TO 500% PROFIT ON RAW MATERIALS

Raw materials are plentiful and cheap. Highly perfected outfit and confidential plans make operation simple, with startling profits certain.

WE HELP FINANCE YOU

and locate you. Send no money, just name, for book of facts and free opportunity.

Newly perfected, rapid, direct-to-fat slicer with outfit at no extra charge.

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY

511-S. High St. Springfield, Ohio

CUPID NAPOLEON

by Slater La Master

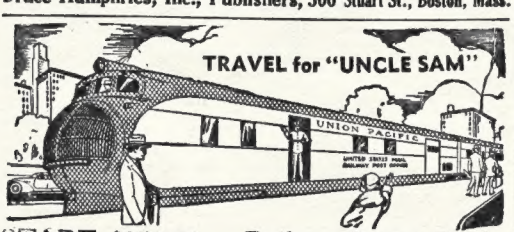
AUTHOR OF

"The Phantom in the Rainbow"

By fate a young man becomes the nation's hero and zips back from another sphere to interest young and old readers of fiction. An extremely interesting new book of nearly 400 pages packed full of laughs and adventures. By an old familiar ARGOSY author.

$2 AT ALL BOOKSHOPS OR SENT POSTPAID BY

Bruce Humphries, Inc., Publishers, 306 Stuart St., Boston, Mass.



START $158.00 Month

Many early government examinations expected

Men-Women 18 to 50

Railway Postal Clerks

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. R-279, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush without charge, (1) 32-page book describing many U. S. Government jobs. (2) Send list of Government jobs.

Name .....

Address .....

Prostate Sufferers

DR. W. D. SMITH
INVENTOR

An enlarged, inflamed or faulty Prostate Gland very often causes Lameback, Frequent Night Rising, Leg Pains, Pelvic Pains, Lost Vigor, Insomnia, etc. Many physicians endorse massage as a safe effective treatment. (See Reference Book of the Medical Sciences, Vol. VII, 3rd edition.) Use "PROSAGER," a new invention which enables any man to massage his Prostate Gland in the privacy of his home. It often brings relief with the first treatment and must help or it costs you nothing. No Drugs or Electricity.

FREE BOOKLET

EXPLAINS TRIAL OFFER. ADDRESS MIDWEST PRODUCTS CO., B-1400, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 576-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

WALDE'S WONDER SALVE

How Can You Lose?

Sold with a money back guarantee. For—Infections, Boils, Burns, Old Sores, Fresh Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Ulcers, Felons and Sore Eyes.

TRULY A WONDER PRODUCT
Order Now. 50c. Prepaid
H. R. WALDE, Lake Wales, Fla., Dept. D.

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have. Make yourself free and happy with Tobacco Redeemer. Not a substitute, not habit forming. Write for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and dependable, easy way to relieve the craving many men have.

Newell Pharmacal Co.
Dept. 315, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE BOOK

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that— Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
726 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

We Buy PENNIES

We Pay More

Will pay up to $53.00 for certain Indian head pennies. Up to $2.00 for uncirculated Lincoln pennies if more than 11 years old. Nickels up to $100.00. Other rare coins worth up to $2500.00. Send dime for complete catalog listing the coins we need. Nothing else to buy. Mail 10c. today.

RELIABLE COIN MARKET
700 E. 63rd St., Dept. CF-2, Chicago, Ill.

PILES DON'T BE CUT

Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2281-X Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

NEW WAY TO SMOKE

Imagine this! Take a beautiful case from your vest pocket! Touch a magic button! Automatically a cigarette and a flame appear. You puff . . . and a LIGHTED, ready-to-smoke cigarette is delivered right between your lips.

15 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Send name and let me send you a Magic Case at my risk for trial. AGENTS! Make up to $16 a day in a surprising new way.

MAGIC CASE MFRS., Dept. E-429
4234 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo

Electric Safety Razor

PLUG INTO ELECTRIC SOCKET AND SHAVE

The shave that leaves your face smooth and refreshed. Simple and Easy. "It Shaves as it Vibrates." Whisks the beard off like magic. The razor for greater satisfaction and better results. It massages while you shave. Used by Men and Women. Send $1.00 bill or money order only.

WHIPPLE SALES CO.
236R West 55th St., New York City
Unusual Opportunity for Distributor

$1 Postpaid

Diesel Engineering

Power Plants—Motor Trucks—Busses—Locomotives Ships—Tractors—Dredges—Drills—Pumps—Etc.

Training at home on all latest Diesel developments —2- and 4-stroke cycles; solid- and air-injection fuel systems; low- and high-speed and heavy-duty types; Diesel-electric generating systems, etc. Includes all text material, individual instruction, employment service. Write TODAY for Free Bulletin. No obligation.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. DA-1, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

BURGLAR ALARM EXPERTS

command the highest pay in the electrical field. We teach you to design, build and install every type of alarm, from the smallest to the gigantic microphone alarm. Your pay starts at once. Men trained in this work are in big demand. Without obligation to you, WRITE TODAY.

POLICE SIGNALS INC., 303 Security Bank Bldg., Sioux City, Ia.

IF YOU DON'T WANT

HAIR

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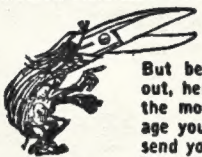

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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.06
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.06
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.16
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.16
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.16
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.16
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.16
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.16
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.16
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.16
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9.75-20	13.95	6.45

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30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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33x4	2.95	0.85
34x4	3.25	0.85
32x4½	$3.35	$1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.85	1.35
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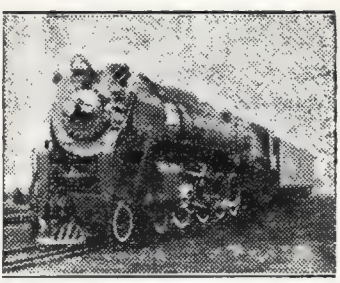

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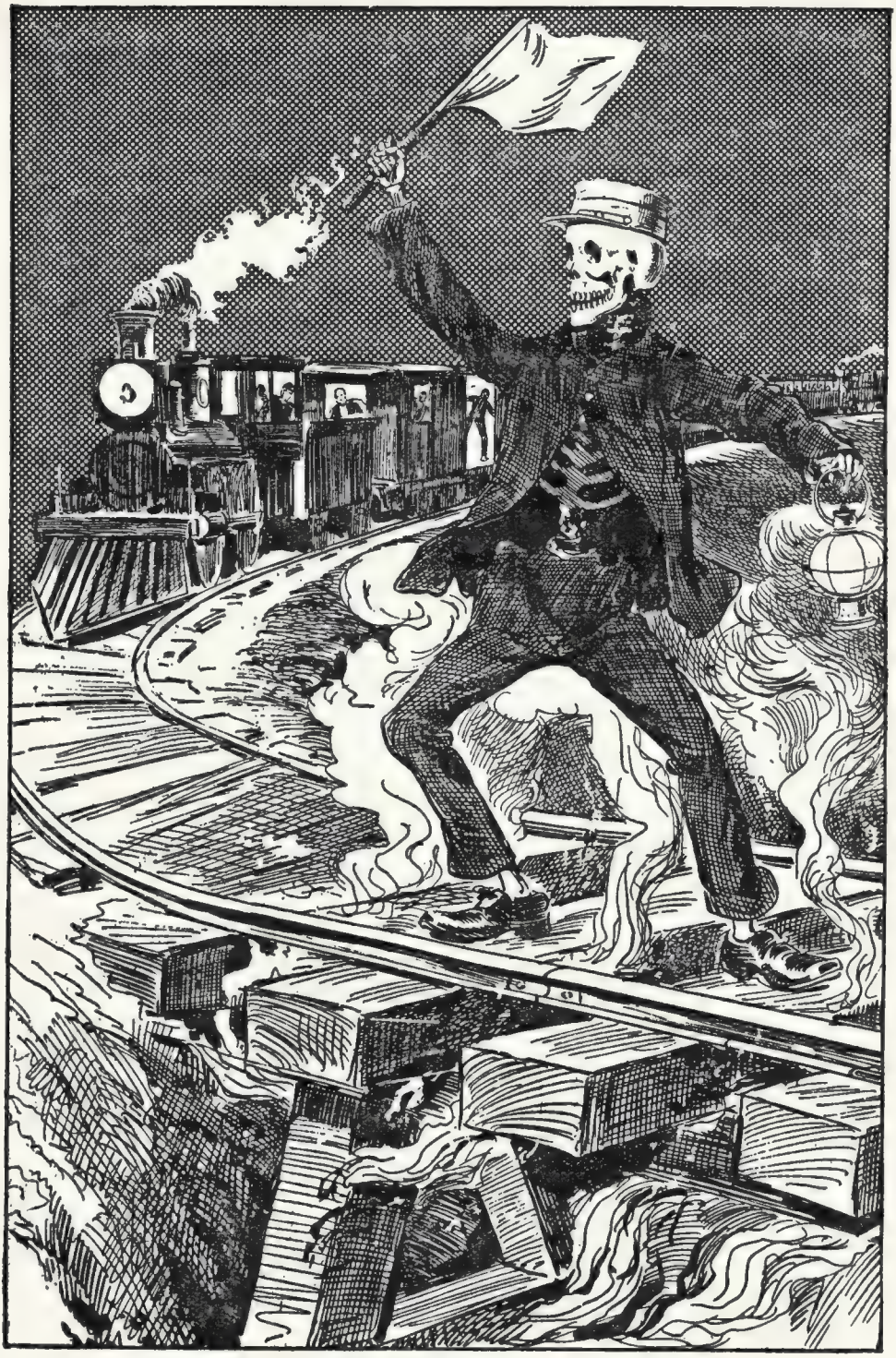
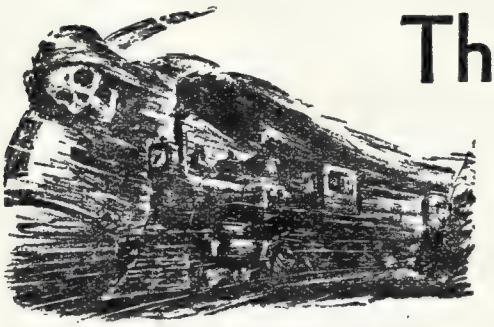


"A FAITHFUL WATCHMAN—ONCE MORE AT HIS POST"

This Cartoon Covered an Entire First Page of the New York "Graphic" In Connection With News of the Chatsworth Wreck

FAMOUS OLD-TIME RAILROAD DISASTERS



The Chatsworth Wreck

By N. A. CRITCHETT
Author of "Speed War of the Century"

A HOT summer afternoon was drawing to a close on the quiet prairie land of eastern Illinois. The parched, hard earth still reflected the heat from the lengthening but unabated rays of the sun. There had been little or no rain since the middle of July, 1887, and today was already the 10th of August.

On the right-of-way of the old Toledo, Peoria & Western near Piper City, about two and a half miles from Chatsworth, a section crew was completing its day's work. Big, red-headed Timothy Coughlan and his gang of men had been burning weeds and dry grass along the track to minimize the hazard of a prairie fire.

"This is wan hell of a summer," Tim growled. "Take another look at that bridge, Mike, on your way home. We gotta have everythin' in shape for the special."

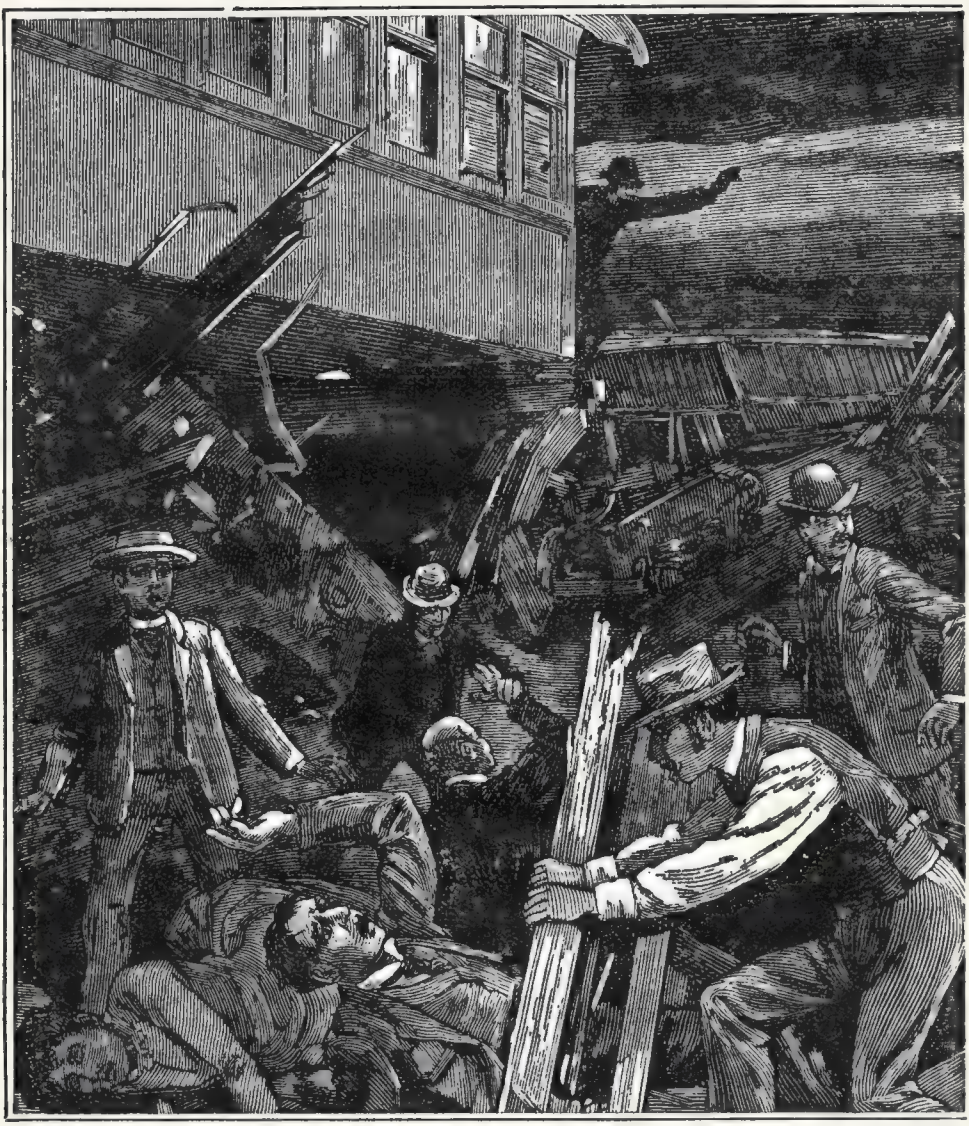
The bridge he referred to was a structure fifteen feet long spanning a ditch six feet deep. It was made of wood, with a wall of timber at each end to keep up the embankment. The train he mentioned was a Niagara Falls excursion due through Piper City shortly before midnight.

"The bridge is all right," Mike said. "Old Man Ennis was lookin' at it when he rolled by on a freight car 'bout an hour ago. But I'll give it a look, meself, on me way home."

"Old Man Ennis" was the roadmaster, and he had made a hasty inspection trip of the line from Fairbury to Gilman that very afternoon. Extra precautions had been taken because of the drouth. Lately there had been several brush fires on the company's property, and one of them had burned a little of another T. P. & W. bridge.

A couple hours ago the gang had burned weeds in the vicinity of Piper City culvert. And although they had ground out every trace of fire beneath their hob-nailed shoes, Tim Coughlan wanted to make sure.

Whether or not Mike gave it a look, as he promised, nobody knows. And even if he had, and had found everything in good shape, it was still six hours before the excursion train was due. Until then no other train would use the track, and no other company man would look at it. Tim and his men had instructions to watch the right-of-way all evening. Between the time they quit and the time the train went through anything could happen. But things looked O. K., so Tim and his crew knocked off at the usual time.



Scene at the T. P. & W. Wreck Near Chatsworth, Ill., on the Night of August 10th, 1887

THE Toledo, Peoria & Western was badly in need of money to meet pay rolls and install improvements. In order to continue existence, it was obliged to sell cheap excursions. A round trip from central Illinois to Niagara Falls, N. Y., was advertised for only $7.50.

The road was chartered February 14th, 1863, as the Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw. Its main line, between Warsaw, Ill., and the Indiana State Line, was opened in 1868; and its Iowa branch in 1873. There were 247 miles of main tracks and 33 of sidings. On January 20, 1880, the road was sold and reorganized under its present title.

Then on May 22, 1880, it was leased to the Wabash, one of Jay Gould's mismanaged properties, for a period of

Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer

49½ years. But Gould and his associates soon milked it dry, and defaulted July 1, 1884, throwing back the T. P. & W. to the trustees of the first mortgage. On October 29th, 1886, the much-abused railroad was sold under foreclosure, and a new company was organized March 22, 1887, not six months before the fateful August tenth.

The rolling stock at that time consisted of 46 engines in various stages of disrepair, some of them unfit for any kind of use; 13 passenger coaches, 9 baggage, mail and express cars, 617 freight cars, 15 cabooses, and the special car of General Superintendent E. N. Armstrong, of Peoria.

In order to economize, the bankrupt company made up a train of fifteen cars, loaded 960 passengers into them, packed them so that some had to stand in the aisles, coupled on two engines, and sent the excursion whirling along, an hour and a half late, at the rate of forty miles per hour over insecure tracks and wooden bridges.

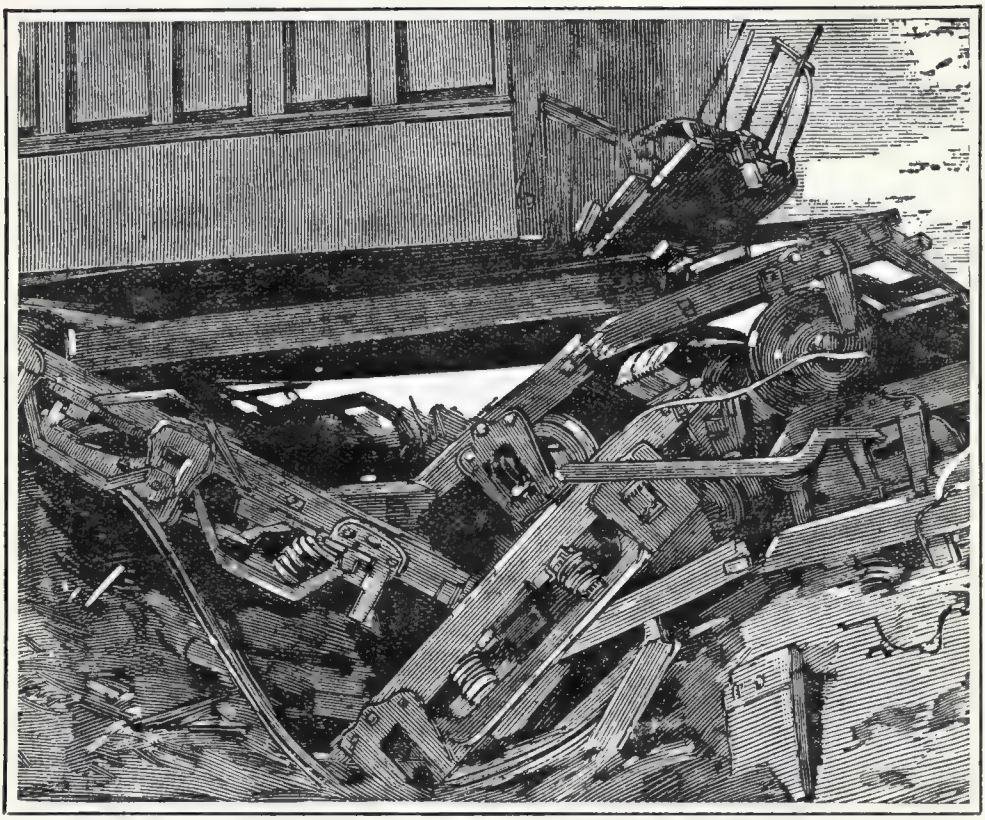
J. H. Markley, T. P. & W. master of bridges and buildings, gave the property a careful inspection every few weeks or months and let it go at that.

The head engine was No. 2, with Engineer Sutherland at the throttle. The second engine was No. 15, with Edward McClintock at the throttle and Axel E. Applegreen firing.

There were six sleeping cars, two chair cars, five passenger coaches, a baggage car, and Mr. Armstrong's private car. When the train left Peoria, eastbound, at 8 P.M., it was already loaded to utmost capacity. Every berth in the sleepers was taken. The day coaches carried about sixty passengers apiece, and picked up still more at the various stops along the line, which accounted for the delay.

Leaving Forest, Ill., the engineer let her out. The wooden cars rocked and clattered over badly worn tracks. The six miles from Forest to Chatsworth was made in seven minutes, which was fast traveling for those days, especially on such a roadbed.

At 11.45 they left Chatsworth, picking up speed. Three minutes later they went through the little prairie town of Piper City. The passengers



Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer

The Collapse of a Small Wooden Bridge Over This Gully Caused the Chatsworth Disaster

from Peoria were settled as comfortably as possible for the long trip, and some of the new arrivals were still looking around for empty seats.

Nearing the wooden culvert which spanned a dry gully, Sutherland, on the head engine, saw a tiny blaze a short distance ahead. The fireman noticed it, too, but Sutherland said:

"Only a few dry leaves burning beside the track. Those section hands ought to be more careful."

Before the fireman had time to reply, both men noticed *the bridge itself was on fire.*

TONGUES of flame shot up suddenly before their eyes. Instantly the engineer signalled " Down brakes," knowing well that nothing could stop the heavy train from going through the pit of flames. It would have taken half a mile to bring that fast train to a stop.

Almost miraculously the head engine passed over the tottering bridge in safety, keeping to the rails. The rest of the train, however, was not so lucky. Just as No. 2 rushed onto the further embankment, the little bridge collapsed in a sea of fire. The second engine dropped to its doom, dragging down the long string of old wooden cars, one on top of another. In the twinkling of an eye nearly a thousand men, women and children were flung into the wreckage.

Engineer Sutherland, however, kept his head and took No. 2 ten miles east

of Piper City, for help. Three quarters of an hour later he returned to the scene, pulling a special train bearing all the doctors and nurses and other volunteer workers that could be assembled at short notice.

Meanwhile Section Foreman Timothy Coughlan and his four helpers had heard the terrible crash and came running to aid in the rescue work. The general superintendent met them and sternly asked how it happened.

"I don't know, sor," replied the section boss, a bit frightened and bewildered. "Me an' me men saw this bridge at half past five o'clock last night, an' she was all right then."

"I told you the excursion was coming. I warned you to patrol the track. You say the bridge was all right at five-thirty, and yet no train had crossed it since. Then how—"

But there were so many cries for relief that Mr. Armstrong broke off suddenly and rushed over to lend a hand. Oil lamps in the cars had been shattered, threatening still further the mass of wreckage in which hundreds of people were imprisoned near the burning bridge. Ten cars were piled on top of each other at the foot of the embankment. They lay upon the second engine, crushed together in a space of less than two car lengths.

Three of the day coaches were jammed into just enough space for one. The second car had gone off its trucks, shot through the car ahead of it, smashing the woodwork, and lay there on top of the seats; while every passenger in the first car was either dead or dying underneath. Out of the second coach only one person, a woman, emerged without serious injury.

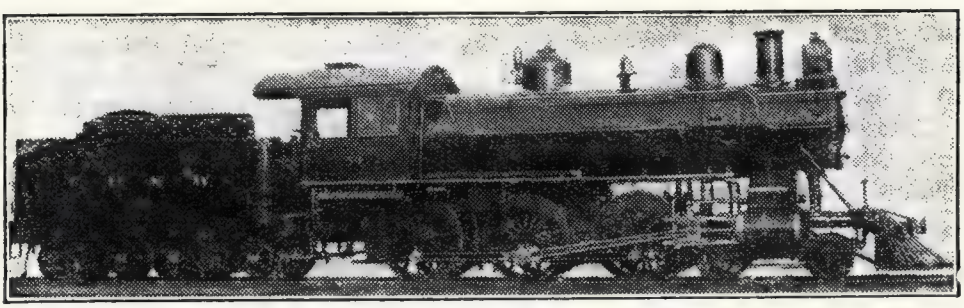
Above the second coach was perched the third. The other three coaches were not so badly crushed, but were broken and twisted. The sleeping coaches were derailed but not greatly damaged. Startled passengers, some in nightgowns, others half dressed, came tumbling out of their berths.

MANY persons who had survived so far were now menaced by a more terrible death from fire. The dry splintered wood of shattered cars seemed to be reaching out toward the flames. But there was no water, and a strong breeze was blowing, fanning the flames.

The uninjured were standing around in helpless despair. Then Tim Coughlan pushed his way toward the fire with his helpers.

"Dig, men!" he shouted. "Dig like all hell's afther ye!"

There was no pick or shovel to break



Toledo, Peoria & Western Ry. Engine No. 54, Built by Baldwin Many Years After the Chatsworth Wreck. She Has 19 by 26-Inch Cylinders, Driving Wheels 63 Inches in Diameter, and 200 Lbs. Boiler Pressure. Total Weight of Engine, 140,000 Lbs. (with Tender, 230,000 Lbs.)

the soil which the drouth of weeks had baked almost as hard as stone, and no baskets or pails or wheelbarrows to carry the earth; but Tim set the example by tearing into the ground with his hands and flinging dirt at the flames. There was no other way to smother them, and even that was a forlorn hope.

His section workers followed, and then others. Soon there were about fifty able-bodied men digging frantically in the semi-darkness with bleeding hands. Their only light was the ghastly illumination from the burning bridge and one or two of the oil lamps from the coaches which had not been broken.

While this was going on, other men crept underneath the wrecked cars, beneath the fire, and with pieces of board and sometimes with bare hands beat back the flames whenever they flashed up beside some unfortunate.

Finally, after four hours of desperate effort, the last sparks died away, and the fire was beaten. But while men and women were working, some of them in night clothes, caring for the wounded and the dead, ghouls were prowling around also. Superintendent Armstrong noticed a couple of men examining the pockets of the motionless figures that lay silent in a cornfield, and he asked what they were doing.

"We're looking for our relatives," came the answer, and Mr. Armstrong passed on, not suspecting what he had stumbled upon.

When dawn came and revealed the full extent of the tragedy, several victims' pockets were found hanging out, and a large number of empty purses and wallets were strewn about the scene. The dead and wounded had been plundered mercilessly of their money and jewelry.

Mr. Armstrong heard a voice in the cornfield calling for help. Groping his way through the stalks, while the night was yet dark, he found a man with both legs broken, and did what he could to make the poor fellow comfortable. A few minutes after leaving him, Armstrong heard a shot and hurried back. The man had crawled over to the bodies of his dead wife and baby and then, apparently deciding there was nothing left to live for, had killed himself with a revolver.

TWO vagrants were arrested on charges of incendiarism in connection with the wreck, but were released for want of proof.

Investigation showed the fire had been caused by section hands burning grass near the bridge or by sparks from the train of Roadmaster Ennis, which preceded the excursion train by about eight hours.

The coroner's inquest was held August 11 in the Chatsworth public school. The jury censured Tim Coughlan for his failure to patrol the track for six hours before the excursion train arrived and for his habit of burning weeds close to the track, although it was shown that the order to burn the weeds had come from both the general superintendent and the roadmaster. One of the newspapers commented tersely on the jury's action:

"The three or four friends of the road on the jury had better staying qualities than the two or three of those who wanted to fix a portion of the blame on the management."

A poem written about the wreck ends with the lines:

"The bridge was burned at Chatsworth, and a hundred lives were lost."

This figure coincides with the original newspaper accounts. Later re-

Clearing up the Wreckage near Chatsworth, Ill., after the Terrible Midnight of August 10th, 1887, Was an Appalling Task for the Toledo, Peoria & Western Wrecking Crew, as Many Dead Bodies of Passengers Were Found in the Telescoped Cars Pictured Here

ports, however, give a less heavy toll. According to J. L. Stevens, the Peoria attorney who adjusted the damage claims, only 82 were killed and an indeterminate number injured. All damage claims, totaling a little over $300,000, were settled by the following January.

On June 11th, 1926, the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railway was sold at public auction, and on April 1, 1927, it blossomed forth under its present name, Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad. Thus the T. P. & W. was "Railroad," then "Railway" and now "Railroad" again, the name being changed with each change of ownership. The present mileage is 239 and there are about 450 employees.

Axel E. Applegreen, said to have been the last survivor of the wreck, died in Peoria in December, 1933, at the age of seventy. He was a retired engineer with 52 years of service on the T. P. & W. and a member of B. of L. E. Lodge No. 417. His two sons are (or were) Chicago & North Western employees. Here is the poem:

THE CHATSWORTH WRECK

From Peoria, town and hamlet,
There came a joyous throng
To view the great Niagara,
In joy they sped along.

The maiden and her lover,
The husband and the wife,
The merry prattling children,
So full of joyous life.

Chorus

But oh! How much of sorrow,
And oh! How much of pain,
Awaited those who journeyed
On that fated railway train.

With hand upon the lever
And eye along the track,
The engineer was standing,
While the shades of night grew black.
They passed the town of Chatsworth
And rushing into gloom,
Oh! could some power have saved them
Ere they had reached their doom.

For see those smoldering embers
That lie along the ridge,
Oh, God, in pity save them;
It is the railroad bridge!
Too late to turn the lever,
Too late to stop the train,
Too late to soothe their sorrow,
Too late to stop their pain.

A mighty crash of timber,
The sound of hissing steam,
The groans and cries of anguish,
A woman's stifled scream.
The dead and dying mangled
With broken beams and bars,
An awful human carnage—
A dreadful wreck of cars.

All honor to the hero
Who the flame and fury fought
All through that night of horror
An honor deadly fought.
As over land and water
The thrilling message crossed:
The bridge was burned at Chatsworth
And a hundred lives were lost!

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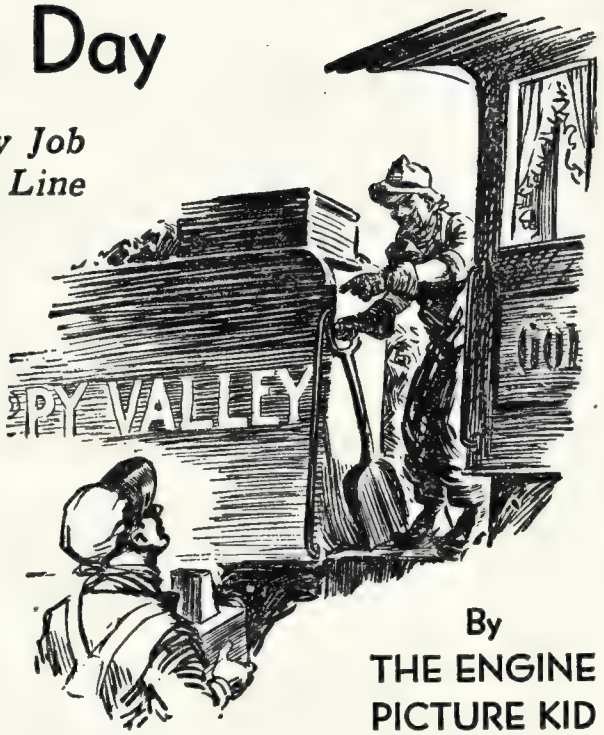
King for a Day

The Kid Gets a New Job on the Happy Valley Line



By
THE ENGINE
PICTURE KID

WHISTLE blowing, bell clanging, and a white smoke plume flattening over the cab roof of her engine, Goldenrod comes streaking over the high iron from Valley Park to Plainview in the old teakettle that is the pride and joy of Hardshell Higgins' privately owned three and a half mile pike up in Saskatchewan.

I've got my feet firmly braced on the rocking deck, trying to hit the firebox with a scoopful of black diamonds. The engine gives a lurch.

"Gee, Goldenrod," I says sternly, although I am engaged to the girl who would be considered a very attractive specimen of the fairer sex even in the movies, "what is the idea of racing this engine so hard? You'll throw a side rod, or something. Besides, your Uncle Jerry in the crummy two cars behind us will be rattling around his doghouse like a dried pea in a pod."

"Can't help it," says Goldenrod, her blue eyes on the track. "Dad phoned us in Valley Park. Said to make it snappy."

"What's up?" I asks the hoggerette, that being, I guess, what you could call a lady hoghead.

"Don't know," says Goldenrod as we jerk to a halt in front of the loading platform. "Dad said it's important."

She swings gracefully from the cab and dashes over toward the main office, which is above the passenger depot. The warm spring sunshine strikes a deep golden glint from her curly all-burn hair as she hurries across the tracks.

Jerry Higgins drops out of the little red caboose. He is a very short old fellow, built along the lines of a banty rooster. He has a sharp-featured face and he can't ever get overalls to fit him, the kind he wears being always a couple of sizes too big, especially in the seat.

Of course, besides being an engine picture fien' of the first water and a guy who plans to wear his International Engine Picture Club button even at his own wedding, I am only a fireman on the Happy Valley Railroad, Canada's shortest man-sized pike. I am also the only fireman on the road,

which gives me all the seniority rights on the board.

WHILE Goldenrod is g o n e, I glanced at the water gage. It is low, so I snap open the injector. My fires being O. K., I slam the firebox doors shut and then wander over to the right seatbox and grab the throttle. It feels mighty good to be sitting at the controls, although I do not move the train. Just sitting there figuring some day Goldenrod will be my wife, and we will have a little rose-covered cottage in Plainview outside of town on the open rolling prairie facing the west, sends a thrill down my spine.

I do not snap out of my reverie until I hear old Jerry Higgins coming back from the office.

" Where's Goldenrod?" I asks.

Jerry looks up swiftly. " In the office, learnin' to brew," he says disgustedly, and stomps on back to his caboose.

Naturally I am surprised more than a little, because I did not suspect that Hardshell Higgins would ever go into the beer business and drag his only daughter into it with him. In a very few seconds I am in the office of the president of the Happy Valley line.

" Hey, Goldenrod," I says, paying no attention to Hardshell. " What's this about you learning to brew?"

" I am," she says very excitedly. " I'm learning to brew tea in the real English fashion."

" Well," I says, " that's different. I thought— "

" What with?" b a r k s Hardshell. " And what in the hell is the idea of barging into the president's office that way? I got enough worries without looking at your silly mug and trying to decide whether you are animal, mineral or vegetable."

" Oh," says Goldenrod, smiling and looking prettier than ever. " It's perfectly wonderful. The Prince and his party are coming out to visit his ranch north of Valley Park, and they're traveling from Plainview to Valley Park on the H. V."

" Yeah," grunts Hardshell. " The royal entourage—that's what it said in the wire—is coming up to the Junction from Saskatoon on the C. P. and then transfering to my pike. I got the C. P. to loan me one o' them fancy recreation cars, orchestra and all. Goldenrod's going to be hostess on the trip."

" Personally," I says, " I prefer guys whose names start with Mister."

" Don't be silly," says Goldenrod. " I think it will be perfectly glamorous meeting the Prince and all those dukes and earls."

" Well," I says, not very enthusiastic, " I suppose I gotta go and shine up the engine for all these big shots."

" Yeah," says Hardshell, " and then you've got something else you better do, and make it snappy."

"What's that?" I says.

" Find me a fireman for the run," snaps Higgins.

For a minute I cannot say a word. Of course, one run is the same as any other to me. But it hurts to think that Hardshell will not trust his future son-in-law to fire the engine just because a prince is going to ride the varnished wagons. If it was not for Goldenrod I would probably resign and say to hell with the old coot and his wooden-axle pike.

" What's the matter?" asks Goldenrod, noticing the funny look on my face. " You ought to be tickled to death. Dad's going to promote you."

" Promote me!" I says.

" To the right hand side," Goldenrod explains.

"Yeah," growls Hardshell, "I'm an old man and maybe I ain't in my right senses, but I'm going to let you wheel the Prince to Valley Park. Goldenrod tells me you've handled the throttle some around the yards, and switching. She talked me into giving you a chance."

"Gee," I says, "that's swell!"

"I hope so," says Hardshell. "I can't take her down the line myself because, being president of the road, I gotta do the honors for the royal party. Beat it now, and round yourself up a fireman."

I GUESS I walked downstairs to the depot like an ordinary human being, although I felt like I was gliding through the air. Me, sitting on the right hand seatbox **wheeling** the Prince's train down the main line! Say, what did I care whether that fellow was a prince or not? I was going to be king for a day, lording it over the cab of a regular locomotive.

Besides, I could see a swell chance to get some good photographs of the royal party on the Happy Valley, and some others that I had in mind, like one of me at the throttle speeding into Valley Park on time. Of course, I would have to get somebody else to take that one.

There wasn't nobody I could get to fire for me from the staff of the H. V., because Hardshell has given them all special duties to attend to, so I hurries off downtown, picking up my camera at the boarding house and looking around for a husky who would care to earn a couple honest dollars.

Then things begin to go wrong all of a sudden, like they will when you figure you are sitting on top of the world, and going to stay there. There are two kinds of guys in Plainview ain't afraid of work: those who are working, and those who will lie down and got to sleep right alongside of labor of any description.

It ain't no more than June on the calendar, and a lovely spring day, but personally I am sweating like it was midsummer when I get back to the depot, wondering what I will tell Hardshell because there ain't anybody I can get to fire the Prince's special. Already a big crowd has gathered around the depot, and an engine from the C. P. is shoving the borrowed recreation car up to the rear end of the H. V. train.

I guess there ain't anybody more excited than I am, because there ain't any fireman for the special, and it is practically train time. Most everybody in town has gathered on the depot platform.

I run inside to the waiting-room looking for Hardshell to tell him the bad news, and am more than somewhat astonished to see a guy that would be called a dude back in Montana standing over in a corner. He is stripped to his undershirt, and beside him is a bird I take to be his valet fishing clothes out of an open suitcase on a nearby bench.

"Hey!" I says. "What's the idea?"

The fellow adjusts a monocle in his left eye, and gives me a cold stare. "Search me, old top," he says. "I was told I had to change here for Valley Park. Deuced awkward. I'm in the Prince's pahty, you see." He taps his valet on the shoulder. "Perkins, the white flannels."

Well, I keep on going. Hardshell ain't in his office. On the way down I run into Jerry Higgins, all dressed up in a blue uniform with brass buttons. He's been made an extra trainmen for Amos Chutney, the passenger con.

"The old man was around the head

end, lookin' for you last time I seen him," says Jerry.

Hardshell ain't around the engine when I get there, and I don't know whether to be glad or not. I climb into the cab to look at the steam, give the water-glass the once over and glance at the fires.

JUST then a young fellow sticks his head in the left gangway.

"Hullo there," he says. "Are you in charge here?"

"Right now I am," I says, looking around to see if Hardshell is coming in the distance.

The fellow moved up beside me and examined the interior of the cab. I notice in spite of his city clothes he has got good broad shoulders and a slim waist. Suddenly I grab him by the sleeve.

"If you was looking for a job on this pike," I says, "you're hired. For this run, anyhow. Firing the hog."

"The what?" says the guy.

"This engine."

The fellow gives me a sort of quiet smile, hefts the coal scoop gingerly, and turns to me. "O. K.," he says, with a grin. "You're on."

"I know it," I says. "I've been on practically ever since Hardshell Higgins bought this railroad about a year ago." I shove him towards the left seatbox. "There's a set of spare overalls in there," I says. "Grab 'em."

He sheds his coat, pulls the overalls over his pants, and locates a pair of gloves. He don't look so bad when Hardshell comes puffing up to the engine.

"Ready, Kid," he says. "Chutney's going to give you the highball in a couple of minutes. We got the royal party all loaded." He looks into the cab quickly. "Who you got firing?"

"Some bum I picked up," I says. "The best I could get. He'll do."

"He'll have to," says Hardshell. "Remember what I told you before. If anything happens on this run I'll break your neck."

Well, it is easy to see this green hand I have took on don't know the first thing about firing. He does seem very willing to learn, however, and he listens while I explain about spreading the fresh coal evenly over his grate.

"If there's anything you want to know," I says, going to the right hand seatbox and looking back out of the cab window for Chutney's signal, "just ask me."

"I will," he replies, and from the way he is smiling I can tell he is mighty glad to have any kind of a job at all.

Of course, I've got to watch everything pretty close myself, but the fireman does a good job keeping the steam gage needle quivering steady just where I want it. Gosh, I wish it was a thousand miles to Valley Park instead of only 3½!

I don't come into Valley Park a mile a minute and slam my brakes on for a sudden stop like Goldenrod will sometimes do, but shut off steam plenty early and drift down to the depot as neat and quiet as you please. A lot of high-powered limousines are parked by the station waiting to whisk the royal party to the Prince's ranch.

The minute we stop I turn to my fireman. "You wait here," I says, "until I get back."

THEN grabbing up my camera and swinging down from the cab, I hurry along the platform to the recreation car on the rear end to see if I can maybe get a shot of the Prince, or at least a look at him. A crowd of high-

hat birds is clambering out of the car and heading towards the automobiles.

Just as I come up, the dude with the monocle who I seen in the waiting-room at Plainview steps down, and I can see he is trying to drag Goldenrod after him. Of course she don't want to leave the car, this dude's grip is pretty strong because he gives a jerk that nearly trips her off the car steps, and she lands on the ground beside him.

I don't catch what he says to her, but from the way Goldenrod's face turns red I can tell it was something that made her mighty mad.

"Hey," I says, jerking at the bird and twirling him around so that he loses his hold. "When you talk to a hostess on the H. V. line, particularly a girl who is engaged to me and is also the daughter of Hardshell Higgins, president of the road, talk like a gentleman."

"My word!" the fellow snorts, taking his monocle out of his eye. "How do you know what I said? Ho-ho! That's a good one."

"No," I says. "And I wasn't there when Washington crossed the Delaware, but I got a pretty good idea he crossed to the other side."

"Hmm!" grunts the dude.

He turns to Goldenrod, and makes another grab for her. "Come, my pretty little girl," he says roughly. "A kiss for —"

"Here's a kiss for you," I interrupts without thinking of the consequences. My fist catches him full in his gaping mouth and sends him sprawling flat on his back.

Right away the dude sets up an awful yelling.

"Help! Perkins! Anybody!" he screams. "Help! I have been assaulted by a ruffian!"

Goldenrod comes over to me swiftly, her expression a mixture of pride, gratitude, and fear. "Thanks, Kid," she says quietly. Then she grasps my arm firmly, giving it a little squeeze just below the elbow. "You'd better fade out of sight," she adds.

I duck around the recreation car and sneak back to the engine cab, and my brain is spinning like a merry-go-round. I figure when the Prince hears about one of his party being socked there will be hell to pay, and I will be the one that has to pay it. Hardshell, too, will throw a fit when he learns what I done. Still and all, I ain't sorry I done it, because I am one to believe that anybody who is any kind of a guy at all will fight for his girl.

I am glad to see my fireman is still back in the cab, though I must say he presents a very strange appearance, his face grimy with sweat and soot. Not being an expert tallowpot, he looks as if he had fired the engine 100 miles instead of 3½.

"Well," I says. "I done it this time."

"Done what?" he asks, while I glance back at the crowd gathering around the recreation car.

He seems to think it is quite a joke when I tell him, and I am about to explain how serious it will be for me when I suddenly remember my camera. Jail, or no jail, I ain't going until I have a picture of myself on the right hand side of the cab.

"Know how to work one of these things?" I says, taking out the camera. The fireman nods.

"Well," I says, "I done you a favor by giving you a job. You do me a favor by getting down on the platform and taking my picture."

"O. K.," says the tallowpot. When he comes back he asks will I snap him

standing in the gangway with a coal scoop in his hands. I can't see why a guy would want a picture like that, but I take one to humor the bird. He seems a nice fellow.

"When you get them developed, I'd like a print," he says. "I'll pay you for them."

"That's all right," I says. "Skip it. Gimme your name and address and I'll send them to you. And by the way, don't forget to collect your money for this firing job from Mr. Higgins. You'll find him at the station."

Before the fireman can answer, Hardshell rushes up to the cab.

"Good gosh!" he exclaims. "Taking pictures at a time like this! Kid, the Happy Valley's in a jam. The worst jam since I bought it."

"I know it," I says. "I knocked a duke for a loop because he insulted Goldenrod."

Hardshell moans. "They'll hang you. They'll hang all of us."

"For cracking a duke on the chin?" I says.

"No," roars Hardshell. "That ain't half of it. For losing the Prince."

Well, it is my turn to be astonished.

"Yeah," goes on Hardshell. "He went into his private compartment when he got aboard the H. V. at Plainview, and nobody's seen him since, and he ain't in the compartment now. We got to race back. Maybe he's in Plainview. Must have got off in the crowd and missed the train."

"You'd think a Prince would have sense enough to catch his own train," I says.

JUST then a couple of secret-service men pull up to the cab. "We phoned Plainview, and the Prince ain't there," snaps the larger of the two. "Now where in hell—"

He don't get no further before the other dick claps a hand over his mouth, gives him a kick on the shins, points at my fireman, and yells: "Your Highness, we've been looking all over for you."

The fireman grins, like a kid caught with his fingers in the jam. "Fine, Darby," he says. "Tell the crowd I'll be right with them as soon as I get out of these overalls. I just had the sportiest railroad trip in my life."

A small feather would have knocked me down, and also Hardshell I guess, because he just stands there opening and closing his mouth and not saying a word. Me neither.

There is a commotion outside the cab. It is the dude trying to break through the secret service men.

"That bounder there," he says to the detectives, and points to me. "I want him arrested immediately. The ruffian struck me."

"Yes, sir," says the biggest dick of the pair, who seems to talk first and think second. "Your name?"

"Lord Peveril Algernon Springbottom, of Comforter Downs," chirps the dude. "A very dear friend of the Prince's."

At these last words, the Prince, who has slipped out of his grimy overalls, steps to the gangway. He stares at the dude.

"Darby," says he in a firm voice, "I never saw that man before—that is, before we left Saskatoon. I thought he was a member of the press."

About this time a uniformed cop barges up dragging the bird that had been posing as the dude's valet.

"Found this bird going through the Prince's baggage, sergeant," he says to the dick named Darby. "He's Feather-Fingered Sam and he's got a record a mile long. Usually travels

with a partner—Champagne Harry."

At that moment the dude turns a pasty yellow, lets out a little yelp and tries to dart through the crowd. He don't get two steps when the heavy hand of the big secret service guy clamps down hard on his shoulder.

"Hold on a minute, Harry," growls the big detective. "No hurry. You'll get a ride where you're going—a ride to the lockup, my fine fellow."

The Prince nods to Darby. "Take them away, boys," he says. "Both of them." Then he turns to me and thrusts out his hand. "Thanks for the ride," he says. "I enjoyed it." After that he shakes hands with Hardshell. "A fine little railroad, Mr. Higgins," he says, and starts down the gangway.

When he reaches the ground, he pauses a minute to look over the engine he has fired from Plainview to Valley Park, and calls up to me:

"Don't forget those pictures!"

Well, I want to say right here and now that I didn't.

Here's Something Entirely New

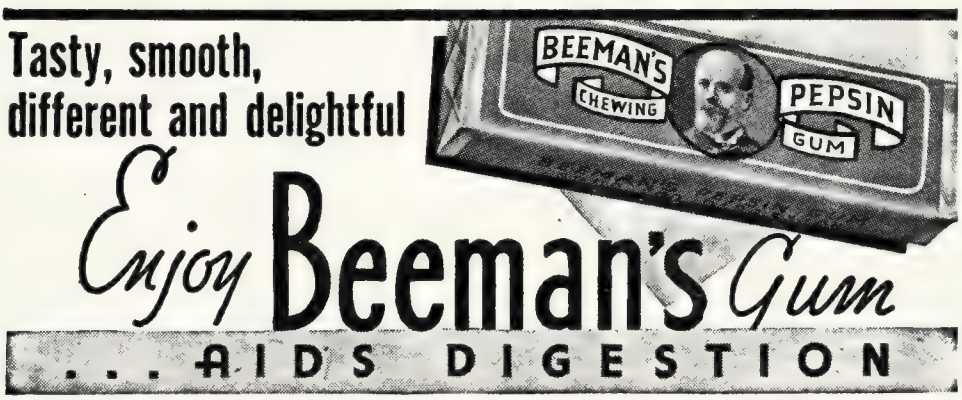
THE ENGINE PICTURE KID, now in Saskatchewan on the Happy Valley Line, is feeling the old boomer urge. You remember he used to be a boomer call boy. Now he wants to travel again. So does Goldenrod. She can run a hog, pound brass, or sling hash.

If you want this pair to visit your home town, anywhere in the world, send them an invitation in care of the Editor of RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell us about the railroad layout in your town. Tell us something interesting or funny they could do there.

The Editor will pick out some of these letters and give them to Johnny Thompson, creator of the Engine Picture Kid. Then Johnny will write stories centered around those towns. The writers of such letters will be used as incidental characters in the Engine Picture Kid stories. If your letter is especially good, Joe Farren, who illustrates the stories, will put your face in a picture which shows the Kid and Goldenrod visiting your town. But don't send us your photo unless we ask for it.

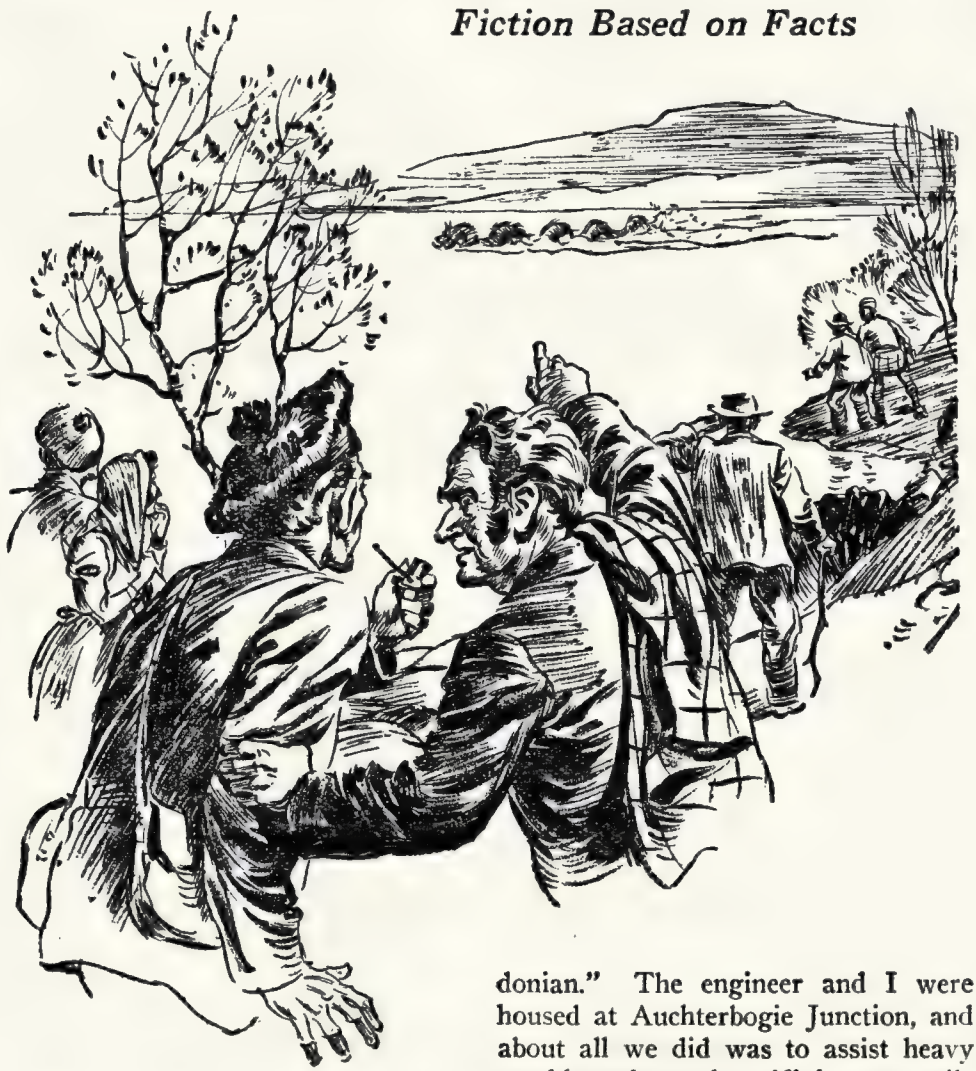
You understand, of course, that the Engine Picture Kid and Goldenrod are only fiction characters. Don't expect to meet them in the flesh. But if your letter is one of those we pick, you'll meet them on the pages of RAILROAD STORIES, in your town. More than that, you yourself will be mentioned in an Engine Picture Kid story written by the famous Johnny Thompson, printed in this magazine.

All letters should be written plainly in ink or double-spaced typewriting. State your full name, address, age and occupation. Literary style does not count. The only thing that counts is the originality of your invitation. Suggest some humorous situation that might happen to an engine picture fiend and his girl in your home town.



The Loch Ness Monster

Fiction Based on Facts



IT was the most remarkable charge ever brought by a passenger against any railway company. But you may as well hear the story from the beginning.

I was firing for Barclay Carruth on the Northern Scottish Lines. We had an old eight-wheeler named "Aberdonian." The engineer and I were housed at Auchterbogie Junction, and about all we did was to assist heavy northbounds up the stiff fourteen-mile grade to Doon Water.

Auchterbogie was little more than a one-man station in the mountains. Our timetable described it as "Auchterbogie Jct. (disused)." The only stir there occurred when an occasional express from the south stopped to get help from the Aberdonian before climbing the hill.

By
JOHN THOMAS

(See His Letter in
"Spot" Department)

During the World War the N. S. L. built a line westward from our station through thirty-five miles of rugged country to the town of Fort Augustus on the Caledonian Canal. This new branch conveyed coal to the naval dockyard at Port Barry. For four years heavy trains thundered through the glens of Scotland with coal for the warships. Then came the Armistice. Our new line's usefulness was over. The N. S. L. could not hope to make a profit from territory so barren and depopulated, and the branch was closed.

You will gather, then, that the pair of us—Barclay and I—led a pretty humdrum existence at Auchterbogie. When our old bone-shaker was not on a siding she was pushing a seventeen-car train up the mountain or was running light down the incline to wait until the next northbound made an appearance.

The only other human beings living at the depot were "Happy" McCall, the signalman (a widower), with his two kids, and Ed Houston, the N. S. L. clerk, and his wife. There were two other families at Auchterbogie but both had houses of their own.

One February Barclay and I heard a rumor about there being a monster in the waters of Loch Ness. It gave us a good laugh. But as the weeks went on, more and more people reported seeing the strange creature. Among these observers were schoolmasters, clergy and a naval commander, so we were forced to believe there might be truth in the yarn after all.

Some insisted a whale, a seal or a walrus had strayed through the canal into the lock. Other utterly unroman-

tic folks said the thing was only a floating log. Then a well-known scientist found amphibian spoor (footprints) on the beach. Newspapers printed the story, and by spring the whole world knew about the Loch Ness monster.

Maybe you are wondering what this had to do with Northern Scottish Lines. I will tell you. For twenty-two miles of its length the abandoned railroad branch passes along the shores of Loch Ness. Sam Allison, the company's press agent, was by no means ignorant of this fact. Hundreds of people wanted to see the monster, and Allison saw a fine opportunity for the N. S. L. to increase their revenue. To the directors he broached the subject of re-opening the branch road.

For more than a decade and a half the branch had not been in service, and was now in a hopeless state of dilapidation. Grass and shrubs grew thickly over it. In some places winter rains had washed away the ballast, leaving the rails and ties suspended over the now dry water-courses. To have the track put into complete running order would have cost twenty times the amount likely to be obtained from passenger receipts.

A right-of-way official came to the rescue. He suggested that if certain minor repairs were made the line could carry passenger trains, provided a light locomotive were used and rigid speed restriction were observed.

The Northern Scottish Lines asked Parliament for permission to re-open the abandoned branch. An objection was lodged by the bus company serving the Loch Ness area, but Parliamentary sanction was granted nevertheless.

By the beginning of April the revived line was ready. Our Aberdonian was suitable for the run, so we were commissioned to haul the special tourist trains, while another engine took over our helper job. It was quite a relief to us to get back into more active service.

THE venture was a great success. During the first month all the main line expresses stopped at Auchterbogie, and hundreds of excursionists transferred into our train for a trip along the mysterious loch. Our speed was limited to twenty miles per hour, but passengers did not mind that. It let them have a good view of the loch, and even though they did not see the monster they got a thrill out of looking at its lair.

Then one day we caught a glimpse of the monster itself! We were on the return trip when Barclay grabbed me by the arm and yanked me over to his cab window.

"Look at that!" he howled in my ear, pointing into the loch.

A black shape was moving over the surface of the water, parallel to the shore and in the same direction as the train. The jolting platform of a forty-year-old eight-wheeler was hardly an ideal observation point, but we saw the thing quite distinctly. It was dark in color and I should judge about thirty feet long. To me it looked like a giant snake.

At first the monster was traveling at the same rate as the engine, but after a while it drew ahead of us. In spite of the twenty-mile speed limit Barclay threw open his throttle. The old Aberdonian simply leapt along the rails. In a minute we were abreast of the thing again.

Astonished tourists were hanging out of the car windows, watching this amazing race. Suddenly the brute turned. In a flash it disappeared under

the water, leaving a trail of bubbling white froth in its wake. Our chase had been short but was thrilling while it lasted. Those passengers certainly got value for their money.

The spot where we saw the monster was near the Evan Dhu distillery. The Evan Dhu stood between the railway line and the edge of the loch. It was built two hundred years ago, and for generations "Evan Dhu Whisky" had been widely advertised. But a slump followed the war. Trade dwindled until the premises had to be closed.

The place was virtually abandoned until the day after the repeal of prohibition in America. Then it was bought up by an American syndicate, which began making and exporting whisky under the old trade name. The buildings were modernized. A jetty was built where ships could call with malt and grain and take away the casks of liquor. At the same time a dam was constructed on the mountains high above the loch, so that a regulated flow of water provided the distillery with electricity.

Now we come back to the story. Heavy passenger traffic on the railway continued through the summer and autumn. Tourists flocked from England, Europe and America. N. S. L. passenger receipts soared to heights hitherto undreamed of. Scientists were seeking more details about the monster but so far had met with little success.

ONE Saturday night when we were about to clean up Aberdonian before packing her off to bed, Happy McCall came running frantically over the yard in our direction.

"Pick up a covered freight car and get out to Evan Dhu!" he shouted. "*They've caught the monster!*"

"They've what?" we both responded incredulously.

"I'm only tellin' you what I heard over the phone," was the reply. "Them's my orders. Run to Evan Dhu as quick as you can!"

We lost no time coupling on a twelve-wheel car and rolling out of the yard. It was 11 P.M. and pitch dark. Before us was a run of twenty-two miles. If we kept to our speed restriction it would be midnight before we reached our destination. But Barclay widened on the throttle and I gave him a good head of steam. Soon we were making thirty miles per hour with the old gal.

The ancient eight-wheeler crashed and battered her way over the rough road. We were not traveling at high speed, but the poor condition of the track and the consequent jolting gave us the impression that we were breaking records.

At length a red light gleamed ahead in the darkness, and we ground to a standstill. Our journey had taken thirty-four minutes. We had stopped just under the distillery buildings. About a dozen men were moving in the lamplight. Sam Allison, the N. S. L. publicity man, approached the engine.

"Evening, men," he greeted. "Queer freight we've got for you tonight."

"What's it all about?" Barclay wanted to know.

"Scientists have tracked down that monster at last," was the answer. "Caught him near the distillery. I guess he was after a drink." Sam chuckled. "We're taking him to the Royal Aquarium at Edinburgh while he is still sober."

"Is this a joke?" I demanded.

"Far from it. Here comes the specimen now."

A group of laborers were heaving an enormous packing case onto the

shore. A couple of cranes had been brought around from the jetty and were being erected close to the railway.

"We had a tough job getting him into that coffin," Allison continued. "He wriggled like the very dickens. But he's well trussed up now—can't escape."

"You don't mean to say the thing is alive?" I exclaimed.

"I'm afraid he's very much alive," said the press agent.

"What is it, anyway?" Barclay cut in.

"Not a monster after all—at least, not a prehistoric one," Allison explained. "He is merely a giant conger eel—thirty-five feet long if he's an inch. The scientists are jubilant over him, though. They were surprised to find such a specimen in Loch Ness. His type is found exclusively in the Gulf of Mexico and they can't understand how he got in here."

"Looks like we'll have to push the car back all the way to the junction," Barclay said thoughtfully. "There are no switches in these regions."

By this time the perspiring workers, using iron bars as levers, had brought the case alongside the track. A hook from each of the two cranes was fitted in position. There was nothing unusual about the case except its size. Evidently the scientists had arranged everything for the moment when they would make their coup. After a lot of maneuvering the awkward load was placed inside the car. The doors were closed and securely locked. Then we were given what Americans call a "highball"—the signal to go.

We whistled up, and slid away from the distillery, pushing the car with its strange load in front of us. High speed on the return journey was out of the question. If we had gone above twenty-five miles per hour we would have knocked the car off the crazy rails.

At 2 A.M. we lumbered into Auchterbogie Junction. Twenty minutes later the southbound "Postal Limited" was specially halted and the precious load was coupled on to her rear. Soon the monster was racing down from the Highlands at seventy per.

SHORTLY before eight next morning the "Postal" drew into Central terminal at Edinburgh. The day being Sunday, few people were about. No one except the railway men concerned had been told about the monster's capture. The car was at once detached and taken to the suburban station near which the aquarium was situated.

According to the Sabbath custom, the aquarium was closed and the curator was not on the premises. The monster was consigned to this curator, but apparently he had not been informed of its expected arrival. Railway authorities searched high and low, but the custodian of the aquarium could not be found; so the car was left on a sidetrack until the institution could open on Monday morning.

In the interval the newspapers got hold of the story and special editions were soon selling in the streets like hot cakes. Before mid-day a crowd several thousands strong was surging outside the station where the mysterious car was housed. All the folks were determined to wait there, for hours if necessary, to see the unloading of the monster.

Late that afternoon railway employees on guard at the car detected a stench from within. A company official who was hastily called to the scene decided the monster had died. He ordered the car to be opened, but, as a precau-

tion, he first summoned six men armed with shotguns.

The locks were unfastened. Spectators held their breath, also their noses. The heavy doors slid noisily back. Gunmen pointed their weapons at the opening. Nothing emerged.

Two men jumped up into the car. It was empty—save for a solitary cask of badly decayed herring. *The monster and its forty-foot packing case had vanished!*

The story created a scandal throughout the country. Newspapers accused the Northern Scottish Lines of hoaxing the public. That was bad enough in itself, but on Tuesday the case took on an alarming new turn. A passenger who had patronized the excursion sued the railway company for fraud. He contended there was no monster in Loch Ness and the whole story was a fabrication concocted by the N. S. L. to make money.

A reputable attorney had taken up the case, which was already in the courts. The sum involved was trifling—the plaintiff demanded only the return of his fare—but the moral consequences of the charge were serious to the railway company.

And on Wednesday night another shock landed like a thunderbolt. A holiday maker at Loch Ness turned over to the police a curious object which he said he had found near the loch. It was a plaster cast taken from the foot of a model of a prehistoric monster.

Further investigation revealed that the spoor on the beach had been made with this cast. The prosecuting attorney declared the railway company had made the artificial footprints to deceive the traveling public.

More puzzling surprises came in the next few days when the company's solicitors endeavored to collect witnesses for the defense. The scientists were willing enough to tell their story, but the distillery employees who had helped to pack the monster refused to go into the witness box and corroborate this evidence.

That was one of the most baffling points in the case. These men had actually loaded the package, yet refused to testify. Why? All that was to be revealed later.

THE situation looked black for the N. S. L. To all appearances, a fantastic scheme had been devised by Sam Allison and approved by the board of directors.

Recent events had dispersed from the minds of all the idea that a monster ever existed. The world was convinced that the whole thing was an elaborate hoax. It seemed incredible that a fairy-book creature whose antics had been amusing newspaper readers all over the globe should involve a railway company in a lawsuit which severely threatened the company's prestige.

At the trial Barclay and I testified to seeing the monster, but evidently no one believed us. The prosecuting attorney pointed out to the jury that we were railway employees, and therefore were unlikely to venture remarks which would harm the defendant company. When the passengers confirmed our statements the attorney suggested we had all been victims of mass hallucination. To crown everything, he made our testimony seem absurd by emphasizing the fact that the distillery employees had refused to come forward and defend our claims.

It was impossible for us to win the case in the face of hostile opinion. The judge found the N. S. L. guilty of conspiracy and fraud, and denounced the

"despicable way in which the company's directors had deceived a trusting public." The passenger who had brought the suit was paid the miserable few coins which had made up his fare.

By law, all the thousands of passengers who had traveled to Loch Ness would have been justified in demanding a refund of their money. If that had happened the company would have faced a serious financial problem.

However, not one claim was received. Whether this was due to indifference or to the difficulty the claimants would have had in proving that they had traveled to Loch Ness we had no means of knowing. But the N. S. L. officials sighed with relief.

Some of the company's employees had decided views on the mystery of the missing monster. We were certain that Sam Allison was not responsible for the plot—if, indeed, a plot existed. It was all right for others to talk about a hoax, but Barclay and I had seen with our own eyes incidents which, if believed, would have altered the course of the trial.

We had seen a packing case of extraordinary dimensions placed in the car. We had seen that car sent to Edinburgh. When the doors were opened next day the huge packing case was gone. How did it get out of the car?

The "Postal Limited" had made only one stop in its journey south. That was at Perth—a large modern station where no person could have tampered with the car and escape detection.

Moreover, the case was so heavy that a thief would have faced almost impossible transport difficulties, while its great size made chance disappearance a negligible factor.

Lastly, what could have been the motive behind stealing such an object?

The whole right-of-way had been searched thoroughly by the company's agents, but no trace of the lost property had been found.

We were inclined to believe that the bus company—Highland Carriers, Ltd. —had a finger in the pie. That outfit was our traditional enemy. They had opposed re-opening of our branch line. Our enterprise had cut into the bus traffic, and we felt fairly certain that as soon as news of the alleged hoax reached the ears of the H. C. L. managers these crafty gentlemen lost no time in pushing a passenger forward to make a claim.

We were equally certain that our enemies had manufactured the cast of the monster's foot as conveniently as they found a "holiday maker" to take his "find" to the police.

Of course, all that was guesswork. We had no real evidence to support it. In any case, the suspected action of the bus firm did not explain the disappearance of the heavy monster.

MONTHS passed. The Loch Ness episode became just a painful memory. Our branch line was closed again, and I was back with Barclay Carruth and the Aberdonian on the incline job.

The Northern Scottish Lines had received a blow which had destroyed their reputation more than at first had been imagined. Freightage dropped alarmingly. Manufacturers who had been sending their goods by rail for decades now showed their mistrust in the company by patronizing the trucks. Passenger receipts flopped badly, and it was expected that a still bigger loss would be revealed when the new tourist season came around.

These months were not without their queer happenings. For one thing, the monster was reported to have been

seen again in the loch. We ignored this report, but when we heard it a second time, and then a third—all in one week and from different persons—we were forced to sit up and take notice.

One observer said he had seen the monster striking out from the shore. He could only glimpse the black head in the water and it seemed to be making for a ship anchored out in the loch.

When Sam Allison heard this yarn he hurried down to Loch Ness to make inquiries. The publicity agent had borne the brunt of the affair and narrowly escaped losing his job. Now he was desperate in his efforts to pick up clues. He found the ship and sounded out the crew. All denied having seen the monster.

Meanwhile exhaustive investigations were being made to trace the missing case. More than a hundred mountain shepherds had been questioned. None could give information. Gorges and rivers were searched, forests were combed, but all to no purpose.

It probably would have remained a mystery had not an accident occurred. Early on the morning of January 25th a terrific thunderstorm broke over the Highlands. Barclay and I occupied the same room at Auchterbogie; both of us are heavy sleepers, so we did not hear the first part of the storm. It was the one mighty roar that brought us to our senses and made us jump out of bed simultaneously.

The seat of the storm was directly overhead. There was no rain, but lightning flashes followed each other in quick succession. We could see the forks hitting the pointed tops of pine trees every minute. Quite distinctly we saw a jagged beam of light strike a promontory on the mountainside seven hundred feet above us. The projecting rock splintered into a thousand pieces and came toppling down the slope. It was the worst storm the district had experienced for sixty years.

A searing, bluish flash hit a clump of tall pines on the other side of the main line. For a moment they remained upright. Then, with a horrible wrenching sound, they began to topple toward the track. There were half a dozen of them in that clump.

"My God!" shrieked Barclay. "It's the end of Happy McCall!"

The massive trunks were falling at right angles across the line. McCall's house was situated on our side of the track, directly opposite the trees. Their bushy top growth was swinging right down toward the roof.

Crash! With a rending, grinding, tearing noise, which was easily distinguishable from the roar of the thunder, the gigantic logs hit the roof of the house.

Happy McCall must have been watching them coming, for a moment before the impact a fiendish yell came from an upper story window. It was the yell of a trapped man.

The structure was a two-story one, and the pines, like enormous cleavers, went crashing through the roof and the next floor right down to the basement as easily as a carving knife might have cut through a slab of butter. The whole house caved in and became a tangled heap of débris. It all happened so quickly that we were left stunned. Barclay was the first to recover from the shock. "Come on!" he shouted. "We'll have to get McCall and his kids out of that—what's left of them, anyway."

STILL clad only in our pajamas, we ran out of the dormitory and across the yard. The signalman's house was a pile of ruins, flattened and obscured be-

neath wide-spreading branches of the great trees.

With difficulty we forced our way into a place where a bedroom had been, and even then we found only a jumble of bricks and broken furniture. A lightning flash showed us a wire mattress, bent and shattered, lying on top of a heap of bed clothes. Barclay wrenched away the mattress and turned over the clothes. There were two boys there, McCall's youngsters, one eight, the other twelve, clutching each other. Fortunately, neither one seemed to be seriously hurt, although both were terrified and dazed.

"Take them to the dormitory," Barclay directed, "and then go down the line and fetch Ed Houston." Houston was the railway clerk at Auchterbogie. "I'll look for McCall myself," the engineer added.

I took the boys over to our bedroom. No sooner had I arrived than there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Houston entered.

"Are they safe?" she asked anxiously. "Is there anything I can do?"

The woman was slender and beautiful, with a magnificent head of red hair and soft lustrous eyes. There was a depth of maternal tenderness in her queries, and I told her briefly what had happened.

"Why, they need a doctor," she said, after examining the boys.

"Yes," I agreed, "and there is none between here and Inverness. All we can do is give the boys first aid and wait until the wrecking gang get the line cleared."

Mrs. Houston and I busied ourselves doing what we could for the lads. We spoke very little. We were overawed by the tragic happenings of the last few minutes and the fury of the storm still raging outside. It seemed ages before Barclay came back. Houston came with him, and they were carrying Happy McCall on an improvised stretcher.

"Get steam up in Aberdonian," yelled the engineer. "Happy is badly hurt. We'll have to get him to the hospital at once."

"But the line is blocked," I reminded him. "How—"

"The line to Fort Augustus is not blocked," he interrupted with a gesture of impatience.

I got his meaning. My overalls were hanging behind the door. In a jiffy I had thrown them over my pajamas and was tearing for the engine shed. The fire had burned low in the old gal. Only a few pounds of steam remained in her boiler.

Ten minutes of judicious firing wrought a change. Fifteen minutes later I had her out in the yard. At Barclay's direction I coupled on a covered car, which Houston and his wife had already stuffed with bedding. Then we carried the unconscious form of Happy McCall to the car and assisted the two boys into it also.

When this was done Mrs. Houston volunteered to ride in the car and watch over the patients, while her husband remained to attend to the station. This was quickly arranged. I knew the McCalls would be in good hands on that trip.

At half past two we steamed away from the scene. Thunder had rolled away into the distance and the long-expected rain began to fall. Soon we were scudding rapidly along the branch line. Nothing had run over it since the wind-up of the monster affair.

I heaped more and more coal into the firebox, and after the first mile or two the pressure gage was reading 210 pounds. We were designed to take 180.

On we went, galloping around

curves, swaying and reeling drunkenly from side to side, red-hot cinders frothing from the ancient smokestack. Our scanty dress was hardly adapted for the job. One side of me was scorched by the heat of the furnace; the other was frozen by the ice-cold wind.

Soon we were running along the edge of the loch. An occasional glimmer of lightning showed us the rain lashing water into white foam. It pelted madly against the observation glasses. *On—on—on!* I thought the framework of the old iron horse would split asunder at any moment. But no, she was made of the right stuff.

Gradually the black distillery buildings loomed up on the right. We roared past them, and in ten more minutes were flying round the approach lines leading into Fort Augustus station. A swift but steady application of the brakes brought us hissing to a standstill at a point where an ambulance from the hospital, summoned by an emergency telephone call, was waiting to receive the McCall family. Thank God, we arrived in time!

MAYBE you are wondering what all this has to do with the monster mystery. Well, this incident was the means of setting us on a clue that otherwise we would have missed.

About 7 A.M. we started back from Fort Augustus. Happy McCall was still unconscious, but hope was expressed for his recovery. The sons were "doing nicely."

It had rained heavily for four hours, and the mountain gorges were brimful of water. As we passed alongside the loch the grayness of wintry dawn gave the place a feeling of utter drabness. A merciless rain pounded against our cab. We were making no attempt at speed on the return journey. Barclay had his doubts about the security of the track and he considered that a modest 20 m.p.h. was good enough.

Water had washed away the roadbed in several places. The right-of-way was in worse condition than it had been before the repairs were made months before. Once we passed over a rough wooden bridge which swayed perceptibly as we crossed. We were still less than a hundred yards clear of it when the whole structure collapsed, and the fragments were swept away in the stream below. After that alarming experience we slowed down to little over walking pace. The distillery appeared in sight again.

Barclay peered ahead, then shouted to me: "Better get out and examine the track before we pass here."

The dam above the Evan Dhu had overflowed its banks and a wide stream of water was pouring over the track. We moved on slowly. Now we were next to the buildings. I swung out of the cab and moved cautiously forward.

The ground beneath me suddenly gave way. I was precipitated down a muddy embankment right against a basement door of the brewery. My weight pushed open the wooden door, which had been closed but not locked, and I found myself inside the gloomy recesses of the Evan Dhu.

Luckily I was not hurt, except for a dislocated knee which made walking difficult. I sat down on a box and looked around.

The room I was in was square, about sixty feet on a side. Three large whisky stills and what appeared to be a number of casks stood along one wall, while parallel to the other wall a long tank had been cut in the stone floor. It seemed to be full of water. A movement in the water attracted my attention.

I hobbled over there and looked downward, just as Barclay came rushing in to see what had happened to me.

"*The monster!*" we both gasped in one breath.

Sure enough, an enormous black eel was wriggling about within the narrow confines of the tank. We stepped instinctively back a few paces, but the creature seemed to be harmless and we moved nearer. It was the monster, all right. But how had he gotten in here?

On close inspection the articles I had mistaken for casks looked more like bombs. They were long, bullet-shaped cylinders, pointed at one end, with a propeller and rudder arrangement at the other end.

"Torpedoes!" ejaculated Barclay.

Excitement occasioned by our new find distracted our attention from the monster. My partner gingerly picked up a torpedo and inspected it for a full minute. Then he unscrewed the cap at the point and a liquid spouted briskly from a small circular opening. It smelled like whisky.

THAT was the closing episode in the great Loch Ness mystery. To make matters clear, I'll outline briefly the careers of Joseph and Harry Brandt, owners of the Evan Dhu distillery.

When the brothers first acquired the distillery their business was perfectly legitimate. They made the liquor, paid export duty on it in Scotland, and import duty when it reached America. The export duty was a bit stiff, and the enterprising owners had not the slightest intentions of paying that all their lives; so they put their heads together to devise a means whereby the stuff could be exported duty free.

The plan they finally hit upon was as fantastic as it was at first successful. They had three dozen torpedo-like contraptions secretly made at a factory by one of their friends who had a police record as long as your arm.

Each vessel was about three feet in length, but the space where the explosive was usually packed was a mere empty tank. Its cubic capacity was fifteen gallons. A powerful clockwork motor at the rear of the torpedo was designed to drive it through the water, while an adjustable rudder decided its course.

These receptacles were ordered after one of the brothers had purchased a monster conger eel from a traveling freak show in Germany. Then the Brandts erected illicit stills in the basement of their distillery and on the floor they constructed a tank giving direct access to the loch.

Thus their crooked ingenuity solved the big problem of how to get illicit whisky on board ship, duty free, without risking discovery. To bring the stuff onto the quay and load it with the legitimate whisky was out of the question. The customs officers had eyes. To take the stuff out to a vessel anchored in the loch would arouse suspicion at once. Hence the idea of the torpedoes.

The clockwork motor could be wound so as to drive the torpedo as far as the ship, and then stop. That reduced the possibility of a smash and a lost torpedo. After the whisky had been emptied into casks the crew returned the torpedoes to the distillery, to be used over again.

This scheme worked smoothly, but before long the inevitable happened. A visitor to the loch spotted one of the torpedoes and reported seeing something strange in the water. As soon as the story reached the ears of the distillers they opened the sluice gate at the end of the tank and the eel, which

had been kept in concealment until that time, slid out into the loch.

Naturally folks saw the creature sporting itself in the loch, and the rumor spread that there was a monster in Loch Ness. You have already heard what happened.

Observers frequently sighted the monster. Its antics rapidly became a national topic of conversation. But some who thought they saw the monster actually saw the torpedoes. Who would have thought that a black shape moving through the water was a torpedo, when a real live monster was known to be in the loch? That was exactly the state of affairs the Brandt brothers had hoped to create.

But the scheme was too much of a success. Instead of only the scantily populated Loch Ness district knowing about the monster, the whole world learned the news. A climax was reached when the Edinburgh scientists caught the brute.

How it disappeared from the train that night and subsequently reappeared in the loch is easily explained. An employee who knew the secret of the distillery was singled out for the job. In the darkness and confusion at the lochside on the night of the capture this man concealed himself in the car and rode along with the huge case.

The monster made its exit a few miles south of Auchterbogie. A high viaduct carried the railroad over the river Denny. When the "Postal Limited" was crossing this viaduct the doors of the car opened. Next moment the heavy case was plunging down toward the river. It hit with tremendous force, broke into fragments, and the conger eel escaped. After that the man closed the doors and dropped off the car as the train slowed down prior to its stop at Perth.

Why the big eel swam back to the distillery will never be known, unless it recalled that food was plentiful there. Evidently the brute had been well fed.

We were probably right in our conjectures about the bus company, Highland Carriers, Ltd., being mixed up in this plot. But the Northern Scottish Lines took no steps to prosecute. Once the real story became known the prestige of the railway was restored.

Business is picking up; it looks as if Barclay Carruth and I might be put back on the branch line again. In the meantime our old eight-wheeler is still helping heavy northbound trains over the hill at Auchterbogie Junction.

Strike-Breaker

He Reaps a Golden Harvest from Industrial Warfare

By FREEMAN H. HUBBARD

Editor of "Railroad Stories"

I TOOK an elevator to the fourteenth floor, heading for the office of the mysterious P. L. Bergoff.

I wanted to see what kind of man he was. I wanted to get the truth about the business of breaking strikes. I felt that the readers of RAILROAD STORIES should know what goes on behind locked and guarded doors when a strike is in progress, when good Brotherhood men on the outside are fighting shoulder to shoulder for a living wage, railroad safety and better working conditions.

A lot of rumors center around P. L. Bergoff. They call him "Czar of the Strike-Breakers." They say he has coined millions of dollars from industrial warfare, $2,000,000 of which he lost in Florida real estate.

I had read a confidential circular issued by the "Bergoff Service Bureau, Industrial Specialists, Established 1900," 550 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1422, New York City. This circular lists as references Baldwin Locomotive Works, Standard Oil, Carnegie Steel, Wells Fargo Express, Adams Express, most of the great steamship lines that touch our shores, and many other corporations—174 in all. The governments of the United States, Canada and Cuba also are mentioned as Bergoff references.

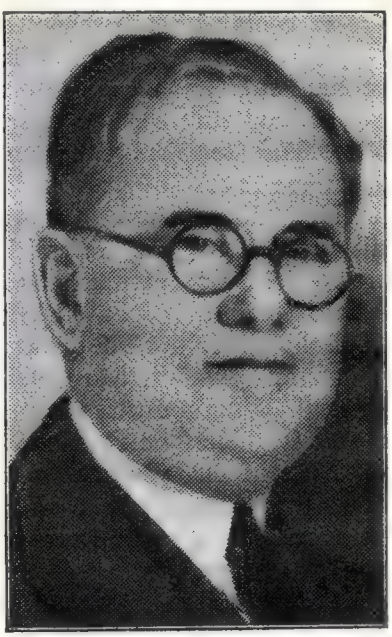
Heading this list are thirty-three steam railroads—about one-fifth of all the 170 Class I roads in America! Also one in Cuba, and twenty-eight electric lines. Here are the steam roads which have called upon a professional strike-breaker for help in dealing with their own employees:

New York Central
Pennsylvania
Erie
Lehigh Valley
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western

Central R. R. of New Jersey
New York, Ontario & Western
Southern Pacific
Baltimore & Ohio
Boston & Albany
Delaware & Hudson
New Haven
Central of Vermont
Burlington
Chicago & Northwestern
Chicago & Alton
Northern Pacific
Gulf & Ship Island
Florida East Coast
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis
Boston & Maine
Western Maryland
Havana Central
Great Northern
West Shore
Susquehanna
Big Four
Philadelphia & Reading
Chesapeake & Ohio
Georgia
Georgia & Florida
Central of Georgia
Charleston & Western Carolina

Mr. Bergoff's specialty is transportation strikes. That is because transportation affects the public more directly than do most other industries and there is more urgent need for a prompt settlement.

The Erie seems to have been Bergoff's favorite. Among the jobs he handled for this road were the 1907 strike of boilermakers and machinists, the 1908 strike of Erie barge captains, the 1910 strike of Erie tugboat masters, pilots, etc., two Erie strikes in 1912, and the impressive walkout of Erie switchmen in the year 1920.



This Is Pearl L. Bergoff, King Pin of the Strike-Breakers

The switchmen's strike was Bergoff's biggest job and biggest money-maker. He supplied the company with 6,000 to 7,000 men for four and a half months, for which he said the Erie paid him about $2,000,000.

In fact, as Mr. Bergoff told me when I finally got to see him: *"I've made about five million dollars altogether on railroad strikes!"*

BUT first I will tell you about his office. This is located in the Fred F. French Building, almost around the corner from Grand Central Terminal.

Suite 1422 consists of four plainly furnished rooms. It is easy to enter the outer reception room, which is bare and uninviting. To get further you must make yourself known through an iron-grilled peephole, like they used to do at speakeasies in prohibition days and like they still do in gangster movies. If the verdict is favorable, you are admitted to the second room, where you are given another scrutiny before you can enter the third office. Finally, if you are lucky, you gain access to the private sanctum of Pearl L. Bergoff himself.

"Pearl," by the way, is the name his mother selected before his arrival. You see, she had expected a daughter and was unwilling to change. Pearl was born in Detroit fifty-two years ago. He has a son, Earl, and three brothers associated with him in business.

Vehicles of All Kinds Were Pressed into Service to Carry Passengers during the 1916 Strike on Subway, El and Surface Lines of the I.R.T. in New York City—a Strike Which Mr. Bergoff Says He Was Paid Over $1,000,000 to Crush

His private office is surprisingly small and plain. It contains only a desk, a couple of chairs, two or three framed testimonials hung on the wall, and *three* telephones. Sometimes, when a tough job is on, the room contains five or six phones.

Mr. Bergoff is short and stocky, with a strong fighting face and auburn hair. He is often called "The Red Demon." When he talks there is no beating around the bush. He is direct and decisive. He has built up a powerful machine for crushing strikes. No wonder so many high-salaried corporation executives turn to Bergoff for help when their underpaid employees walk out.

Strike jobs are often bloody. Mr. Bergoff does not try to hide that fact. In fact, he admits having taken part in the fray himself on more than one occasion. The bloodiest strike he handled was that of the Pressed Steel Car Company in 1909. Ten or more men were killed.

In the year 1910 he fought a big strike of motormen and conductors on the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. I was attending the Philadelphia Central High School at that time. On each school day until the trouble was settled I walked five miles to school and five miles home again. There were some cars running, of course, but being a railroad man's son I would not think of patronizing them. It is an open secret that strike-breakers often pocket the fares they collect from trolley patrons, and I wasn't going to give any of my nickels to scabs.

The general manager of the P. R. T. had ordered 5,000 motormen, conductors and guards from the Bergoff outfit. P. L. B. himself was appointed virtual dictator of the situation. Within twenty-four hours he had 1,500 men in Philadelphia. They were housed in three huge circus tents, with commissary and sleeping equipment.

"The first day of the strike two of our men were killed," Bergoff in-

formed me without a show of emotion. " I buried one at our expense. He was a man with a family. In that strike, our men fought hard. Before it was over, three or four had been killed and fifty wounded. The company had agreed to indemnify our men against injuries, but we found a number of chiselers. All the honest claims were paid and we weeded out some who had tried to fake injuries."

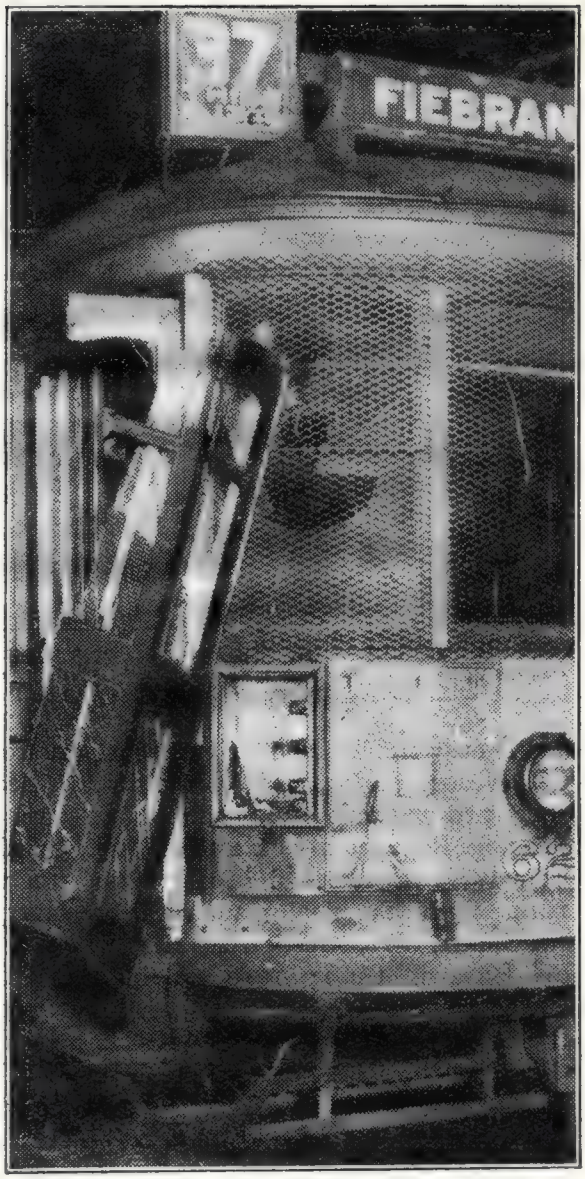
IN 1911 the mechanics of Baldwin Locomotive Works went on strike. Bergoff tackled that job also. The plant was located within a stone's throw of Central High, and I saw police with clubs break up a peaceful parade of strikers right in front of the school.

Nine years later, while living in New York City, I witnessed some of the trouble caused by a strike on the subway, elevated and surface lines of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Company. Bergoff broke this strike and, he said, " the B.-M. T. cheerfully paid us $700,000."

Mr. Bergoff has done plenty of business with the Baltimore & Ohio brass hats, beginning with the 1910 strike of tugboat masters, pilots, etc. In 1912 he handled two walkouts for the B. & O., one of stevedores and laborers, the other of freight clerks. In 1914 he took a hand in another B. & O. watermen's strike.

He said that in 1910 the D. & H. paid him about $35,000 for breaking a strike of gandy dancers. Other rail strike jobs on the Bergoff record are:

1910, C. B. & Q. switchmen; 1911, Southern Pacific stevedores, etc.; 1911, Central Vermont Railway trainmen, switchmen, etc.; 1912, Lehigh Valley



Violence Attended the Electric Railway Strike in Milwaukee a Year Ago; 47 Cars Were Damaged and 150 of Bergoff's Men Were Arrested. Photo Shows No. 624, One of the Battered Trolleys. Note the Strong Wire Netting Placed in Front to Protect the Strike-Breakers and Passengers

Crew of Strike-Breakers Getting Ready to Run a Lackawanna Passenger Train during a Strike, Some Years Ago. We Don't Know if They Are Bergoff Employees but We're Willing to Bet They Are "No-Bills" (Non-Brotherhood Men)

and Pennsy freight handlers and N. Y. C. stevedores; 1913, L. V. mechanics; 1913, two walkouts of Philadelphia & Reading Railway mechanics and laborers; 1913, M-K-T telegraphers; 1914, Bush Terminal trainmen and switchmen; 1916, street car strike, City of Havana, Cuba; 1916, subway, el and surface lines of Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York City, for which Bergoff says the I. R. T. paid him over $1,000,000.

In 1918 he was badly defeated when he sent 3,000 men to fight a strike of the Kansas City Street Railway Company. These men were driven from the city by the police and indignant citizens. Last year 150 of his strike-breakers were jailed in Milwaukee in connection with a walkout of electric railway and light company employees.

These are some of the highlights in Pearl Bergoff's railroad strike record. Also, he has handled a great many non-railroad strikes, most of which he won.

Bergoff got started in the detective business by serving as personal body-guard for Stanford White, the architect who was later shot and killed by Harry K. Thaw.

I ASKED Bergoff about his field agents. The answer was:

"We have men scattered all over the United States, some of them in the employ of labor unions. These men furnish us with inside information on labor developments in industry. They advise us when agitators or Communists try to entrench themselves and create trouble. These field men advise us when and where a strike is likely to take place. Some of these men are on our pay roll. Others receive a bonus for furnishing information. Some have been placed by us at the request of employers who wish to prevent trouble rather than wait until it

breaks. On receiving the information one of our contact men immediately confers with the operating heads of the company involved. If the strike materializes, we may get an order for several thousand men. We fill such orders from a large and secret list of selected names."

These men, he explained, are handled like a small army, detailed arrangements being made to house and feed them as a group on company property for as long as their services are desired. Bergoff will not divulge the nature of his service for the United States Government, except to say:

"During the World War I stayed home and served my country by keeping the railroads—main arteries of the nation—moving. I considered myself working for the Government. Protection of the railroads was divided between myself and my competitors. Through conferences with Fred Williamson, then terminal manager for the New York Central, I was assigned to handle the West Shore, the New York Central and the Erie."

Bergoff told me how, some years ago, he had to arm his guards. His organization maintained a large arsenal of rifles and ammunition.

Mr. Bergoff's business thrives on somebody else's misery. In that respect he is like a doctor, lawyer or undertaker. He predicts even more industrial unrest before the end of 1935.

"Since the advent of the National Recovery Act with the little trouble-making Section 7-a tucked in it," he pointed out, "our technique has undergone a change. We are giving more thought to the prevention of strikes."

In fact, that phase is the first of the five "departments" mentioned in his circular. The five are:

STRIKE PREVENTION DEPARTMENT

This department is composed of men possessing natural leadership qualifications. Men of intelligence, courage and great persuasive powers, to counteract the evil influence of strike agitators and the radical element.

UNDERCOVER DEPARTMENT

Our undercover department is composed of carefully selected male and female mechanics and workpeople. They furnish accurate information of the movements and contemplated actions of their fellow employees. "Forewarned is forearmed."

OPENSHOP LABOR DEPARTMENT

This department is composed of an organization equipped to supply all classes of competent mechanics and workpeople to keep the wheels of industry moving during a strike.

PROTECTION DEPARTMENT

This department is composed of big disciplined men with military or police experience, for the protection of life and property.

INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT

Our investigation department is international in scope and embraces all branches. The personnel is composed of male and female operatives of the highest calibre.

I ASKED Mr. Bergoff why he was so much opposed to organized labor. He came right back at me:

"I'm *not* opposed to organized labor. I'm a friend of labor. I've spent a lot of money to improve working conditions, prevent strikes and keep honest workers in their jobs."

My last question was: "What would you do if there were no strikes?"

"Go out and play golf," Bergoff replied, and as I picked up my hat to leave, his parting words were: "Don't forget to put me down as a friend of the labor unions."

Yes, Bergoff is a great friend of the unions—company unions, of course.

Timetables, Old and New

THE IOWA ROUTE.

Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JUNE 27, 1880.

Trains leave West Liberty as follows:

Going North.

No. 1, Mail and Express, 8:59 a. m.
No. 3, Express, 11:02 p. m.
No. 9, Accommodation, 6:10 p. m.
No. 7, Freight, 10:08 p. m.

Going South.

No. 2, Mail and Express, 4:12 p. m.
No. 4, Express, 5:04 a m.
Through Freight, 5:35 a. m.
" " 2:25 p. m.

B. F. MILLS,
General Ticket and Passenger Agent.

DECIDEDLY TRUE

That the most direct, cheapest and best route to the

Summer Resorts of Minnesota,

IS VIA

'The Iowa Route'

The B. C. R. & N. and M. & St. L. Railays.

It is the ONLY LINE by which the passenger can get a

Through Pullman Sleeping Car

—FROM—

St. Louis, Burlington and all intermediate points to Minneapolis.

The Horton Reclining Chair Cars

Are run over this line between St. Louis, Burlington and Minneapolis without change.

A full line of Round Trip Excursion Tickets on sale June 1st, at all Coupon Ticket Stations to the delightful resorts of Minnesota. These tickets are good for 60 days from date of sale, but not longer than Oct. 31st, and are sold at a large reduction from regular rates Write your nearest agent for rates, etc.

C. J. IVES, Gen'l Sup't. B. F. MILLS, Gen'l Tkt. Ag't.

From D. Andrews, 419 N. Main St., Charlton, Ia.

B.C.R.&N. (Rock Island) Adv. of 55 Years Ago

By CHARLES I. CORWIN

OCTOBER, 1935, will mark the 110th anniversary of the world's first railroad timetable. This was put out in England by the Stockton & Darlington Railway, which is remembered today for its quaint custom of having a man on horseback ride ahead of the train to see that the track was kept clear. Here is the text of that timetable:

The company's coach, called the Experiment, which commenced traveling on Monday, October 10, 1825, will continue to run from Darlington to Stockton, and from Stockton to Darlington, every day (Sundays excepted), setting off from the depot at each place at the time specified as under, viz.:

On Monday, from Stockton at half-past seven in the morning, and will reach Darlington about half-past nine. The coach will set off from the latter place on its return at three in the afternoon, and reach Darlington about five. Tuesday, from Stockton at three in the afternoon and will reach Darlington about five.

On the following days, namely, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, from Darlington at half-past seven in the morning, and will reach Stockton about half-past nine. The coach will set off from the latter place on its return at three in the afternoon, and reach Darlington about five. Saturday, from Darlington at one in the afternoon, and will reach Stockton about three.

Passengers to pay one shilling each, and will be allowed a package of not exceeding fourteen pounds. All above that weight to pay two pence per stone extra. Carriage of small parcels, three pence each. The company will not be accountable for parcels of above £5 value unless paid for as such. Mr. Richard Pickersgill, at his office in Commercial Street, Darlington, and Mr. Tully, at Stockton, will for the present receive parcels and book passengers.

And Here's How They Traveled ("Decidedly True") via the Iowa Route to the Summer Resorts of Minnesota, in the Days of "Wooden Coaches and Iron Men"

In contrast to this brief announcement, the latest timetable of the Great Western Railway, also of England, comprises 312 pages on which are printed more than 6,000,000 figures. The type and stereos used in printing the G. W. document weigh more than four tons! No wonder the British charge for their timetables, these days.

Collecting timetables and employees' timecards is rapidly gaining favor among members of the International Engine Picture Club. An article on this hobby appeared in the Dec., '34, RAILROAD STORIES.

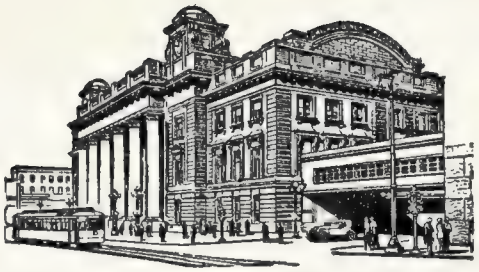
Once a road is abandoned its timetables start to become valuable. The fact that some of those issued only a few years ago are now much sought after, adds interest to the hobby. Many of the brightly colored folders now available free of charge in hotels, stations and city ticket offices may soon become rare.

The first simple affairs were plain and guarded jealously. Ticket agents parted with them reluctantly, and only to bona fide customers. The scarcity of timetables about fifty years ago gave Henry J. Gaisman an idea for an invention.

Henry was then a boy in his teens, running errands in Memphis, Tenn. He saw the need for easily obtained public information on train schedules, so he devised a board with slots for movable figures, similar to those now used in brokerage offices to display stock quotations. This was set up in hotel lobbies, show windows and other public places. Railroads would not pay for this service, but the inventor attempted to get his profit from selling advertising space around the frame.

Thus a makeshift was required to compensate for the stingy distribution of timetables. This policy changed long ago.

During the last twelve months the New York Central Lines alone issued more than twenty different forms of timetables in from two to eight editions each. The combined



Picture of Chicago Passenger Station from Timetable of C.&N.W. Suburban Service

print orders amounted to over five million timetables at a total cost of about $40,000. This means that the average cost of a timetable is eight mills (nearly one cent.) Some cost the railroad several cents apiece, wholesale. There are 170 Class I railroads in America, so the cost of "free" timetables runs into big money.

ANOTHER change has come about. For years the railroads leaned over backward in the conservative make-up of their timetables. Today the timetables are filled with publicity and miscellaneous facts.

The Wabash ("Follow the Flag") prints a double page announcement that "The Wabash Red Ball" is 99.17 per cent on time for connections. When you read that this is a record of 33 months, you cannot blame the management for boasting about its freight service in a passenger timetable.

The Santa Fe ("The Grand Canyon Line") in a passenger timetable tells its public how it treats its employees:

> **Santa Fe reading rooms at 20 division points. The Santa Fe maintains reading rooms and club houses for employees. They are stocked with papers, periodicals, and books, and most of them have sleeping quarters. Another feature is free winter entertainment furnished employees and families. Average daily attendance 2,000; maintenance cost approximately $70,000 yearly.**

This is novel information to find in a public timetable. It shows recognition of the importance of taking customers into the management's confidence. The Santa Fe also prints its railroad grades with a profile map and a table of altitudes of principal stations. Such material helps the traveler to while away time and makes the trip more interesting.

The Chicago & Eastern Illinois prints a coupon and offers to mail a copy of each new timetable to its old patrons.

All the railroads seem to be going in for salads. Pennsylvania timetables use a double page to picture a dining-car chef slicing lettuce. The Baltimore & Ohio boasts of being the *first* to use air conditioned equipment, but the Pennsy comes back with the phrase: "Largest fleet of air-conditioned cars in the world."

In spite of a big demand, fares were not printed in the timetables until recently. This was not on account of hateful comparisons between competitive roads, as rates have long been standardized; but merely a too conservative policy. Today many timetables include what was once considered confidential information. The latest step is the featuring of excursion rates, week-end bargains, etc.

During the football season the New Haven printed a list of all the big eastern football games and urged its patrons to "follow your favorite college team this fall by train and trolley." This folder also featured a double-page spread in which Miss Pearl Andrews, expert dietitian, is shown directing a pantryman in the preparation of a salad.

The Louisville & Nashville, Chicago & North Western, and U. P. donated space to Christmas seals to fight tuberculosis.

Boston & Maine timetables provide a quarter page for Uncle Samuel to talk about the Federal Housing Administration. The "Big Four" gives this subject a whole page. Kansas City Southern ("The Flying Crow Line") spends one-eighth of a timetable boosting the idea of farm homes.

Great Northern timetables help the United States Government to publicize its public works projects by describing Fort Peck Dam, Coulee Dam and Bonneville Dam. This "Route of the Empire Builder" also prints a full page picture of a pretty girl waving from the observation platform of a crack train.

A NORFOLK & WESTERN (" Precision Transportation ") timetable features two acrobatic dancers under the caption " Balance." It says:

> **Precision Transportation represents an effective balancing of facilities and personnel to produce efficient, economical rail service between all points on that road.**

The Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Ry. tells passengers that carrying dangerous articles such as matches, gunpowder, etc., in baggage is unlawful.

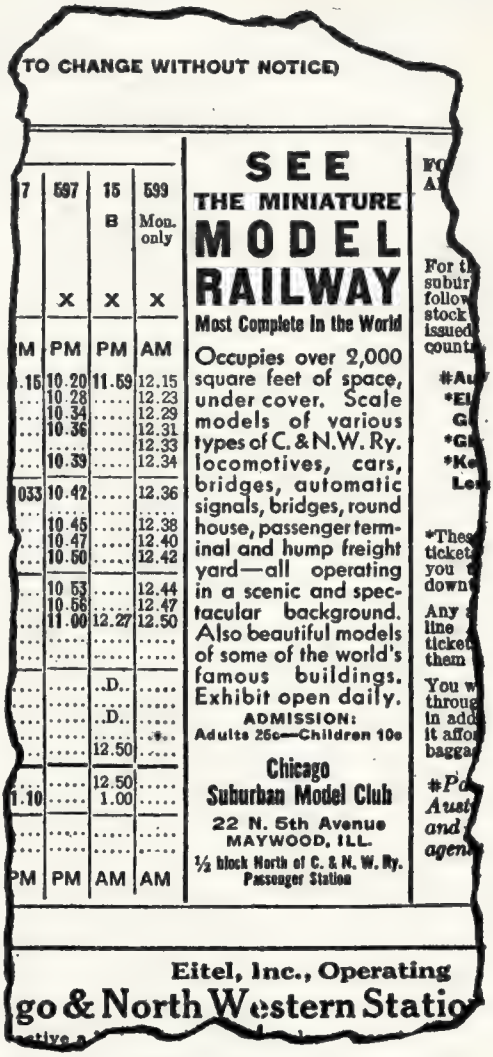
A Rock Island (" 82 Years' Service ") timetable quotes from an editorial in a Wheeling, W. Va., newspaper, entitled, " Out of the Public Pocket," dealing with motor trucks competition. On another page is an " Appeal for Fair Play " in the waterways racket.

The M-K-T uses its timetables to tell the story of the disgusted consignee who bawls out a shipper for a delay in a fast freight shipment. He shouts " Next time ship Katy!" This road also announces that Katy lounge cars have dominoes, checkers and chess.

Atlantic Coast Line (" The Standard Railroad of the South ") prints a whole year's calendar on a timetable. The Union Pacific (" Overland Route ") gives a six months' calendar, along with a handy itinerary form in which the traveler can jot down his personal schedule of rail and Pullman fare, dates, etc.

The Milwaukee Road lists its travel bureaus and calls the agents *travel specialists*—at your command. This longest electrified railroad in America also devotes a whole page to detailed menus of its dining-car service with prices, and even provides service " off the tray " to one's seat in coach or tourist car.

The Denver & Rio Grande Western (" Scenic Line of the World ") surcharges a cut of a black trout with the phrase in white " Mountain Trout Every Day in the Dining Car." This appears on every page of a timetable until it makes one's mouth water. The D. & R. G. W. is a long way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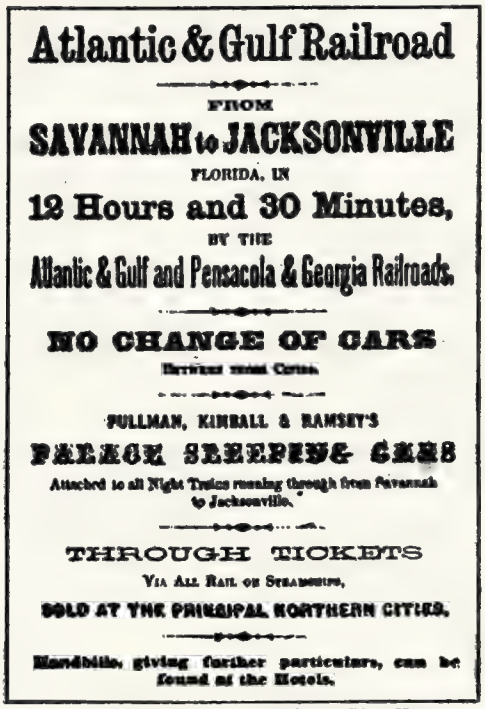
SEE
THE MINIATURE
MODEL
RAILWAY
Most Complete in the World
Occupies over 2,000 square feet of space, under cover. Scale models of various types of C. & N. W. Ry. locomotives, cars, bridges, automatic signals, bridges, round house, passenger terminal and hump freight yard—all operating in a scenic and spectacular background. Also beautiful models of some of the world's famous buildings. Exhibit open daily.
ADMISSION:
Adults 25c—Children 10c
Chicago
Suburban Model Club
22 N. 5th Avenue
MAYWOOD, ILL.
½ block North of C. & N. W. Ry. Passenger Station
Eitel, Inc., Operating
go & North Western Statio

The Same Timetable Proves That the C.&N.W. Cooperates With Model Railroad Fans

from Europe, but it carries a small advertisement for the London, Midland & Scottish (" Largest Railway in Great Britain ").

The Erie no longer prints jokes in its timetables. There was a time, however, when the road even published jokes on itself. This broad-minded policy was based on the belief that it was better to have the public laugh with the Erie than swear at it. Now the most unusual thing in the folder is an advertisement for Erie Railroad Playing Cards—single decks, 50 cents;


Atlantic & Gulf Railroad

FROM

SAVANNAH to JACKSONVILLE

FLORIDA, IN

12 Hours and 30 Minutes,

BY THE

Atlantic & Gulf and Pensacola & Georgia Railroads.

NO CHANGE OF CARS

Between those Cities.

PULLMAN, KIMBALL & RAMSEY'S

PALACE SLEEPING CARS

Attached to all Night Trains running through from Savannah to Jacksonville.

THROUGH TICKETS

Via All Rail or Steamboats,

SOLD AT THE PRINCIPAL NORTHERN CITIES.

Handbills, giving further particulars, can be found at the Hotels.

Courtesy of Atlantic Coast Line News

Adv. from "Historical Records of Savannah," Printed in 1868. The A.C.L. Today Runs from Savannah to Jacksonville in about Three Hours

bridge sets, $1.00—on sale at ticket offices. What won't the poor ticket agent have to sell next?

"Do You Play Bridge?" a Northern Pacific timetable asks. It announces playing cards of superior quality for 35 cents, which indicates cards are cheaper on Western roads. On page 17 it states that now is "The Time to Buy a Farm"; on page 19 the passenger is told that the "North Coast Limited" serves special plate luncheons and dinners for only 50 cents; page 11 lists travel bargains; page 30 invites you to visit Alaska; page 38 directs you to see the British Isles; page 42 mentions dude ranches, and page 62 boosts Western Union Telegraph service.

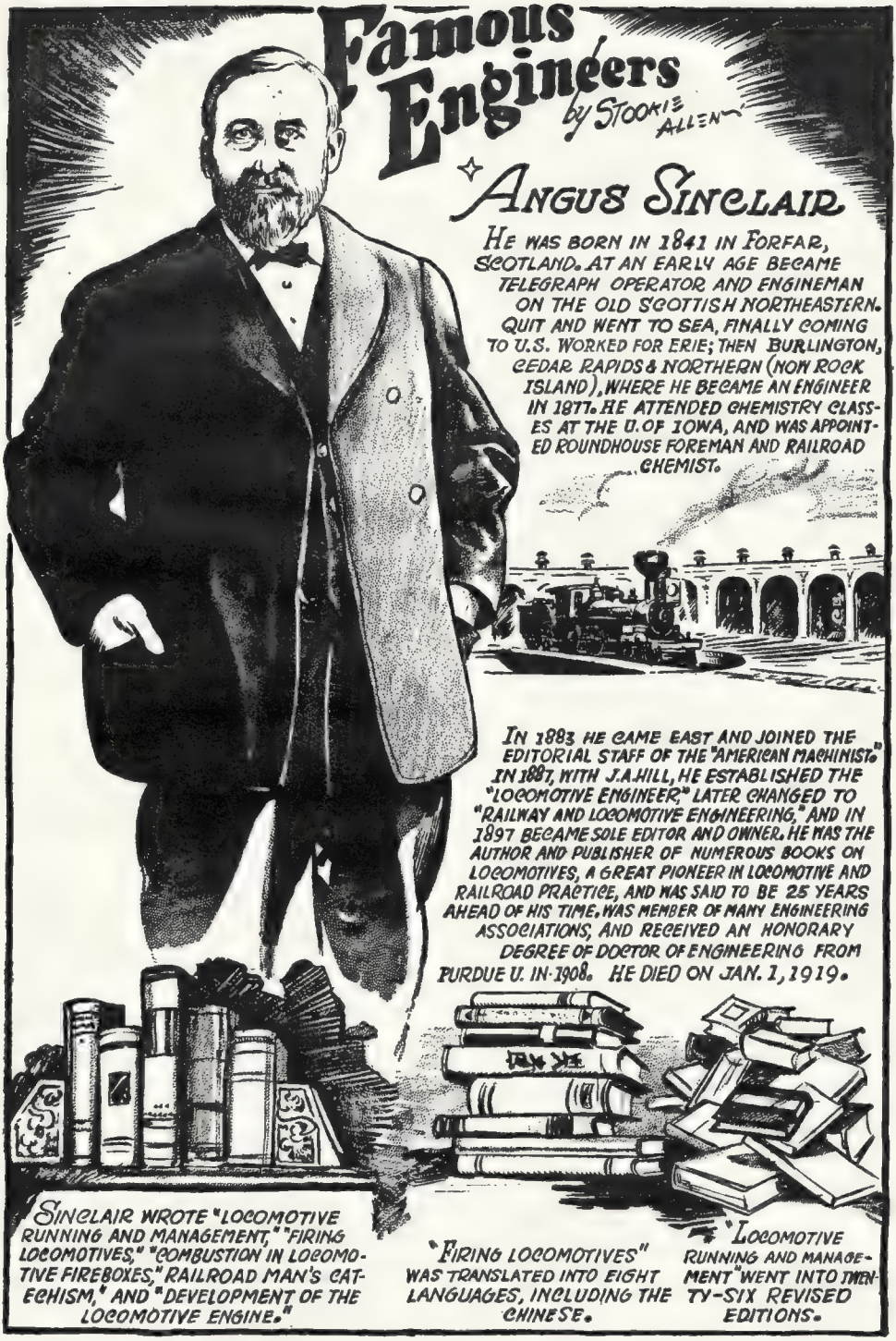
The B. & O. devotes a double-page spread to letters of praise from pleased travelers. This road also extends the already diverse duties of its agents. They sell wood memorial plaques of the City of Washington at 50 cents each.

IN the near future the railroads will probably attempt to make the timetables pay for themselves by selling advertising space. Already the New Haven and the New York Central have permitted a private advertising agency to print timetables containing a wide variety of advertisements.

The rapidity with which an unusual timetable can become popular is exemplified by the case of "Chessie," the Chesapeake & Ohio mascot. A recent C. & O. timetable devoted two pages to the subject. A delightful reproduction of "Chessie" and two kittens asleep in a Pullman berth was accompanied by these words:

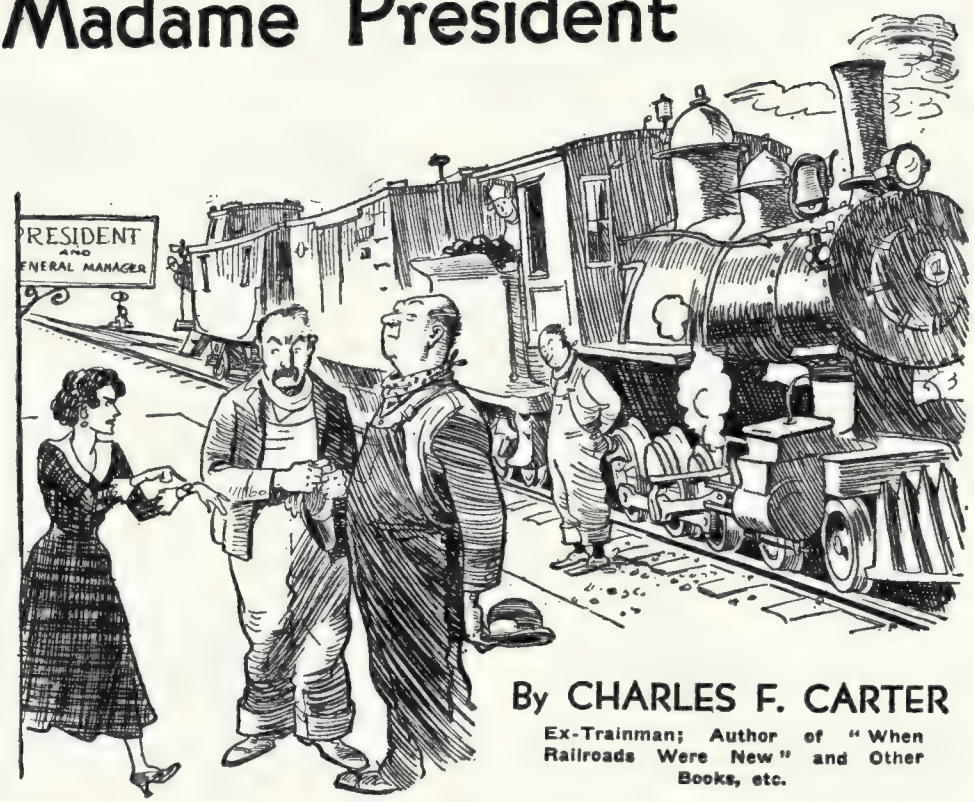
> **Acknowledgments to "Chessie," the Chesapeake & Ohio kitten. A year ago we found you, a lonely little kitten looking for a home. You found one, and we found a friend. . . . When we published your picture, a lot of folks said: "Who ever heard of using a gol-darned cat to advertise a railroad?"**
>
> **But you told 'em, Chessie! Kids wouldn't go to bed unless you were near. Families called on us to settle dinner table arguments over whether that was your tail or your paw on the pillow. Overnight you became the Kitten of the Hour.**
>
> **But more than that, Chessie, you suggested—as no high-pressure language could do—the supreme comfort of Chesapeake & Ohio's genuinely air-conditioned trains. The sight of you on the "George Washington," snuggled drowsily down for the night under the soft clean cool linen, made travelers want to come and try it. They are still coming, and for all that, Chessie, we're grateful. And so are the legions who "sleep like a kitten."**
>
> **We're going to use your picture, with two little Chessies, on our 1935 calendar, knowing full well there won't be enough to go 'round.**
>
> **George Washington's Railroad (original predecessor company founded by George Washington in 1785).**

The supply of those calendars was soon exhausted, so great was the demand. And ticket agents will tell you what a run on the rack the "Chessie" timetable caused. Yes, timetables are "subject to change without notice."


Famous Engineers
by Stookie Allen
Angus Sinclair
He was born in 1841 in Forfar, Scotland. At an early age became telegraph operator and engineman on the old Scottish Northeastern. Quit and went to sea, finally coming to U.S. Worked for Erie; then Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern (now Rock Island), where he became an engineer in 1871. He attended chemistry classes at the U. of Iowa, and was appointed roundhouse foreman and railroad chemist.
In 1883 he came east and joined the editorial staff of the "American Machinist." In 1887, with J.A. Hill, he established the "Locomotive Engineer," later changed to "Railway and Locomotive Engineering," and in 1897 became sole editor and owner. He was the author and publisher of numerous books on locomotives, a great pioneer in locomotive and railroad practice, and was said to be 25 years ahead of his time. Was member of many engineering associations, and received an honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering from Purdue U. in 1908. He died on Jan. 1, 1919.
Sinclair wrote "Locomotive Running and Management," "Firing Locomotives," "Combustion in Locomotive Fireboxes," Railroad Man's Catechism," and "Development of the Locomotive Engine."
"Firing Locomotives" was translated into eight languages, including the Chinese.
"Locomotive Running and Management" went into twenty-six revised editions.

Next Month: "Who's Who in the Crew," James W. Earp, Conductor on the Rock Island

Madame President



By CHARLES F. CARTER

Ex-Trainman; Author of "When Railroads Were New" and Other Books, etc.

WHAT were you saying about women's rights? Say, mister, do you realize that at this present moment six women are exercising the right to be presidents of railroads in this land of the free and home of the brave? Six madame presidents—count 'em:

(1) Mrs. Lucy Rogers Walsh, Davenport, Ia.; president of the Rock Island Southern Railway.

(2) Mrs. Phoebe E. Clark, Nashville, Tenn.; president of the Tennessee, Kentucky & Northern Railroad.

(3) Mrs. Virginia G. Persons, Talbotton, Ga.; president of the Talbotton Railroad.

(4) Mrs. A. D. Clark, Dallas, Texas; president of the Jefferson & Northwestern Railway.

(5) Mrs. J. L. Lovvorn, Bowdon, Ga.; president of the Bowdon Railway.

(6) Miss Marie Cronin, Bartlett, Texas; president of the Bartlett Western Railway.

THE Rock Island Southern's eighty-one miles of operated line, partly owned, partly leased, serves a highly developed industrial region in Western Illinois, from the triplet cities of Rock Island, and Moline, Ill., and Davenport, Ia., to Galesburg, Ill., not to mention a rich agricultural territory. Time was when the Rock Island Southern had traffic to burn. Right now it would be glad to have a New Deal, if you don't mind.

Miss Lucy Rogers went from her home town of Southern Lebanons, O., on a visit to Clinton, Ia. There she met James W. Walsh, a rising young lawyer, whose firm later became attorneys for the Chicago & North Western Railway, the Western Union, the American Express Co., and other big corporations, and in 1908 they married.

Instead of taking a wedding tour they decided to build an eighteen-mile railroad between Galesburg and Monmouth, Ill. On reaching the latter point, the new railroad turned at right angles and continued north to Rock Island, fifty miles. It kept on growing to a total of eighty-one miles, and flourishing. For years it never passed a dividend.

Mrs. Walsh, who is a capable business woman, succeeded her husband as president of the road when he died suddenly, July 24, 1932. For a time the Rock Island Southern was an electric line. When Government operation during the war passed on, it had been turned back into a steam railroad. Following that came a receivership for eighteen months—for, you know, a railroad doesn't really belong until it has at least one receivership.

MRS. PHOEBE E. CLARK,
President of the Late T.K.&N.

The real troubles of the R. I. S. began with the advent of hard roads. When everybody bought automobiles and spent their time riding them to town to buy things they didn't need with money they didn't have, the railroad's passenger business went kaflooey. Now the eight coaches are laid away in moth balls. Passengers, if any, are carried in the caboose. Trucks have made a fearful dent in the freight traffic.

In 1934 the Rock Island Southern's operating ratio was 95.82 per cent. That is, out of every dollar taken in over the counter, nearly 96 cents had to be paid out in expenses. You might think that was going some, but several short lines in the same year achieved operating ratios of 308 to 315 per cent—they had to go to the old sugar bowl for more than two dollars to add to every dollar of revenue, just to pay operating expenses!

Still, the R. I. S. maintains a pay roll of twenty-nine to exercise the four locomotives, 111 freight cars and 18 service cars in the hope that "Every day will be Sunday, by-and-by," to quote an old railroad song.

Mrs. Walsh has two daughters who have won distinction in scholarship. Whether or not they will take up railroading remains to be seen. The R. I. S. is a family railroad, being owned and operated by Mrs. Walsh and two of her brothers-in-law, M. A. Walsh, vice president and general manager, and C. H. Walsh, treasurer.

A PARALLEL case is that of Mrs. Phoebe E. Clark, president of the Tennessee, Kentucky & Northern. Like the Walshes, the Clarks were so closely associated in business affairs as well as home life, that when Mr. Clark died in 1914 his wife took over his work.

In one sense, Mrs. Clark is the lightest weight railroad president on record; she tips the scales at exactly 100 pounds. But she has plenty of gray matter and nervous energy. A few years ago there were three terrific storms in her section. In the last one nineteen of the twenty-seven bridges on the T., K. & N. were washed out. This road connects Algood with Livingston, Tenn., seventeen miles.

If President Clark had lived up to the traditions of her sex, she would have locked herself in a room and had a good cry. Instead, she got busy in rebuilding those nineteen bridges. It took a month but the T., K. & N. was then as good as new.

Mrs. Lucy Rogers Walsh, President of the Rock Island Southern, With Her Daughters, Jeanne and Mary. Mrs. Walsh Took Over This 81-Mile Pike on the Death of Her Husband, July 24, 1932

When truck competition became acute, President Clark did an original thing. Instead of bankrupting the road to buy trucks and busses to compete with herself on highways paralleling the railroad—as so many bigger systems have done—she bought trucks to extend freight and express traffic beyond the end of the T., K. & N. rails.

In the first twelve years of its existence the T., K. & N. paid an aggregate of 74 per cent in dividends. It's not paying dividends now. But, on the other hand, it has no fixed charges, for no bonds were issued.

At the annual meeting of stockholders, President Clark sits down in her most comfortable rocking-chair and calls herself to order, formally approves of what she did in the preceding year, hands herself the traditional gold piece in payment of her fee for attending the directors' meeting which follows the stockholders' meeting, and then adjourns; for she is the one and only stockholder of the T., K. & N. But that is enough to provide jobs for fifteen employees at a time when jobs are so scarce, and to buy axle grease for the equipment which consists of three locomotives, one passenger car, four freight cars and a caboose.*

* *Editor's note: Since this article was written, alas, the T., K. & N. has been abandoned!*

THE Talbotton Railroad connects Talbotton, Ga., with Talbotton Junction on the Central of Georgia. It has all the corporate standing of the Southern Pacific, for instance, though it isn't quite as big.

The T. R., to tell the truth, lacks 37 hundredths of a mile of being seven miles long. But it has a woman president, Virginia G. Persons, and a bonded debt of $30,000 to keep it awake nights. It's another family railroad. R. K. Persons is treasurer and general manager, while Mrs. L. J. Persons is secretary, to keep in touch with the six stockholders.

The Talbotton Railroad is an old-timer, having been opened for traffic in 1881. It has eight employees, one locomotive and two cars. Even with $16 in non-operating income to help out, the Talbotton failed to earn expenses in 1933 by $1,892.

EXTENDING twenty miles from Linden, Texas, to Jefferson, a station on the Katy, is the Jefferson & Northwestern Railway, of which Mrs. A. D. Clark is president. Even with five locomotives, a combination car, one coach and ten freight cars to help along, the 34 employees on the J. & N. earned a deficit larger than gross revenues in 1933.

AS president of the Bowdon Railway in Georgia, Mrs. J. L. Lovvorn reigns over a system totaling twelve miles equipped with two locomotives and two motor passenger cars which makes three round trips a day between Bowdon and Bowdon Junction on the Central of Georgia. There are nine employees. If possible they would be glad to earn interest on $75,000 bonds and dividends on $52,000 stock. But the best they could do in 1933 was to earn a deficit of $7,190.

MISS MARIE CRONIN, president, did a little better with the Bartlett Western Railway, which connects Bartlett with Florence, Texas. In 1933 she earned $38 net as compared with a deficit of $2,890 in the preceding year. The Bartlett Western has 23 miles of line, one locomotive, two cars and nine employees. The B. W.'s train makes one round trip a day.

FROM all of this you may gather that the short lines, numbering 58 corporations in the palmy days of 1926, with an aggregate of 4,325 miles of line, had a hard row to hoe in the late Depression, even under feminine management. That reminds me. In addition to those six presidents, two of the short lines have women chairmen of the boards of directors:

(1) Mrs. William Boyce Thompson, of Yonkers, N. Y., chairman of the Magma Arizona Railroad, connecting Magma with Superior, Ariz., 28 miles distant, and furnishing jobs for 28 employees—one for each mile.

(2) Mrs. Bernice Slick-Urschel, chairman of the Sapulpa Union Railway connecting Tulsa with Sapulpa, Okla., a distance of nineteen miles. In its better days the S. U. employed 67 persons.

AMONG the feminine "brass hats" you might enumerate six vice presidents of four roads. One of the four has three lady vice presidents—the Red River & Gulf Railroad between Long Leaf and Bliss, La. Even with three lady vice presidents this railroad of 62 miles operated by 52 employees had a deficit of $17,331 in 1933.

Moreover, Miss M. Pape is secretary and treasurer of the Guayaquil & Quito Railroad. To be sure, the G. & Q. is not in the United States but down in Ecuador, astride of the Equator; but the office of the secretary and treasurer is in New York City.

WHEN it comes to hired hands, no fewer than 281,204 women were counted on the railroad pay rolls of America in the last census. Included in the total were twenty-one officials and superintendents, sixteen freight agents, thirteen inspectors, fifty forewomen and overseers, 1,790 ticket and station agents, 16,122 telegraph operators, four railway mail clerks, four express messengers, 289 switchmen and flagmen, four messengers and fifty-four apprentices.

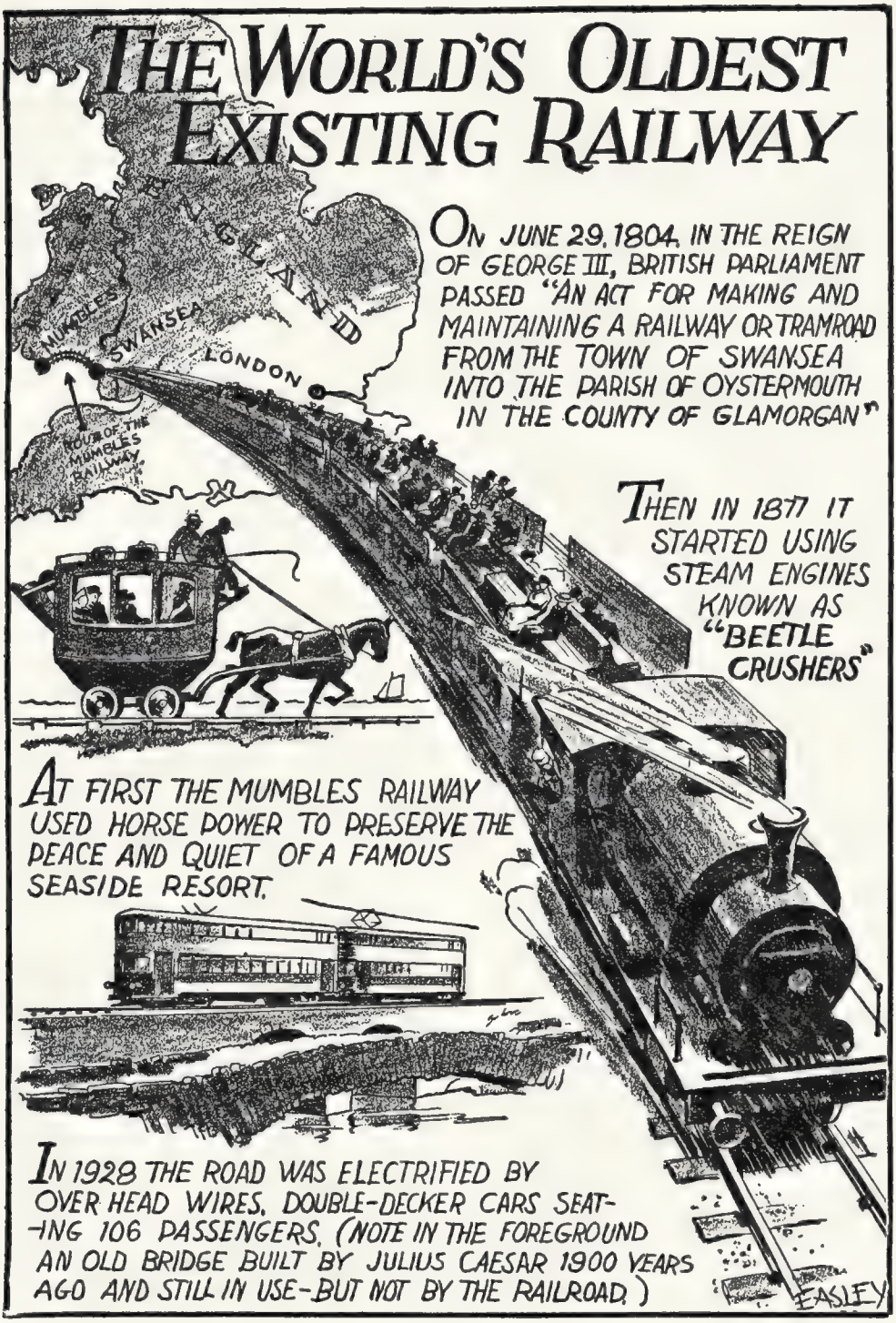
Why, down in Alabama, near Falkville, there is even a woman who makes a business of hewing out oak cross-ties for the Louisville & Nashville Railway. Mrs. Lena Corley is about twenty-five years old and has been doing this job for several years, walking three miles to her work and turning out from six to eight ties a day.

To be sure, there are no women locomotive engineers or firemen, or hostlers, or boiler washers, or conductors, or brakemen, on the railroad pay rolls yet; but just you wait. According to the U. S. Census Bureau, there are already five women running gas cars on steam railroads.

Wait, now, you haven't heard it all yet. In twenty years the proportion of women to men on railroad pay rolls increased nine-tenths of one per cent. If this rate of increase should continue, starting from the present proportion of railroad women, there will not be one railroad he-man left in service in 2,046 years, eight months and three days.

Oh, well! By that time all of us now living will have passed the age limit, so why worry? On second thought, there will probably be no age limit by that time. Just as soon as the women get a strangle hold on the railroads they will make all references to "age" punishable by sixty brownies or instant discharge.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST EXISTING RAILWAY



ON JUNE 29, 1804, IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III, BRITISH PARLIAMENT PASSED "AN ACT FOR MAKING AND MAINTAINING A RAILWAY OR TRAMROAD FROM THE TOWN OF SWANSEA INTO THE PARISH OF OYSTERMOUTH IN THE COUNTY OF GLAMORGAN"

THEN IN 1877 IT STARTED USING STEAM ENGINES KNOWN AS "BEETLE CRUSHERS"

AT FIRST THE MUMBLES RAILWAY USED HORSE POWER TO PRESERVE THE PEACE AND QUIET OF A FAMOUS SEASIDE RESORT.

IN 1928 THE ROAD WAS ELECTRIFIED BY OVER HEAD WIRES. DOUBLE-DECKER CARS SEATING 106 PASSENGERS. (NOTE IN THE FOREGROUND AN OLD BRIDGE BUILT BY JULIUS CAESAR 1900 YEARS AGO AND STILL IN USE - BUT NOT BY THE RAILROAD.)

The Month of June in Railroad History

EVENTS in railroad history are listed here. If you want to know what happened on your birthday or any other day of the year, watch this almanac. We want to thank all the readers who have coöperated by sending us important dates that we might otherwise have overlooked; particularly Robert R. Brown, secretary of Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n, 700 Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.

George Stephenson, Pioneer Railroad and Locomotive Builder, Born in England, June 9, 1781

June 1

1836—Housatonic R. R. inc. in Conn. (Now Berkshire Div. of the New Haven; merged June 22, 1898.)

1857—First through trip from Baltimore, Md., to St. Louis, Mo., over "American Central Line"—Baltimore & Ohio Railroad connections which have since become part of B. & O. System.

1871—Kansas Central R. R., narrow gage, organized to build from Leavenworth, Kan., to Denver, Colo., and branches; total, 550 miles. (Later part of U. P., now abandoned.)

1878—Completion, Firth of Tay bridge, 2 miles long, between Wormit and Dundee, Scotland, on N. British Ry. (Now part of London & North Eastern Ry. On Dec. 28, 1879, section of bridge was blown away by storm and passenger train plunged into water, killing everybody aboard.)

1886—E. S. Dellinger, popular railroad fiction writer, born in Ozarks Mts. (Present address: 1415 E. Tijeras Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.)

1888—N. & W. changes its gage from 5 ft. to standard (4 ft. 8½ in.) on more than 500 miles of main line. Gage of E. Tenn., Va. & Ga. Ry. changed same day. (Details coming in July, '35, issue.)

1898—Electric line of Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District Ry. opened from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek and Victor. (Abandoned.)

1901—Northern Pacific Ry. service extended to Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

1912—Central station at Ottawa, Canada, is opened.

1912—Norfolk, Va., passenger terminal completed; used jointly by N. & W., Virginian Ry. and Nor. Southern.

1915—National Transcontinental Ry., built by Dominion Govt., completed between Quebec and Winnipeg. (Part of C. N. R. System.)

1925—N. Y., B'klyn & Manhattan Beach Ry. merged with Long Is. R. R. (Total mileage of L. I., 989; part of Pennsy System.)

1926—Passumpsic R. R. from Newport, Vt., to Wells River, abandoned by Boston & Maine R. R. and taken over by Can. Pac. Ry.

1926—Massawippi Valley Ry., built in 1870 from Newport, Vt., to Lennoxville, Que., for and by Passumpsic R. R., is abandoned by B. & M. R. R. and taken over by Quebec Central Ry. (Now controlled by Can. Pac. Ry.)

June 2

1835—First train runs on Boston & Providence R. R. (Now part of the New Haven.)

1840—Telegraph invention patented in U. S. by Samuel F. B. Morse.

1889—Canadian Pac. Ry. completed from Montreal to Saint John, N. B., giving central Canada shortest route to sea.

1929—Maiden trip of "Erie Limited."

June 3

1864—C. & N. W. R. R. organized.

1870—Denver Pac. Ry. opened; Denver to Cheyenne, Wyo. Territory, 106 miles. (Leased to Kansas Pac. R. R.)

1880—Chicago, Belleville, Cascade & Western R. R. in Iowa is purchased by the Chi., Milwaukee & St. Paul.

1889—Canadian Pacific short line opened between Montreal and St. John, N. B., Canada.

June 4

1878—Full service begins on 6th Ave. Elevated Line, N. Y. City, using steam locomotives, more than month after successful initial run. (Details in April, '31, issue.)

1880—Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry. formed; consolidation of various roads, including Chi. & R. I., 182 miles; Chi. & S. W., 298 miles; Iowa Southern & Missouri Northern, 200 miles, and Muscatine & Oak., 115½ miles, etc.

1911—C. & N. W. station in Chicago opens.

June 5

1884—First railroad employees' relief fund in North America—known as "Invalid Fund"—established on B. & O., after being proposed April 3 by Louis McLane, B. & O.'s third president, formerly U. S. Secretary of Treasury and U. S. Secretary of State.

June 6

1869—H. S. Rubens, president of Consolidated Railroads of Cuba, born in N. Y. City, where he now resides.

1876 (9 A.M.)—Jarrett and Palmer Special completes "world's greatest run," begun June 1, N. Y. to San Francisco, 33½ miles, in 80 hrs. 20 mins. (This distance was run several years later in 70 hrs.)

June 7

1862—James J. Andrews, of Flemingsburg, Ky., hanged by Confederates for leading Civil War raid of 22 Yankee spies April 13, 1862, in which they seized "General" locomotive; last words were: "Boys, I have often thought I would like to see what lies on the other side of the River Jordan." (See article by Freeman H. Hubbard in Jan., '32, issue.)

June 8

1836—B. & O. completes railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, W. Va. (On Oct. 17, 1859, this town was made famous by John Brown's raid on U. S. arsenal there. Federal troops were rushed over B. & O. via Harper's Ferry bridge to repel raid. Brown was captured and hanged, but song written about him inspired Union soldiers in Civil War.)

1869—C., R. I. & P. enters Council Bluffs, Ia.

June 9

1781—George Stephenson, pioneer locomotive builder, born in Wylam, England, near Newcastle-on-Tyne (where Stephenson locomotive works stands today).

1846—Montreal & Lachine R. R. chartered in Canada. (Completed Nov., 1847; first railroad to enter Montreal. In 1863 Grand Trunk Ry. leased it so G. T. could use Bonaventure station.)

1852—First of the long-distance fast runs. "Telegraph Express" (on what is now N. Y. C. R. R.) makes 144 miles in 172 minutes in running from Chambers Street station, New York City, to Albany, N. Y.

1881—Canada Central Ry. (formerly Brockville & Ottawa Ry.) extending from Brockville to Carleton Place, from Ottawa to Pembroke and projected from Pembroke to Callander, Ont., is bought by Can. Pac. Ry. to form part of transcontinental line.

June 10

1856—Grand Trunk Ry. ferryboat No. 3, crossing St. Lawrence River from Montreal to Longueuil, Que., before completion of Victoria Bridge, is blown up by boiler explosion: 35 killed.

1862—Winona & St. Peter R. R. opened; Winona, Minn., to Lake Kampeska, Dak., 331 miles. (Now part of C. & N. W.)

1868—George Westinghouse files his first caveat for air-brake patent—momentous day for world of steam and steel! (See article by Chas. F. Carter in Nov., '30, issue.)

1873—Parker & Karns City R. R. chartered to build 10-mile narrow-gage line in Butler County, Pa. (Now part of B. & O.)

1901—Erie R. R. buys entire capital stock of Penna. Coal Co., the Erie & Wyoming Valley R. R. and the Delaware Valley & Kingston R. R.

June 11

1881—Santa Fe R. R. reaches El Paso, Texas.

1894—American Railway Union convenes at Chicago under leadership of Eugene V. Debs and almost immediately plunges into Pullman strike.

1905—"Pennsylvania Special" inaugurated by P. R. R. as world's fastest long-distance train, setting new record by running between New York and Chicago in 18 hours and forcing N. Y. C. R. R. to follow suit. (See article by N. A. Critchett in Dec., '34, issue.)

1896—Grand Rapids & Indiana Ry. inc. in Mich. (and in Indiana July 13) as successor to Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R., sold under foreclosure, 466 miles. (Now part of P. R. R.)

June 12

1864—The "General," made famous by Andrews' raid of 1862, hauls trainload of ammunition to Confederate Army at Battle of Kenesaw Mountain and brings back wounded soldiers.

1894—First biennial convention of Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America held in Revere Hotel, Chicago, while fiery American Railway Union is meeting in Uhlrich's Hall, almost directly across the street, and is "stealing thunder" from the Carmen's "big show."

1905—"Penna. Special" westbound from N. Y. to Chicago covers 3 miles in 85 seconds near Ada, O., at rate of 127 m.p.h. (This is world's fastest record for steam train! It is as fast as average modern airplane and 7 m.p.h. faster than top speed of U. P. streamliner on its famous dash across continent in 1934. For details see article by N. A. Critchett in Dec., '34, issue.)

June 13

1853—Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Ry. (later Northern Ry.) opened from Toronto to Bradford, Ont.; train hauled by locomotive "Toronto," first one built in Canada. (Built in Toronto, not at Montreal, as erroneously stated in April issue.)

1854—First sod of Nova Scotia Ry. turned at Halifax. (This road eventually extended to Windsor, Truro and Pictou Landing. In 1867 it became part of Intercolonial Ry.; now C. N. R.)

June 14

1881—Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad in Georgia, 236 miles, acquired by the E. Tenn., Va. & Ga. R. R. (Now part of Southern Ry.)

1891—Collapse of bridge on Moenschenstein & Basle Ry., Switzerland, throws excursion train into water; 80 killed, 100 injured.

1901—Penna-Reading Seashore Lines inc. in N. J. as Atlantic City R. R. (Present name adopted June, 1933; was consolidation of 6 roads. Now operated jointly by Reading and P. R. R. Total mileage, 419.)

1916—Canadian Pacific Ry. opens new station at Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

June 15

1844—Opening of Switzerland's first railroad.

1872—America's first narrow-gage road, Denver & Rio Grande, opened to Pueblo, Colo., 43 miles.

1888—James W. Earp, popular railroad fiction writer, born at Clarence, Mo. (Present address: 101 S. 11th St., Herington, Kan.)

1902—N. Y. C. R. R. inaugurates "Twentieth Century Limited" at same time P. R. R. "Pennsylvania Special" starts 20-hour service between New York and Chicago. (Later P. R. R. train's name was changed to "Broadway Limited," and on April 30, 1933, both roads cut N. Y.-Chicago time to 17¾ hrs.)

1933—Last run of America's second largest 2-foot-gage line, Wiscasset, Waterville & Farmington. Engine derailed near Whitefield, Me. (See article by Linwood Moody in March, '32, issue.)

June 16

1816—First German-built "steam-wagon," designed by Friedrich Krigar and built for hauling coal cars in Upper Silesia, is exhibited in Berlin iron foundry courtyard, running on circular track and hauling car containing 2½-ton load.

1870—Train on Vt. & Mass. Ry. (now B. & M.), speeding to make up time, plunges through covered bridge over Miller River near Athol, Mass.; 3 persons killed, 20 injured.

1882—First organized strike of freight handlers in America, affecting mainly workers in N. Y. City region.

1890—Busk Tunnel Ry. incorporated in Colorado. (Leased to Colorado Midland next day.)

1902—David B. Robertson (now president of Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen) promoted to Erie R. R. engineer. (He still holds rights as runner, although on extended leave of absence to work for Brotherhood. See Dec., '34, issue.)

1912—E. H. Janney, inventor of automatic coupler which bears his name, dies at Alexandria, Pa. His coupler was first tried out on Pitts., Ft. W. & Chi. passenger cars. (Now part of P. R. R.)

June 17

1831—Three men injured in America's first locomotive boiler explosion on the "Best Friend of Charleston," first locomotive built in U. S. for operation in actual transportation service, on South Carolina Canal & R. R. Co. (2 years later S. C. C. & R. line, 136 miles, was world's longest continuous railroad. Later was first railroad to carry U. S. mail. Now part of Southern Ry.)

1841—"Eleazer Lord," first locomotive used on N. Y. & Erie R. R., is put into service and hauls its first trainload of N. Y. & E. passengers over first completed 44 miles, Piermont, N. Y., to Ramapo, N. Y. Engine built by Norris and named for road's first president.

1858—Erie Ry. express train with 2 baggage cars and 5 coaches, making 30 m.p.h., encounters broken rail near Port Jervis, N. Y. Last coach derailed, pulls next one over 30-foot embankment; 6 persons killed, 50 injured.

1875—New high record set by one day's movement over all railroads terminating in Boston—280,000 passengers carried in 641 trains.

1905—Passenger train crashes into double-headed freight on Western Md. Ry. at Patapasco, Md., killing 24 persons.

June 18

1888—Quebec & Lake St. John Ry. completed from Quebec to Chambord, Canada.

1933—Georgia R. R. special train carries part of Allatoona, Ga., fire department to fight big fire at Augusta. Engineer R. P. Brissendine makes 171-mile run with Ten-wheeler in 4 hrs., 13 mins.

June 19

1873—Lackawanna & Bloomsburg R. R., 80 miles, Scranton to Northumberland, Pa., merged with D. L. & W.

June 20

1855—"Antoine Le Claire," first locomotive to reach Iowa, is ferried across Mississippi River to Davenport, eastern terminus of Mississippi & Missouri R. R. (now part of Rock Island System) and put into service. Engine built in 1851 by Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor, Paterson, N. J.; adorned with portraits of Pocahontas and A. Le Claire, Davenport postmaster.

1906—Congress passes law appropriating $25,000 a year for President's traveling expenses.

June 21

1851—Engine "Oneida" is built for Hudson River Ry. (now part of N. Y. C.) at Taunton (Mass.) Locomotive Works. (Engine became famous, figuring in several accidents and lawsuits.)

1890—Eighteen persons killed, more than 50 injured, on Great Northern Ry., England, about 100 miles from London. Axle of freight car

breaks, delaying train, which is rammed by passenger train of 23 coaches, 340 passengers.

1905—"Twentieth Century Limited" eastbound on N. Y.-Chicago 18-hour run, is wrecked at Mentor, O., by running into open switch; 21 persons killed, many wounded. Known as "million-dollar wreck." (Details in Dec., '34, issue.)

1927—B. & O. presents "Samson" and "Albion," Nova Scotia's earliest locomotives, to Province of Nova Scotia, Canada, 100 yrs. after opening of Albion coal mines in which those 2 engines were first used in 1839. (Details in March, '31, issue.)

June 22

1827—Surveyors appointed to select best route for B. & O. between Baltimore, Md., and some point on Ohio River—termini for which railroad was named.

1846—P. R. R. subscription books opened.

1854—First stone laid for Victoria tubular bridge over St. Lawrence River at Montreal.

1855—"Cy" Warman, hoghead poet, best known for "Will the Lights Be White?", born at Greenup, Ill.

1883—Mojave-Needles line of A. T. & S. F. (Santa Fe) completed.

1918—Hagenbeck-Wallace circus train on Mich. Cent. R. R. rammed in rear by empty troop train at Ivanhoe, Ind.; 68 killed, 127 injured. (See article by E. J. Baker in Feb., '35, issue.)

June 23

1869—First timetable on Santa Fe R. R. issued at Topeka, covering train service to begin June 28, 1869, between Topeka and Carbondale, Kan., 17 miles.

1879—First elevated railroad train accident in N. Y. City. One train crashes into rear of another at Franklin St. station, injuring one employee. ("El" in those days used steam power.)

1921—N. Y. & Rockaway Beach Ry. merged with L. I. R. R.

June 24

1848—Carillon & Grenville R. R. chartered in Quebec, Canada; 13 miles of main line. (Road opened Oct. 10, 1854; operated in connection with Ottawa River Nav. Co. steamers; 5½ ft. gage, last broad-gage line in Canada.)

1886—First special fast fruit train from Southern Calif. to Chicago leaves Los Angeles.

1900—"International Limited" train inaugurated by Grand Trunk Ry. (now part of C. N. R.) between Montreal and Chicago.

June 25

1907—Pierce D. Marsh, C. & O. engineer, wins Carnegie Medal for heroism by rapidly backing his passenger train down hill 2,250 feet to escape string of runaway cars making 56 m.p.h. near Jane Lew, W. Va.; stops runaways, saves lives.

June 26

1882—Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Coördinator of Transportation in U. S., born at Katonah, Ky.

1860—Opening of first railroad in Cape Colony, Africa.

1905—First Interstate Commerce Commission hero medal awarded to a railroad man is given to George H. Poell, of St. Joseph & Grand Island Ry. (now part of U. P. System) for rescuing baby on track by climbing out on locomotive pilot while train is running.

1934—Last run of "Crescent Limited," famous fast mail, last of old bonus trains on Southern Ry.

June 27

1888—Soo Line incorporated under laws of Minn., Wis., Mich. and Dakota Territory. (Now controlled by Canadian Pacific.)

1889—Big 4 Railroad merged with Indianapolis & St. Louis.

1894—Electricity first used as motive power by B. & O. over Baltimore Belt Line for 3 miles.

June 28

1832—"Atlantic" becomes second locomotive put into B. & O. regular service. Built by Phineas Davis, who also built "York," first B. & O. engine. ("Atlantic" remained in active service 61 years and even today could still run under her own steam.)

1861—Central Pac. Ry. organized.

1869—Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington R. R. (now part of L. & N. System) completed and opened with special excursion. Admiral David G. Farragut, Civil War hero, is guest of honor.

1885—First regular through train in Canada from Montreal to Pacific Coast leaves Dalhousie Sq. station of C. P. (Reached Port Moody, B. C., July 4.)

June 29

1855—First rail in Iowa laid at Davenport on Mississippi & Missouri R. R. First spike driven by postmaster of Davenport, Le Claire, for whom first locomotive was named.

1864—Canada's biggest rail disaster. Grand Trunk Ry. train plunges off bridge at Beloeil, Que.; 100 killed, about 200 injured. (See Spot dept., this issue; also article in May, '35, issue.)

1906—Congress passes and President Theodore Roosevelt signs Hepburn Bill giving Interstate Commerce Commission authority to fix U. S. railroad rates and forbidding rebates.

June 30

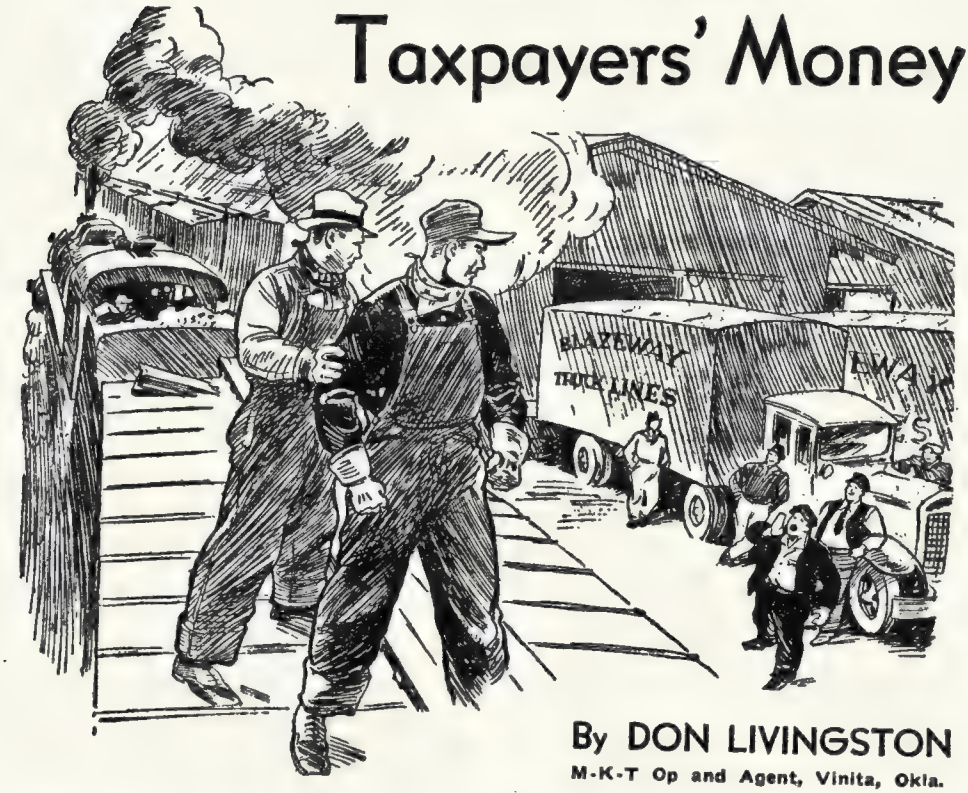
1836—Philip E. Thomas, first B. & O. president, resigns and is succeeded by Joseph W. Paterson.

1873—Central Vt. R. R., organized under corporate receivership, assumes control of both Vermont Cent. and Vt. & Canada roads.

1899—"Mile-a-Minute" Charlie Murphy sets new world record by pedaling bicycle for mile in 57 4/5 seconds, paced by Long Island R. R. train near Babylon, N. Y. (Details in Nov., '34, issue.)

Sometimes It Takes Dynamite to Prove That Trucks Cost Plenty of

Taxpayers' Money



By DON LIVINGSTON

M-K-T Op and Agent, Vinita, Okla.

DID you ever try to save a dollar after it was spent, or row a boat after it was sunk, or see a flame after it had gone out? If so, you have only a tiny idea of the tasks that a freight solicitor tackles daily.

And I am proud to say I am a traveling freight solicitor. My name is Solomon McCool and my job, specifically, is to coax whatever portion of the products of man I can into the traffic flow of the Oil Belt & Western Railroad.

Now, the traffic department of a railroad is used to counteract the policy of poisoning the grasshopper after he has devoured the cabbage patch. The operating department loses the business, then whistles for the traffic department to go bring it back again. That's how I came to spend the tail end of last week in the rutabaga, peach-bloom country of the Verde Valley.

The valley, you see, is served by a branch of our railroad some thirty miles in length, over which are run two elegant mixed trains daily. During the four weeks of peach harvest the Verde Valley branch dumps big revenues into the coffers of the O.B.&W. That pleases the stockholders.

The other forty-eight weeks of the year it operates with little or no profit; but the service pleases the valleyites.

For years such has been the harmonious arrangement.

Recently, however, Verde Valley held a three-day carnival, rodeo, and barbecue in celebration of the completion of her first gravel-surface, year-round auto highway. Immediately thereafter came the commercial truck lines, something hitherto unknown in Verde Valley. Wherever good roads are furnished by the taxpayers, there you will find truck lines.

That is why I got instructions from the general freight agent to invade Verde Valley and recover for the O.B.&W. an estimated one thousand cars of peaches which this year, for the first time, were not to move over rails. At a flat rate of five cents a hundred pounds less than the rail rate the Blazeway Truck Lines had secured the contract to haul those peaches.

I know the set-up in Verde Valley. So I went to the industrial agent's office and fortified myself with some essential data. When I stepped off the coach in Verde Valley the next morning, I could have told you more about that town and county than the old maid next door can tell you about yourself. I don't usually load up that way; but on this trip I was prepared to do battle with Zeke Hydeman, who is president and all-around main squeeze of the Verde Valley Fruit Growers Association.

Hydeman is a man of size and shrewdness. He calls every man, woman and child in the valley by his or her first name. Under his management the Association each year has split a dividend. He reigns in an untidy office down near the packing sheds, where he sits in a squeaky swivel chair with his heels upon a rubbish-covered desk, and quotes figures proving how much money the Association is making by having him for its president. He booms out a big, loud laugh when I step inside the door.

"SOL McCOOL of the O.B.&W.! I knew you'd come whimpering around after losing that peach business. Let me tell you something. The train goes back up the valley in twenty minutes, and you'd as well go with it. We're shippin' our crop by truck this year. I put over a deal with the truck line that's saving the fruit growers twenty thousand bucks. This gentleman here," he concluded, pointing to a pudgy, dark-skinned gent who was in the office, "is Mr. Madder of the Blazeway Truck Lines. Shake."

We don't shake. I'm no hypocrite. Now, don't misjudge me. I'm not one of those Pharisees who claim that we railroads are the heaven-sent form of transportation and there is no other, and no other has a right to exist. I'm willing to concede that short-haul truck lines may be an asset to the field of transportation. But not in Verde Valley. No, not in Verde Valley. Beyond question the truck invasion at this time and place is destined to bankrupt and disintegrate the place, and the truckers know it as well as I. Besides, I didn't like Madder's looks.

"You're saving twenty thousand, are you, Hydeman?" I ask casual like.

"Yep. And it's a lot of money," he cackles.

"The figures will sound good in the annual report to the Association," says I. "But what mention will you make of the forty-two thousand you're losing?"

"Losing?" he gargles.

"Yes. The twenty-three thousand in railroad taxes and the nineteen thousand payroll the O.B.&W. annually spends in Verde Valley County."

"Why, we—we get them anyhow," he hems and haws.

"Oh, yeah? If we don't haul the peaches we pull up the rails. The rest of the business wouldn't pay for the steam to blow the whistles on our engines."

"You ain't smart, McCool; just impudent. But you can't bluff me," Hydeman snorts, getting red and angry. "Go tell your hijackin' railroad that I'm moving this crop by truck. Take your railroad and clear out."

"Not without mention of the new highway," I retorts gently. "Those twenty-year, five per cent bonds for a hundred and twenty thousand deserve special mention. And that highway will cost the Verde Valley taxpayers twice that by the time it's paid for. What's more, Mr. Hydeman, ask a highway engineer and he'll tell you that after Madder's thirty-ton trucks have hauled a thousand car loads of peaches over that road, there won't be enough gravel left on it to fill the craw of a banty rooster. And so for the next twenty years the hump-back, horny-handed taxpayers of Verde Valley County will be digging up to pay for a highway that has vanished like the smoke of 1929 prosperity!"

That little speech touched a sensitive spot, I know. It was good, even if I say so myself. With what dignity I could command I allowed Hydeman to escort me out the door, and I am glad to pass lightly over the details of that exit.

I BRUSH the dust of the sidewalk off my hat and hustle over to the courthouse to the office of Ham Jenkins, Commissioner of the First District of Verde Valley County. Mr. Jenkins is a sad-faced man with thin, gray hair and shoulders that are stooped with the burden of trying to straddle the fence, hold his nose on the grindstone, and keep his ear on the ground all at the same time. He is a good politician and he knows it. He's held office in Verde Valley County for twenty-seven years.

When it comes to making two dollars do the work of one and explaining the transaction to the satisfaction of the voters, Mr. Jenkins is unequalled. He thinks highly of the O.B.&W. and its McCool. And what's more to the point, he's the bitter political enemy of the heavy-hoofed Hydeman.

I explain to Commissioner Jenkins why I have honored Verde Valley with my presence. He doubles up and laughs till I think his face will crack.

"Forgive me, McCool; forgive me!" he manages to sob at length. "I mean no disrespect; but the idea of Hydeman kicking you out is funny."

"Very amusing, and I hope I feel like laughing over it some day," I snorts.

"But you ain't whipped by one kick," insists Jenkins. "I know you better'n that. What's your plan?"

"I've come to you to champion the cause of right and justice," I tell him. "The Verde Valleyites, Mr. Jenkins, seem never to have heard the parable about the goose that laid the golden egg. Who's the biggest taxpayer in the county?"

"The O.B.&W. Railroad," says he. "Also the biggest employer of labor."

"Then Verde Valley can't afford to lose the O.B.&W.," I tell him. "The only reason the railroad maintains this branch is the peach movement. The rest of the business wouldn't buy the paint for the whistling posts. What, then, is going to happen if the fruit growers of this valley ship by truck?"

"The O.B.&W. will abandon the branch, which means that the rest of us citizens will have to pay exactly twenty-two and a half per cent more taxes than we paid this year. I've figured it all out," says Mr. Jenkins dryly.

"You're a thinking man," says I.

"But I can't help you." Jenkins anticipates my next move. "Who am I to tell the F.G.A. how to s h i p their peaches? I'm only a humble servant of the people."

"Then I'm taking the fight to the people!" I exclaim valiantly. "I'll show them the fatal results of this scheme!"

"You're too late," says Jenkins. "By the time you reach and arouse the people, the peaches will be in tin, under the label, and on the shelf. Besides, it won't be easy to convince 'em. For two months Hydeman's been ballyhooin' about that twenty thousand he's going to save 'em, and he's got 'em won over."

"Why didn't you do something to stop it?" I ask.

"Son," says old Jenkins solemnly, "I'm a county official by avocation and a politician by birth. If I butt in it would stir up a big fuss; and that ain't good politics."

"And you sit here and see your county ruined by a handful of greedy racketeers?" I demand incredulously.

"Young man," replies Jenkins, "you would carry the fight to the people, and you'd be licked from the word go. You can't reason with the people; you've got to appeal to 'em. They're governed by their feelings. Hydeman's already won over their feelings by showing them how he'll make 'em twenty thousand. That means cash in the pocket right now. The future with its debts and regrets is far away. There's not enough logic in all the books of the Congressional Library to talk the citizens of Verde Valley County out of that money."

"Then you figure we're licked?" I asks humbly.

Commissioner Jenkins strokes his chin and eyes me speculatively.

"Doing things without yelling about them is the policy of all good diplomats," he remarks slowly. "The board of commissioners of Verde Valley County is without power to govern or control, but it has a program, son; it has a program. Come along, and I'll show you something."

HE drives me ten miles north on the new highway through forests of peach orchards that are bending under fruit as red and pink as a prairie sunset. He stops at a plank-floored bridge that spans a sizable stream at the base of the hills that border the valley.

"The Elm Creek bridge," explains Mr. Jenkins. "Back in 1909 when it was built it was the last word in bridge construction, but it ain't in keeping with the new highway. We're replacing it with a reinforced concrete structure; and we start wrecking the old bridge tomorrow."

The light of day begins to break over me as he points to the left to a wooden structure on stilts that spans the creek.

"We've erected a t e m p o r a r y bridge," he explains. "It has a capacity of five tons and will safely accommodate our *customary* traffic."

"I'm beginning to comprehend your program," I tell Mr. Jenkins slowly.

"That program," says Jenkins solemnly, "was drawn up some time ago. It calls for the wrecking of the bridge at the earliest possible date."

"Does Hydeman know about this bridge-wrecking project?"

"The project was reported in full in the official county newspaper," says Commissioner Jenkins. "Hydeman's too busy telling the people how much money he's saving 'em to notice little things like that."

Old Jenkins shows me all about the proposed new bridge. I happen to poke my nose into a sort of crevice behind the south wing of the abutment, and then old Jenkins produces a flashlight and leads me back into a pretty little cave that runs fifty yards or more into the hillside. Formerly it had had a good-sized opening, but the bridge abutment had closed most of it.

Only old-timers knew the cave was there, Jenkins says; but the commissioners sometimes used it as a storeroom for road tools and supplies. In fact, he pulled down from a rock shelf a little wooden box and showed me a dozen sticks of dynamite.

"Got it stored here for use when we wreck the bridge. Safest place in the county to keep it."

We drive back to town and I call the G.F.A. on the phone. When I tell him to shoot a train load of empty freezers down into the valley he crawls right down off his pedestal and wants to know how the Sam Patch I managed it.

THAT afternoon the Blazeway trucks begin to arrive. They are big box cars in size. They park in vacant lots near the packing sheds. The whole town turns out to look 'em over, for it's something new in Verde Valley. I can't keep from chuckling when I think of the big surprise Mr. Hydeman and his trucks will get tomorrow.

The next morning Mr. Jenkins drives by the hotel, and takes me along to watch 'em wreck the bridge. He opines that the crew should have it looking like a cyclone had struck it by this time.

There are signs of disturbances at the bridge, but they are not of cyclonic origin. There are about two dozen men grouped in menacing attitudes at the approach to the bridge, while Jenkins' hired hands are gathered in an excited knot around their truck thirty yards down the road. A big fellow with fire in both eyes pokes his head inside Jenkins' car before the brakes have quit squealing.

"It's a bunch of them Blazeway truck drivers, boss," he hollers. "They stopped us before we got our tools unlimbered. Said the court's dug up a hocus-pocus or somethin' to keep us from botherin' the bridge."

It's clear to me that somebody has remembered to think about this bridge-wrecking job. Jenkins crawls out of the car and marches right up to the bridge with the men following him. A big, bull-necked driver measures him with an opaque eye, lights a cigarette, and speaks out the corner of his mouth.

"Beat it, you hicks. You ain't wreckin' no bridge."

"Gentlemen," says Jenkins calmly but decisively, "I'm Commissioner Jenkins of Verde Valley County and these men are working under me. The wrecking of this bridge has been ordered by due process of law. Any interference with them will lay you liable to severe penalty."

"You tell that to the boss," sneers the bruiser. "Our orders is to kick you guys plumb back to town if you start monkeyin' with the bridge."

"Who is your boss?" demands Jenkins.

"A guy named Madder; and he ain't worryin' about no county officers," says the mug.

"So Madder, the truck owner, thinks he's superior to the law, does he?" barks Jenkins, getting red around the neck. "We'll see about that. Come on, boys. Get to work."

The Jenkins men start for the bridge, but they don't get there. At a ratio of three to one the Blazeway bunch jumps 'em. I don't join in the fight. However, I see Madder standing on the wing of the abutment, where he's safe. I slip around the battlefield toward him. Madder picks up a shovel.

"Don't excite yourself," I tell him. "I've come to talk terms of armistice. If I had two more men like the big bozo who now has four of your bullies down, we'd lick you yet. But as it is we're overpowered by numbers. Call off your thugs."

Madder blows a whistle and the Blazeway men crawl off. The Jenkins heroes are considerably beaten up, but not licked. Most of 'em want to grab picks and shovels and renew the scrap; but Jenkins looks 'em over and vetoes the move.

"Go to town and get patched up," he tells 'em. "I'll get the sheriff and a posse and clean out this gang."

BUT when we reach town we find the sheriff just starting out to hunt Jenkins. Zeke Hydeman, he says, has filed an injunction in court to stop the commissioners of Verde Valley County from wrecking, destroying or obstructing old Elm Creek bridge.

"How long have you had them orders?" snaps Jenkins.

"Just got 'em," replies the sheriff.

"There you are!" yells Jenkins in the sheriff's face. "There's a sample of Hydeman's dirty work. He knew he couldn't get that injunction through in time to prevent me wrecking the bridge, so he takes the law into his own hands! Hires a gang of thugs to beat up my men and delay the work until he can take legal action. Sheriff, Zeke Hydeman has got to pay for this!"

"Swear out a warrant for him," encouraged the sheriff. "Can you prove that he instigated the fight?"

Jenkins couldn't prove a thing, and he knew it. I followed him into his office.

"What's the next move?" I ask him.

"McCool," he says slowly, "as far as this year's crop is concerned, we're licked."

Jenkins looked me squarely in the eye when he said that, and I knew he meant it. Then I remember that train of reefers due to arrive in Verde Valley tomorrow. I also remember the things the G.F.A. will say when I tell him to pull out those cars still empty. I make a little speech of my own, and I also mean it.

"Mr. Jenkins, the board of county commissioners may be licked; but not Solomon McCool. I am electing myself as a board of strategy to see if by any means of diplomacy, warfare, legerdemain, or litigation, the enemy can be routed. Good day, Mr. Jenkins."

I stroll down to the depot and sit on the loading platform. I always do my best thinking on railroad premises, mebbe sprawled across two seats of a smoker, or with my heels on a telegraph table. The local crew is switching in the yard and I hear 'em cussing the trucks and predicting their run will be pulled off in less than a month.

Seldom have I ever digressed from the straight and narrow path But here was a case of provocation plus misrepresentation and mob rule that was costing my railroad a thousand cars of high revenue freight, and all the signs pointed to me as the only possible deliverer. So I go up the street and lo-

cate two of the defeated bridge-wreckers nursing sore heads in the shade of the drug store.

"Do you two happen to have a trustworthy friend who might rate a few confidential words with Zeke Hydeman?" I ask 'em.

They did, and they escort me to the Sudden Service Garage, where I am introduced to two hundred pounds of honest-looking Irish mechanic named Crane. In the back end of Crane's garage we hold a council of war, after which we all shake hands.

Later I go to Hydeman's office. I'm not surprised to find Crane already there. That was the arrangement. Hydeman is rushing importantly about under the stress of great excitement, and he doesn't even take enough notice of me to be disagreeable; but Crane is glad to see me. He draws me aside with a show of great secrecy.

"Things are happening around here," he informs me. "I just told Hydeman about it. Somebody has got a box of dynamite hidden under the Elm Creek bridge. Going to blow up that bridge sure as shootin'!"

"Aw, nobody'd do that!" I exclaim, awfully horrified at the idea.

"Wouldn't they?" busts in Hydeman. "Then what have they got the dynamite down there for? Tell me that, Mister Solomon."

"Mebbe it's a mistake."

"I'm going to see for myself," declares Hydeman. "Now, just don't say a word to anybody else till I investigate. I'll show that bunch of crooks that they can't pull anything like that over Zeke Hydeman."

"Hadn't you better take the law along?" I ask.

"All I want is to lay a hand on those crooks," boasts Hydeman. "I don't need the law."

HYDEMAN calls Mueller, his handyman about the place, and they start for Hydeman's car. I crawl into the back seat with Crane.

"This looks like something big, and the O.B.&W. is going to be interested," I say when I see Hydeman giving me a cold eye.

A half mile before reaching the bridge Hydeman turns up a side road and parks his car in the brush.

"We'll circle around on foot and come up under the bridge quietly," he says. "We may catch the rascals napping."

But there is nobody in sight when we burst out of the wilderness at the base of the bridge. Hydeman produces a flashlight and says we'll invade the cave. He hands the flashlight to Mueller and tells him to go first. I notice that Hydeman brings up the rear.

Sure enough, there is a box of dynamite there. It's the same box that Commissioner Jenkins showed me the day before. Hydeman is all but bursting with importance. With a stick of dynamite in each hand he triumphantly declares that this is going to be a great day in the history of Verde Valley.

"We'll hide here," he announces, striking a Mussolini pose, "and capture the villains when they come in to get the explosives."

Mueller complains that the dynamiters may be a long time coming; but Hydeman promptly shuts him up and announces that we'll camp right there till the scoundrels are caught and the county saved.

Suddenly there comes a dull and heavy throb out in front—something you feel rather than hear.

"I wonder," says Crane, "if some of them birds we're waitin' for might not be carryin' a few extra sticks of

the dynamite in their pants pockets and shootin' 'em off just to annoy us. That sounded like an explosion to me."

We all rush to the cave entrance, but it ain't there! The opening has completely disappeared. Hydeman plays his flashlight on it while we all stand there open-mouthed, without speaking. The entrance is now plugged up with a four-ton sandstone boulder that's wedged between the bridge abutment and the cave wall, as tight as the cork in a new bottle.

"Merciful heavens!" gasps Hydeman. "We're trapped!"

He looks helplessly from one face to another. Mueller examines the boulder closely.

"It's one of them rocks that hung out of the creek bank above the mouth of the cave," he announces. "Somebody must have pried it loose and let it roll down here."

"I'll bet that's just what happened," I agree. And I wasn't running any risk of losing that bet when I said it!

"Men," said Hydeman in deep tones, "it is no mystery what has happened. The very men who had this dynamite hidden here saw us come in. Seeing that their scheme is thwarted, they have imprisoned us. We've got to do something."

We spend thirty minutes vainly trying to dislodge the boulder; then Hydeman suggests that we all shout in unison to attract attention; but Crane objects that nothing short of a cannon shot could be heard through that wall.

"A cannon shot!" yells Hydeman. "I've got it; the dynamite! We'll blast our way out!"

IT'S quicker said than done; but not much quicker. In a jiffy Hydeman and Mueller have their hands full of dynamite and are looking for the best place to insert a charge. I tap Hydeman on the shoulder.

"Mr. Hydeman," I tell him, "it will be easy enough to blow our way out of here; but the explosion will play heck with the abutment of that bridge."

Of course, you see, I didn't have to warn him; he could see the danger as well as I. And the idea of using the dynamite came from him without any suggestion from me—which really was better than I had hoped for. But looking ahead, I didn't want anybody ever to be able to say that I inveigled Hydeman into the destruction of property. I wanted him to accept full responsibility for anything that might happen. Anyway, my opposition would only encourage Hydeman to go ahead.

"The abutment!" he barks at me. "What's the abutment or even the whole bridge compared to our lives?"

"But there's a court injunction against the destruction of that bridge," I remind him.

"I got the injunction filed, and I'll remove it," roars Hydeman. "Man, don't you realize this is critical?"

"Perhaps rescuers will come," I suggest weakly. "They'll miss you at the office and start a search party."

But Hydeman pays no attention to my objections. He and Mueller plant four sticks of the stuff between the abutment and the boulder, set a cap, light a fuse, and we all duck for shelter. Suddenly the floor jumps and there are windstorms and earthquakes and bombardments. When the noise and dust settle somewhat, we all flock to the outside sunlight and fresh air through a hole in the abutment that an elephant could crawl through.

The end of the bridge is hanging there by force of habit, but with no other visible support. We flag down approaching traffic and start it over the

temporary bridge. Hydeman goes to a farmhouse telephone, and in a few minutes the sheriff and the county commissioners and half the population of Verde Valley have arrived to view the wreckage and listen to Hydeman brag how he foiled the scheme of the would-be bridge-wreckers.

The board of county commissioners immediately condemn the bridge as unsafe, warn all people to stay entirely away from it, and announce they will complete wrecking it tomorrow.

When I get back to town, the Blazeway trucks are lining up for an inglorious and empty departure. Since they can't get out of the valley loaded, they're forever shaking the dust of Verde Valley off their wheels. I wire the G.F.A. that the peaches start loading into our reefers tomorrow, and then I catch the next train out. And so the truck menace in Verde Valley ain't what it was. I repeat: that is why I am proud to say I am a traveling freight solicitor.

The Boomer Trail

COTTON BELT ROUTE

I'M an old boomer eagle-eye. I worked on more roads than most younger bloods ever heard of. There are millions of miles behind me, but my eyes are still clear. I won't tell my name, because old-timers would be coming out here to live with me. I was always good for a meal and a dollar and a bed if a brother needed them, but I can't afford to do so any more. I won't tell how old I am, either. You'd call me a liar.—OLD-TIMER, Daly City, Calif.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Write again, Old-Timer! Give us reminiscences of the link-and-pin days.)*

* * *

SEEING the picture of A. T. & S. F. engine No. 282 standing at the Las Vegas coal chute (April issue) recalls the year 1887, when I fired that Baldwin hog between Las Vegas and Albuquerque, with Sid Boardman running her. She was in good repair and sure could step along. I recall a few of the old engineers; Scotty, who ran the pusher out of Lamy; Sholtz and Murphy on passenger runs. Would like to hear from old-timers.—J. W. KEELER, Orange Park, Fla.

* * *

WHY doesn't someone write about tough yard bulls like Pasco Slim and others in the Northwest? I met quite a few of them when I was a "blanket stiff" years ago. Print more stories like "Boomer Pup" by Searle B. Faires (Nov. '34).—A. BROOKS, 3420 Grand Ave., S., Minneapolis.

* * *

DURING 1876-79 I lived at Green Gate Station (now Greendale, Va.) on the Richmond, Fredricksburg & Potomac. It was the rule that when a train reached city limits the locomotive had to be uncoupled and the train pulled into town by horses. I also remember that the section gang used to move the hand car by poles much the same as one punts a boat.—GEO. LITTLE, 15 Lee Place, Paterson, N. J.

Lackawanna Railroad

FOR years I have been waiting for someone to start an international boomers' club, but no one seemed to make a start. If enough of you light-footed rails and ex-rails are game, I'll start the ball rolling. How about a coat lapel emblem and identification card? All boomers interested, drop me a card and we can start switching. I was an op, roundhouse worker and staty. engineer on various roads.—E. W. REITER, Shelly, Pa.

* * *

WHERE could I get timetable showing D. S. S. & A. insigne in colors? Also, would like to get in touch with Henry A. Filkins, Pere Marquette hoghead, and his wife; last known address, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I used to be a boomer op., etc. "Beef Tallow and Limburger," by "Highball John" Burns (April issue) reminds me of a hot day in Aug., 1917, temperature 98 degrees, when we checked at Traverse City frt. office, without revenue billing or other marks of identification, one barrel of beef tallow weighing 210 lbs., apparently misbilled. To add to our misfortune, said shipment had "fallen from a height" in an improperly stowed car and the barrel head was badly caved in.

That shipment remained on hand in hot weather while urgent efforts were made to trace the shipper, consignee and point of origin. In the meantime there came a special excursion (or incursion) of the cutest little blue, green, black and purple flies from all over the Pere Marquette System. Soon that barrel of beef tallow was strong enough to walk out of the freight shed under its own steam. Wigglers? Yeah, about as big as rattlesnakes! Finally about Christmas time, a claim arrived from a meat-packing concern in Cadillac for the loss of one barrel of beef tallow.

"House of David Railroad," by Freeman H. Hubbard (April issue), reminds me of another incident on the Pere Marquette. In 1916 a long-

distance phone call came into Traverse City freight office from Benton Harbor, Mich. (home of the H. of D. colony). A girl employee on the outbound billing table took the call and heard: "This is King Benjamin, from the House of David."

In amazement she dropped the telephone receiver and told the agent, C. L. Hall: "There's an insane man on the line." Mr. Hall took the receiver. The same voice told him to watch for a certain shipment from Benton Harbor. The joke was on the girl when Mr. Hall explained there really was such a person as King Benjamin. I'm not saying who the girl was.—(Miss) Selma J. E. Prescher, 10665 Pearmain St., Stonehurst, Oakland, Calif.

* * *

AS a boy I recall the old Stonington & Providence R. R. which back in the the '50's terminated at Stonington, Conn., where westbound passengers transferred to steamboats on Long Island Sound. In those days no railroad connected Stonington with New London, the Shore Line terminus. A stage coach line transported passengers overland to the Thames River. In 1856 rails were laid from Stonington to Groton, Conn., and a railroad ferry line was put into service across the Thames to New London, thus making possible a direct car service between New York and Boston. The road was renamed the N. Y., Providence & Boston.

In 1872 I started as brakeman on the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill R. R. My first trip was on an old 4-4-0 wood-burner. Our conductor warned me to watch for overhead bridges, so I kept a sharp lookout—until a burning ember from the balloon stack hit me under the eye, burning me severely. I learned it was not uncommon for brakemen to have their pockets burned out by embers, and the woods were often afire from them. In those days it was link and pin—crooked shank and three links, and sometimes a chain to couple cars together. Brakemen were expected to ride the car tops as well as load wood onto the tender during stops. On passenger trains the baggage man also loaded wood, which was piled by the fireman.

After a short service on the Fishkill, I changed over to the N. Y. P. & B. Then the main line between Stonington and Providence was single track, with few sidings. Train crews had to unload cars at each station, as we could not cut off carload lots. Eventually sidings were built and the line was double-tracked. In those pre-air-brake days, the engineer would blow for brakes and we would set them up on the cars (brakes on one truck only). The conductor decided the stopping places by the caboose which had brakes on both trucks.

On some occasions we put in a 6-hour day; other times 24 hours, with no extra pay for overtime, as we were paid monthly. We used to make set-outs "on the fly." The engineer would whistle for a switch. Trainmen would cut the train into as many parts as necessary, leaving the cars without delaying the train. I have left the caboose, gone ahead to hold the rear section, and cut off a car; the head man at the switch would catch the car and spot it on the siding, and we'd couple up the rear end to the engine and be off promptly. Sometimes we split the train into as many as 7 parts "on the fly."

One day, working at Wickford Jct., we cleared for the Shore Line express. Suddenly I saw a car running off the switch. At the lower end there was a cross log which the car struck and broke in two, then started onto the main line. *The express was coming!* I ran and stopped the car in the nick of time. It was a life-or-death run; in doing it I strained my lungs so much that I have had difficulty in breathing ever since.

We had many similar experiences before block signals, train control and air brakes were installed. We called our hand brakes the "armstrong" type. The first train to be air-braked was the accommodation between Groton and Providence with the engine "W. F. Carey" and Engineer Lovell.

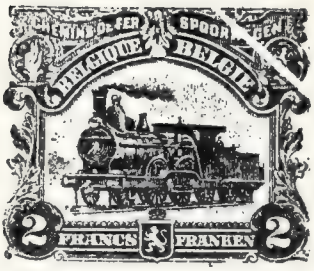
I well remember the flood of '86 when Kingston swamp covered the tracks and a bridge was washed out. I was called for a work train, loaded with trap rock, which was pushed ahead of the old "J. H. Anderson." Our track gang shovelled off the rock to keep the roadbed from disintegrating. It was 3 days before a train ran over the tracks again.

And the blizzard of '88! We left Providence in a cold rain which turned to snow. At Kingston we had a meet order with an express. We learned it was stalled at Saybrook, so we leisurely highballed Stonington and got into the freight house as the full fury of storm struck. It was 2 days before we were running again; even then the switches weren't cleared out! If we were derailed at any time we got out our chains (crossties, spikes, fish-plates, etc.) and rerailed our cars or engine.

In 1889 the first bridge was built across the Thames and a special inspection trip for employees was made. The train ran over the C. V. tracks into the New London station as the right-of-way and tracks were not yet completed into town. In 1892 the New Haven took over the N. Y. P. & B. and their operative system was radically different from ours. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks, so I left the iron pike in '93.—John W. Dunham, Stonington, Conn. *(as told to* Chas. F. Munger, Jr., 35 Phillips St., New London, Conn.).

* * *

I USED to be a boomer—switched on about 50 different roads in 22 yrs. —but those days are gone. Dellinger's "Harvey House Girl" brought me back to days when I used to brake on the Santa Fe. Now I'm interested in abandoned roads. Who can give me dope on these old pikes? Narrow-gage out of Lang, Calif.; narrow-gage out of Tucson, Ariz. (40 yrs. ago); road from Prescott, Ariz., to Seligman before 1899; narrow-gage Texas Western out of Houston, and narrow-gage that crossed the M. & St. L. at London Mills, Ill., in 1900—J. N. S., care of Railroad Stories.



Collectors Will Instantly Recognize This Honduras Specimen and the Two from Belgium (Described Below)

Locomotive Picture Stamps

By W. S. BOGGS and ROBERT WHITE

IF it were possible, someone would probably collect a bunch of railroads and store them in his back yard. However, it is a lot easier and less expensive to collect them as they appear on the postage stamps of the world. What is also important, it combines two great hobbies, stamp collecting and engine picture collecting.

An interesting stamp is one from New Brunswick, Canada, which, before the Confederation in 1867, printed its own postage. This one-cent stamp was issued in 1860, and shows a 4-4-0 type engine then in use on the European & North American Ry., now split up as part of the C. P. R., C. N. R. and Maine Central. And not long ago Canada placed the Quebec railroad bridge on a 12-cent stamp. The Confederation, 1867-1927, a 20-cent stamp, can also be classed as a railroad stamp, since a train appears in the design. Even Newfoundland issued a railroad stamp, showing an express train, in 1928.

The first railroad stamp printed by the United States was a three-center, in 1869. It is blue, and depicts a 4-4-0 type locomotive. Again, in 1876, two envelope stamps incorporated a locomotive and one coach as part of the design. Then the eight-center of 1898 came, with soldiers guarding a train. This was followed in 1901 by a two-cent stamp in two colors, showing the "Empire State Express" at speed on a four-track system. Photographed in 1896, the "Empire State Express" was the screen's first thriller.

One of the most beautiful stamps is the five-cent parcel post sticker of 1912-13. It pictures a mail train about to take the mail from the mail rack while at speed. The others of this issue are the three-centers showing part of a mail car and the 26-center with railroad cars. All three are red. The five-cent blue Canal Zone issue of 1928-31 depicts a train and steam shovel at work.

In 1871 Peru issued a stamp which has an engine over the coat-of-arms of the country. Then, again, in 1926-28, it printed a semi-postal stamp which shows a train and a view of the countryside.

For many years Belgium has issued special parcel post stamps for rail-hauled packages up to about five pounds. You take the parcel to the station and put the proper stamps on it. The railway will carry it to the town to which it is addressed, where the addressee must call for it, as the railway has no delivery service. The stamps are inscribed "Chemin de Fer" and "Spoorwegen," French and Flemish for

" railway." Belgium is a bi-lingual country, and both factors are jealous of their rights.

Although first issued in 1879, it was not until 1916 that a typical " peanut roaster " locomotive was used on the Belgian stamp. It's a 2-4-0 engine with a bicycle lamp headlight and sketchy cab. The wheels are inside the frames, although the connecting rods are outside.

In the next issue (1920) an entire train is shown. It is rather crude, but you can see a 4-4-0 engine with outside drivers and connecting rods. Last year a new set of stamps appeared which picture the last word in Belgian motive power. The most conspicuous features of this locomotive are the smoke deflectors, which are used on most express locomotives abroad and are now being installed on engines here (see p. 81, April, 1935, issue). These 4-6-4's cover the Brussels-Paris route, 193 miles, in 195 minutes, without stops, at an average of 59.3 m. p. h.

The Belgian Rys. consist of 3,000 miles of main line and an equal amount of branch and " light railways," the outgrowth of the first railway which opened in 1835 between Brussels and Mechlin. For many years they were owned and operated by the government, but in 1926 it leased the lines to a private company, the " Societe Nationale des Chemins de Fer Belges," for 75 years. Since then its financial condition has been greatly improved, according to reports from the company.

ANOTHER European country that shows us the iron horse on its stamps is Russia. Railroads have loomed large in all the plans of the U. S. S. R. (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics). The Trans-Siberian Railway, one of the outstanding railroad accomplishments of history, alone covers about 5,500 miles from Leningrad to Vladivostok—almost twice the distance from New York to San Francisco.

In 1922 there was a severe famine in certain parts of Russia, and a set of charity stamps was printed, which said: " For the Hungry "—in Russian, of course. They were sold at 250,000 rubles each—200,000 rubles postage and 50,000 rubles for the famine fund. In the U. S., at that time, this stamp was worth about 2c. On it is a typical and not very beautiful Muscovite locomotive (relic of the Czarist régime) emerging from a tunnel and hauling a string of box cars undoubtedly loaded with food for the famine sufferers.

Ten years after the famine the Soviet post office issued its first special delivery stamps. One of them shows a typical American engine, representative of five modern 2-10-4 types built in 1931 in Schenectady, N. Y., by Alco, and shipped to Russia.

In 1886, Guatemala issued a stamp with both a locomotive and a ship tucked away in one corner. Many of this design are still in use, and all are different in color and value; by 1897 there was an engine in the design, along with President J. M. Renya Barrios. These stamps later appear surcharged (printed over). The stamp of 1921 has as the main design a train crossing a viaduct. In 1929 two were surcharged in commemoration of the Oriental Railroad, which joins Guatemala with Salvador; and a year later a set of surcharged stamps was issued in connection with the opening of the Los Altos electric railway. That year three stamps were also printed to celebrate the Los Altos. They show a dam, station, and view of the track. And still other stamps of Guatemala have railroad scenes in their design.

In 1890 Nicaragua issued a set of stamps showing a locomotive and a telegraph key. Nicaragua, like Guatemala, has a large number of stamps with railroads in their design. A set of 15 appeared in 1912 with a locomotive as the main subject. They differ only in color and value. The Rivas Railway and Leon-Sause Railroad issue of Nicaragua of 1932 are among the largest railroad stamps known. They show nearly every phase of railroading: trestles, trains, cuts, fills, stations and even the track motor car.

The development of the locomotive is shown for the first time on a set of stamps

issued by Egypt in 1933. These were discussed in our Dec., 1933, issue.

From 1895 to 1934 there was not one year without a stamp showing a railroad scene. It is now possible to take a trip around the world on postage stamps. One can start with the Havana station in Cuba or a station in Algeria or North Borneo, cross over to one of the many trains of China, ride an armored railroad car in Siberia, pull the throttle of the huge broad-gage 2-10-4 locomotive of Russia, watch the railroad signals of the Saar, ride the modern electric engines of Spain, see the railroad bridge that has been washed out in Liechtenstein, take in the Alps on the tracks of the St. Gothard Railroad—all on stamps. More than 40 countries show their railroads on stamps. Here is a list of them:

Country	First stamp issued	No of stamps	Total catalog value	Design
U. S.	1869	15	$3,181.00	loco., trains
Abyssinia	1931	1	.02	bridge
Argentine	1921	13	9.50	locomotive
Algeria	1930	1	.10	station
Australia	1932	4	2.27	bridge
Belgium	1879	243	692.22	various
Brazil	1920	8	5.16	locomotive
Canada	1927	3	.78	various
Canal Zone	1928	1	.08	work train
China	1913	96	156.26	various
Colombia	1904	85	78.75	locomotive
Congo(Blgm)	1894	9	2.75	trains
Costa Rica.	1911	25	39.60	trains
Cuba	1928	1	12.25	station
Ecuador	1908	24	25.50	various
Egypt	1933	4	1.32	locomotive
Eritrea	1930	1	.27	train
Greece	1927	4	.11	train
Guatemala	1886	162	180.48	various
Honduras	1898	42	337.12	various
Labuan	1901	1	.75	train
Liechtenstn	1928	1	.12	bridge
Mexico	1895	15	235.00	locomotive
Mid. Congo.	1933	9	.22	train, bridge
Monaco	1923	6	1.67	train, bridge
Mozambiq'e	1918	7	.32	trains, tracks
Nejd	1925	25	31.70	locomotive
N. Brnswk.	1860	2	2.50	locomotive
Newfd'land	1928	3	.75	trains, etc.
Nicaragua	1890	90	163.00	trains
N. Borneo.	1902	11	5.49	trains
Panama	1918	2	6.50	locomotive
Paraguay	1886	6	20.60	locomotive
Peru	1871	13	17.97	trains, locos.
Russia	1922	3	1.25	trains, locos.
Saar	1921	3	1.75	signal bridge
Salvador	1896	11	6.43	locomotive
San Marino.	1932	4	.95	electric car
Siberia	1919	12	13.80	armored car
Somali C'st.	1915	14	6.18	trestle
Spain	1930	20	6.51	trains, locos.
Switzerland	1934	2	.17	tracks
Transvaal	1895	4	56.06	trains
Turkey	1926	35	5.05	tracks, trains
Uruguay	1895	27	48.67	locos, etc.

(This list was supplied by Robert White of Drayton Plains, Mich., who says it includes only stamps used for postage, and not other types, such as telegraph and revenue stamps. He will be glad to supply information about railroad postage stamps to anyone sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope with description of the stamp. Do not send the stamp, however. W. S. Bogga, 671 Lincoln Ave., Orange, N. J., also would like to hear from railroad stamp collectors.)

Cotton Grows in New Jersey Freight Yards

A. J. HARVEY, the silvery-haired freight agent at the Weehawken, N. J., terminal of the West Shore R.R., has been raising cotton for the last three years in the Weehawken freight yards. "Here are the bolls," he said proudly to a N. Y. Sun reporter. "You can judge for yourself. Most people this far North never saw cotton except in a drugstore or doctor's office or hospital, or maybe stuffed in a doll."

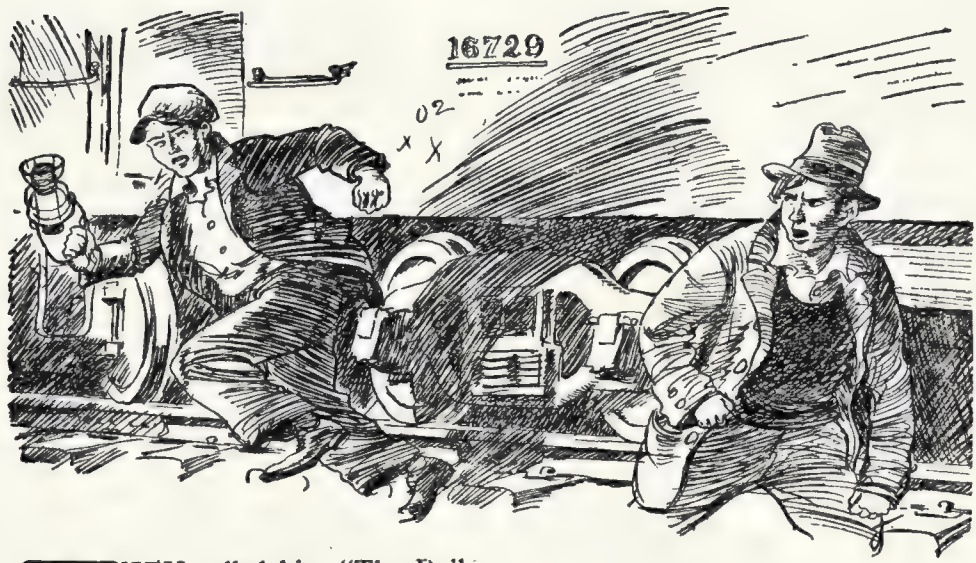
The freight agent's private cotton crop was discovered last fall by F. E. Williamson, president of the N. Y. Central Lines, of which the West Shore is a subsidiary. While inspecting the Weehawken terminal, the big chief spied the white bolls, covering as much ground as the top of a fair-sized desk, and was amazed.

"I've got a letter from the executive offices," Mr. Harvey explained later, "asking if I had any cotton left, and if so to send it to Mr. Williamson and tell him about my crop. So I wrote him a letter, inclosing a boll of cotton."

Mr. Harvey is 65, has been in N. Y. Central service 40 years, and lives at 110 Valentine Lane, Yonkers, N. Y. He became a cotton grower quite by accident. "Three years ago," he said, "I happened to see a plant in a pile of ashes near a siding. Not knowing what it was, I planted the thing. It bloomed into cotton. I saved the seed and planted it next year, and the year after that. My 1934 crop was planted June 15. This year I will plant earlier."

Who can tell us about other odd hobbies of railroad men?

When Hoboes Rode



THEY called him "The Railroad Kid." Jackie Connor, of Lynchburg. He was gaunt, freckled, spindle-legged. A ragged, starved little bum, riding a freight on the Pass Division of the Gulf & Pacific. He dangled his feet from the door of a Rock Island box car, and looked out at the low desert stars and the dim outlines of the mountains.

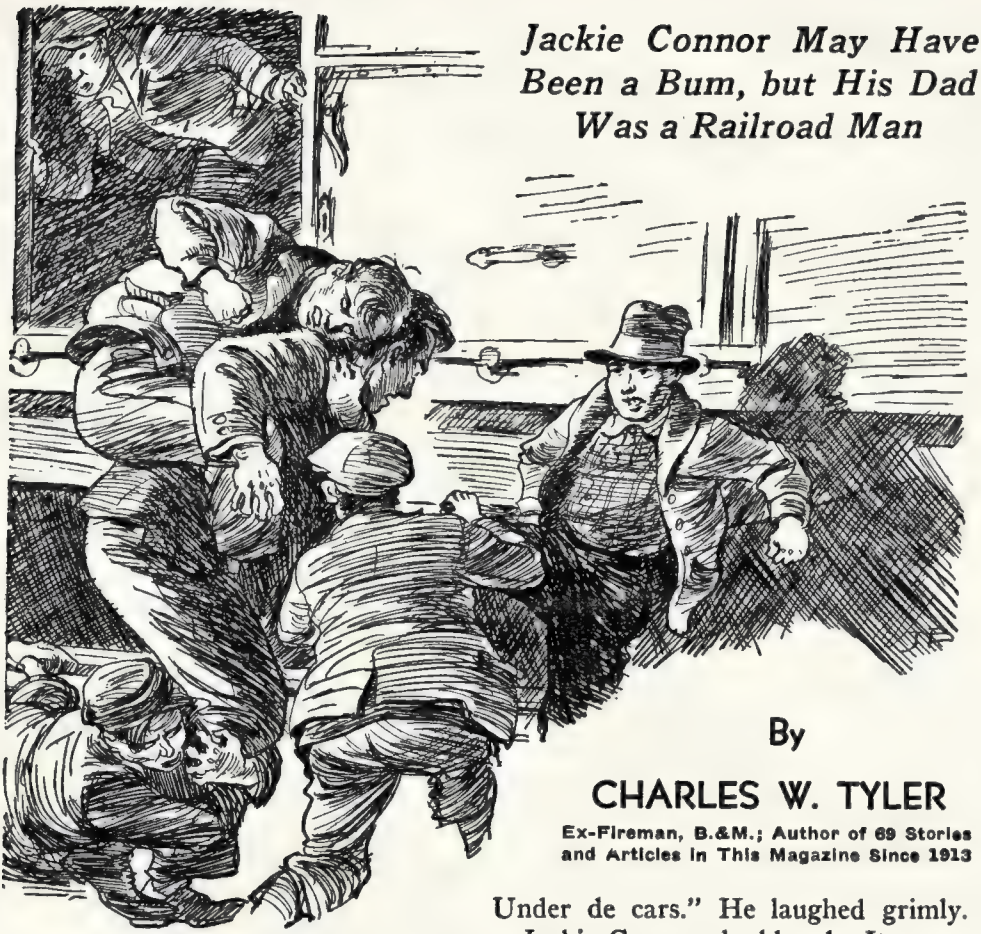
Jackie was the son of Jim Connor, a railroad man. His earliest remembrance was of puffing engines and long drags of freight, of fleet passenger trains thundering by, of switch engines scooting back and forth, and a vast panorama of car roofs there in the East Yard.

Jackie was thirteen when his father, together with hundreds of others on the Central Valley, had been laid off. There came the grim struggle against poverty. A year passed. His mother was ill and needed medicine; other mouths had to be fed, so Jackie, feeling himself quite a man, went out to find work somewhere beyond the horizon.

It was a harsh and raw school, this floating army in which he found himself. Homeless men, good and bad. Yeggs, jungle buzzards, punk kids, stew bums, gay cats, bindle stiffs. Jackie rubbed elbows with them on trains, ate with them in hobo jungles, learned their lingo and their ways.

Jackie had frequently boasted that he was the son of a railroad man, and he had often fought with other boys of the road over the prestige of railroad men in general.

In the end of the box car in which Jackie rode were other kid tramps. Snatches of their conversation came to him above the noises of the moving train. Toughy Joe, Floppy, Boston Red, Mugsy, Whispering Tim and the Box Car Baby. Unwashed and ragged



Jackie Connor May Have Been a Bum, but His Dad Was a Railroad Man

By

CHARLES W. TYLER

Ex-Fireman, B.&M.; Author of 69 Stories and Articles in This Magazine Since 1913

boys, grown both cunning and vicious.

Jackie Connor had traveled with them for several days, as they moved on toward Los Angeles, their winter haven. They talked callously of petty crimes, of assaults on trainmen and fights with railroad bulls, even of brief love affairs with girls of the road.

"The dam shack pulled me off a ladder," Toughy Joe was saying. Jackie turned his head to listen. "He says beat it, or he will bust me wit' his club. I hate dese railroad guys."

"I didn't know this was a hostile pike," said Boston Red.

"Sure," snarled the Box Car Baby. "Hostile as hell. Some guys ganged a brakie along here, put 'im away. Under de cars." He laughed grimly.

Jackie Connor shuddered. It was a hard bunch he had run into.

THE switch lights of the lonely siding at Ash Mountain glimmered ahead. The barking exhausts of the engines died away, and the train slowed to a stop. The freight was going to take the passing track to clear a passenger.

As the extra moved slowly into the siding, Head Brakeman Bill Kinney stood beside the switch, watching the clanking cars roll past. He scanned them intently, and he cuddled a brakestick under his arm.

Tom Walsh had been his friend and neighbor. Two months ago Tom had died beneath the wheels of his own

train, a victim of tramps. Bill Kinney had vowed then to ditch every 'bo he could lay his hands on. Charley Greer, his conductor, had warned him often to let them ride. Indeed, an order to this effect had come down from the brass hats themselves. But the brakeman was vindictive. He intended to carry on a little private war of his own.

Jackie Connor suddenly saw the brakeman's lantern. "There's a braky up here by the switch," he called over his shoulder.

"Well, get back outta sight, ya fool!" snarled the Box Car Baby, with a vicious jerk at the Kid's coat.

"Aw, to heck with it," said Jackie. "He can't mor'n put me off."

"Yah-h!" jeered Toughy Joe. "Listen to the little rat. *His* old man was a scissor bill (yard brakeman). He ain't afraid of a shack. I hope he splits ya wi' his bruiser."

Brakeman Kinney saw the open door and the dim figure seated there. He caught the hand irons of the next car and rode on until the train stopped. Then he swung forward.

"All right, bum, hit the dirt," he ordered.

Jackie obeyed. The brakeman raised his lantern and peered into the car. When he saw the boy tramps, he said: "What are you kids riding on?"

"Our seats!" cracked the Box Car Baby defiantly.

"Oh, yes! Well, pick 'em up in your fists an' drag 'em out of there. Make it snappy."

"Make 'im come git us," whispered Toughy Joe. "We'll gang 'im."

The fingers of the Box Car Baby caressed the big bladed jackknife in his pocket.

Bill Kinney slipped the bail of his lantern over his arm, laid his brake-stick on the floor, and reached for a grip with which to pull himself up.

Jackie Connor moved forward quickly. He knew the danger that lurked in the box car. The Box Car Baby and Boston Red had boasted of slashing a brakeman and burning a bum in a jungle fire. The kids would pull *this* brakeman down and attack him with fist and knife. No telling what might happen to him.

Jackie seized one of Bill Kinney's legs and hauled with all his strength, pulled and jerked and wrenched desperately. The brakeman, cursing angrily, tried to kick free of the grip of the little 'bo, but the youth hung on, and the trainman's fingers lost hold.

Kinney sprawled to the ground, but was on his feet in an instant, fighting mad. He still held onto his lantern, but his right was free, and he swung his fist at Jackie's face. The boy made no attempt to retreat. The brakeman hit him in the mouth. Blood flowed; still the little 'bo managed to cry a warning.

"Look out for them guys, brakeman; they'll getcha. They're awful tough. I'm tellin' you 'cause my dad was a railroad man."

Boston Red screamed a curse from the door of the box car.

"We'll fix you for that, ya dirty little—"

The black hulk of Mugsy hurtled forth and dropped on Bill Kinney's back, and the youth's arms wrapped themselves fiercely about the brakeman's throat. The Box Car Baby pulled his knife and opened the four-inch blade. Other boys in the car rushed to the aid of Mugsy. In an instant a savage battle was in progress, with Bill Kinney getting the worst. The Box Car Baby circled the fray, watching for a chance to slash at the victim of the assault.

JACKIE CONNOR snatched up the lantern, even as it fell from the brakeman's hand. The boy known as Floppy swung a grimed fist at Jackie, screeching an outraged oath. The Railroad Kid jerked away, and started for the ladder on a box car.

Charley Greer was standing beside the cupola on the caboose. Suddenly he saw a lantern swinging in a wide, full-arm circle. It was a "washout" or violent stop signal. He hurriedly climbed down, calling to Mike Reddy, the flagman.

"Something wrong up here." They started along the train at a run.

Bill Kinney's legs had been pinned by the spidery Whispering Tim, while other gasping, cursing, battling young 'boes rained blows and kicks at him furiously. His clothes were torn and his face bloody. The Box Car Baby had as yet found no opportunity to use the ugly blade in his hand.

Suddenly Floppy uttered a warning yell. "Cheese it, youse guys! Here comes some more shacks."

The ragged band scattered instantly. No telling but that a railroad bull might be on the freight. That was the only thing that could scare them.

Charley Greer and Mike Reddy helped Bill Kinney to his feet. He spat dirt and blood; then shook his head a little ruefully.

"It was a gang of tough kids," he explained. "They were riding in that box car. I told 'em to unload, and they sailed in."

"Listen, you damn big Turk!" stormed the conductor. "I've been telling you right along to lay off the bums. What the hell did you go after those kids for? They never stop to weigh the consequences, like older folks, and they harbor a grudge plenty long."

"Yeah, you're right," admitted the brakeman.

"Who waved that washout signal?" demanded Charley Greer. "They left the lantern up there on the roof."

"It must be mine," said Bill Kinney. "I got a glimpse of some of 'em pickin' it up, but I didn't see where they went."

"You had a friend, no foolin'," put in the rear-end man.

The head brakeman stared at his companions. "Say, it must have been the kid that tried to warn me. Told me it was a tough gang. I hit him a smack in the mouth. Said his father was a railroad man. Pulled me out of the car when I started to climb in after 'em."

The three trainmen went back to the caboose, where Bill Kinney washed and patched his bruises. Then, accompanied by the conductor, he started ahead to the engine. Both men were armed with brake sticks.

NO. 4 rolled down from El Gordo Pass. The boy tramps scurried back toward the freight as it began to move. They got on a gondola in which there were other tramps.

In shrill angry voices, the youthful 'boes reviewed the fight and made dire threats.

"I'll kill dat Railroad Kid," declared Boston Red. "He grabbed the shack's glim an' waved it on top. Dat's how them other stiffs happened to show up. Where'd he go, anyhow?"

"I wish I knew," said Floppy. "He slugged me. Wait until I get him."

A tall tramp came from a corner of the car and stood listening to the excited chatter of the boy tramps.

"The yeller little mug is on some place," declared Mugsy. "He'd be scared to stay. We'll look for him at

de nex' stop. He won't snitch to no more shacks when we gets t'rough wit' 'im."

An older tramp was speaking: "You punks have raised hell anyhow—gangin' that brakey. The brains on this drag will likely throw off a message at the next telegraph office."

"Maybe we better hit de grit up in de pass," suggested Whispering Tim.

"I'll take a chance," said the Box Car Baby. "I'm ridin' t'rough to Los. Dis guy don't know it all."

"Dat Railroad Kid has been taggin' along wit' us three-four days," put in the big Mugsy. "He's heard us talkin' plenty. If de railroad dicks got hold of him, he'd squeal a mile. We gotta find the little rat, an' when dey find 'im dey'll say he *fell* under de wheels."

As the tall tramp started for the end of the car, Mugsy caught hold of him. "Hey, where ya goin', feller?"

"I'm going to look for that boy you call the Railroad Kid," said the other. "You birds ain't going to hurt him."

"Listen, Mister!" cut in Boston Red sharply. "Who are you—a bull?"

"No," retorted the tall tramp. "I'm just a railroad man on the bum. But don't get the idea that I'm afraid of you box car rats."

"C'mon, get 'im!" cried Toughy Joe.

They closed in, Mugsy in the lead. The tall tramp swung his fists, piling Mugsy back into his smaller companions; then turned and flung himself over the end of the gondola. He dropped off, but caught a grab iron a few cars back.

JACKIE CONNOR, pausing for a little out in the desert, had watched those lanterns bobbing along the train from the caboose, and knew that help was going to the brakeman. Then he circled wide, stumbling over clumps of sage and greasewood and blundering into gullies, as he made his way toward the front of the train.

"Gee!" he panted. "Them kids will kill me, but I hada do it."

As his frail little legs carried him on, he debated whether or not it wouldn't be better to wait here in the desert for another train. He decided against it. His heart was pounding wildly against his ribs and his breath came in gasps, as he at last clambered aboard a gondola loaded with machinery, a few cars back of the engine.

The freight crawled on toward the steep-walled El Gordo Pass, as the rails of the Gulf & Pacific felt their way in tortuous ascent up the heavy grade. The extra was to clear No. 5, the Sunshine Limited, at El Gordo Summit. Already the passenger train was swinging past Palms and beginning to feel the drag of the long slope.

At Big Cut station, five miles east of El Gordo, John Gillis and his partner, Moriarty, waited on the platform. The operator swung a lantern and the freight slowed while railroad officers climbed aboard the lead engine.

"We're riding over the hump," Gillis told the conductor. "Any bums?"

"Plenty," said Charley Greer. "Or there were, back at Ash Mountain. Young hoboes, and plenty tough."

"Yeah," grumbled Bill Kinney. "Look at my map. They ganged me."

"What a face!" Moriarty laughed shortly. "Well, we'll comb the drag at Summit and make a little clean-up—if they're still riding."

As the freight had slowed at Big Cut, a face peered cautiously around the corner of a reefer four cars from the head end. It was Toughy Joe. "Dem guys look like railroad bulls," he muttered. "I gotta tip de bunch."

He crossed over and jumped off, to go scurrying back. A dozen cars distant he pulled himself aboard.

Jackie Connor, hearing the running steps, looked over the side of the gondola. He could not be sure, but he felt certain the hurrying figure was one of his former companions. He wondered what was up. The young tramps, he knew, possessed the nerve to attempt 'most anything.

He waited a little; then climbed to the top of the car behind, in order to look back over the train. He spread his legs against the movement of the cars and squinted into the gloom. After a little, he started slowly, cautiously down the "windy walk." A vague but persistent something warned him of impending danger.

The night winds of the desert tugged at the ragged coat of the boy known as the Railroad Kid. He breathed deeply, and pulled at the broken visor of his shapeless cap, settling it firmly in place. He tried to imagine himself a brakeman, riding the hurricane deck of his own train. A railroad man, like his dad.

A strange fear laid hold of him. It increased with every step he took. But he went on, bolstered by a stubborn sort of courage. *He* was a railroad man. Hoboes were riding. Tough guys.

"Might find out sumpin'," he told himself. "But I gotta look out some of them kids don't get me; they'd bust me in a minute."

On down that narrow board path moved Jackie, a veritable little veteran of the smoky road. With sure-footed ease he stepped across the gaps between the cars, while the rumbling noises of wheels and trucks came up to him like the beat of music. He wondered at his own audacity.

TWO cars distant now, a shapeless form crouched beside a brake wheel. It was Floppy, sent out to act as scout by the 'boes in the gondola beyond. Possessing no background wherein locomotives and booming trains had played a part, Floppy watched the approaching figure with sullen, malevolent eyes.

Craftily and with vindictive purpose, Floppy eased himself down onto the ladder at the end of the car. He would grab the foot of the man approaching and pull the unsuspecting victim down to his doom under the wheels.

Breathless and excited, Toughy Joe returned to the steel gondola that was the rendezvous of the other 'boes.

"See dat Railroad Kid any place, Toughy?" demanded the Box Car Baby.

"Naw, I couldn't find him no place. Guess he didn't get on back dere. But, say, I seen a couple blokes coon the engine when the rattler slowed at dat station dat looked like bulls."

"The hell ya say!" It was the tramp who had earlier berated the boys for attacking the brakeman. "I was lookin' for somethin' like that."

"A nice mess," croaked the hobo's companion, a stocky fellow belonging to the species known as a tramp yegg. "Bet that sheriff down below wired ahead to watch the freights goin' over the Pass."

"You said it," agreed the other. "An' if them bulls nab me an' you, an' stand us in the line at San Leandro, we'll go to the Big House an' do it all. I ain't kiddin'."

"The dicks won't come over the top," the thick-set man declared. "I know 'em like a book. They'll wait until the drag stops at Summit."

The other hobo was silent a moment, while the boys crowded about him;

then he said: "We better bust 'em."

"That's what, buddy," agreed his companion. "Break the drag in two. Get this straight. El Gordo Pass is where the bulls pick up guys that is on the lam. Me an' my pal is in a fix if they take us. An' if the dicks grab that kid you was tellin' about, he's liable to queer you boys plenty. They might even get ya for killing that shack.

"Now, here's the lay. The railroad is a long ways from the highway up here. We gotta get back to that crossin' a couple miles east of the dump we just passed. Plenty cars an' trucks movin' there, an' we won't have no trouble hookin' a ride to L. A. (Los Angeles.)"

He paused a moment; then he said: "You kids know an angle-cock when ye see one?"

"Sure!" cried Toughy Joe.

The taller of the two tramps, addressed by the other as "Slug," broke in with: "We gotta make it snappy. You"—putting his hand on the hulking Mugsy—"beat it back an' turn an angle-cock one car up from the buggy; then the hind end man can't yank the air an' stop 'em when the rear half of this hitch starts to roll back. If he comes ahead to bust an air hose some place, knock 'im off. Then beat it up here fast."

"Me an' you go," Mugsy told Boston Red.

The thick-set tramp continued speaking to the others.

"We turn the angle-cocks—all four of 'em—at both ends of this gondola. When we get the slack at the switch up here at Summit, we open the couplin'. The grade is steep an' this half of the train rolls back down the hill. Soon as them two guys get the rear brakeman 'tended to, an' come over the top, we cut off the gon here an' set a brake. We'll slow 'er enough to jump at the highway crossin'."

"What about de rest of dem runaways?" demanded Whispering Tim, his eyes wide at the mere thought of it.

"What do you care about 'em?" snarled Slug. "There is a varnished rattler due along pretty soon. Let *them* worry."

THE keen-eyed Railroad Kid, moving slowly along the footboard, had suddenly glimpsed a vague movement at the end of the car ahead. He stopped, alert, watchful.

Twinkling lights in the mountain gloom marked El Gordo Summit. The roaring engines eased off, slowing for the switch east of the telegraph office.

Suddenly there was a shrill-voiced yell from a point three or four cars distant from the spot where Jackie Connor stood. It was the Box Car Baby.

"Come on, Floppy!"

The Railroad Kid stepped to the edge of the car. The skulker had just dropped from between the cars and was running back. The freight, it seemed, was alive with furtive, menacing shapes. Jackie forgot his dread as he flamed with excitement. Something was up.

He swung along the car tops now in a quick stride. He peered into the blackness, hunting for other of these elusive riders. His frail little body was alert.

The train had come to a momentary stop. The light of a trainman ahead was moving toward the green switch lamp. Jackie was standing where he could look down into the black pool of an empty gondola. Dim figures were there. Then came an ominous rattle below, as somebody jerked at the lever of the coupling.

Suddenly the Railroad Kid was staring down at a widening gap between the cars. Ahead, the engines began to work steam. Jackie dropped beside the brake wheel. There was a jerk, as the forward half of the train began to move again.

The fact that the freight had parted exploded in Jackie's brain. It was the work of the boy riders, bent on revenge. A taunting cry came up to him —the squeaky voice of Whispering Tim, yelling a vile epithet at the figure above.

For one horrified instant Jackie Connor clung to the brake wheel; then he let himself down and dropped off, his pipe-stem arms and legs obeying impulses that were entirely automatic.

Something awful was happening. Some forty freight cars were gliding away on a mountain grade. There was, of course, the flagman in the caboose. He would pull the air—unless the young hoboes had already turned another angle-cock at the rear.

There was no time for the Railroad Kid to plan his acts, and no time to weigh their consequences. The gods of fortune would have to attend to the matter.

Jackie ran as he had never run before. He had to get on past that gondola, for it was alive with hostile figures, and on past the next car beyond it—if he could. Whispering Tim had climbed over the end of the gondola. He hung far out and kicked at the Railroad Kid. The latter dodged, but in so doing he stumbled.

Regaining his feet, he again raced on. The boys in the gondola screamed curses at him, and another form menaced him from the step on the other end. He eluded the lashing foot as the gliding cars gained momentum with startling swiftness.

Jackie found himself beside the box car beyond the gondola. Creaking and clanking, it moved abreast of him. His too-thin legs were leaden from their efforts. Tonelessly his lips framed a desperate little prayer.

His grimy paw went high above him for a steel rung. His fingers barely touched it. He fell back, flung himself forward once more, and his fingers barely closed over the grip.

Then he closed his eyes. Softly clicking wheels purred beside him. There was a straining wrench; his feet left the ground, and he dangled in mid-air, a battered little scarecrow. It required every ounce of his remaining strength to drag himself to a position of partial security.

HE had attained his goal. He would rest a moment; then try to break the hose coupling, no mean feat in itself. And then, screeching down at him, from the car top, came the voice of the Box Car Baby.

"Ya goin' ta get yours, ya dirty double-crosser! Go down, or I'll come an' knock ya block off!" The Box Car Baby caught at the grip on the roof and swung himself onto the end ladder with the agility of a cat.

The two big freight haulers, released of a considerable part of their tonnage, surged ahead. Charley Greer, hanging from the grab irons in the gangway of the head engine, looked back.

"Hey!" he yelled. "We lost part of our train. Those hoboes must 'a' turned an angle-cock and pulled the pin back there."

Mike Reddy was standing on the lower step of the caboose, waiting to drop off and close the switch behind the freight.

Mugsy, coming back over the top

with Boston Red, saw the rear brakeman's lantern. The conductor, he knew, was riding the head end. There would be no one in the caboose.

"I'll take dat railroad stiff!" the hulking youth told his companion. "An' we won't have to turn no anglecock."

He climbed down the ladder at the front end of the caboose and pushed open the door. He found a brake stick and moved on to the rear platform.

Mike Reddy turned too late. Mugsy swung his club hard, and the flagman toppled into the right-of-way ditch.

At the telegraph office at Summit, Charley Greer was yelling at the operator like a mad man: "Tell Big Cut to hold Five. They're due there now. Some bums cut us in two. Mike will pull the air—if they don't get him."

He ran after the lead engine, which had already been cut off. It was coming down the main iron from the west switch. Bill Kinney was in the gangway.

"Let the hoboes ride!" he was cursing. "Hell, yes! They're harmless."

"You started it!" contradicted the conductor breathlessly. "I was afraid of this."

Jackie Connor threw up his arm to protect his face from the flailing foot of the Box Car Baby, a little demon of hate. He kicked again and again at the head of the Railroad Kid, and with every kick he shrieked a panting oath.

Jackie hung on like a leech. He writhed and twisted in vain efforts to evade that punishing boot. His strength was failing.

And then, high on the deck above, a tall, rangy form appeared. It was the 'bo who had referred to himself as a railroad man on the bum, the tramp who had retreated from the attack of the youths in the gondola. He had climbed from between the cars a short distance back.

He ran forward, to swing onto the ladder above the Box Car Baby. His fingers twined themselves in the bushy hair of the hatless boy tramp and jerked savagely.

"Come up out of there! Come up, or I'll break your neck."

The Box Car Baby bawled loudly for help. Already the other occupants of the gondola were climbing to the roof of the box car.

Jackie Connor looked up. The tall tramp shouted encouragement. "Hang on, boy. Stay with it."

"I—I'm all right," choked the Kid. "Look out for them other guys."

"It's all up to you and me now, Sonny."

The world blurred for the Railroad Kid. Softly clicking wheels, the clank of draft rigging, desert winds blowing their gusty blasts, the thud of blows, shouted oaths—all were wiped away in that one word. In the old days, before he had outgrown it, Sonny had been the name his happy parents had given him. Now it was an echo of the joyous days of early boyhood.

Jackie did not know it, but tears were streaming down his grimed and blood-stained cheeks. The events of the night were like a horrible nightmare.

He, the Railroad Kid—Jackie Connor, of the Bryant Street Grammar School—was dreaming. He shook his head to clear it of hazy clouds. He gasped for breath, and realized he was sobbing. What was he bawling about? A guy had got to be a man sometime.

He called brokenly to that unseen rider, fighting for his life on the swaying car roof.

"We can stop 'em, mister. We gotta bust the air hose somehow."

IT was a swift and deadly battle on the deck. The tall tramp stood off the first rush of snarling assailants with quick, jabbing blows. But it seemed they must soon overwhelm him.

The Box Car Baby dragged himself up over the end of the car. One hand went to his pocket. He pulled out his knife and opened the blade. Toughy Joe crouched for a dive at his new enemy. The man called Slug pulled a revolver from his pocket.

But the tall hobo turned suddenly, and jumped for the brake wheel. He stumbled to his knees, almost on top of the Box Car Baby. He yelled down at Jackie Connor, even as a bit of cold steel ripped into his side.

"Pull the lever, kid! The lever that opens the coupling. *Pull it quick!*"

He twisted the brake wheel until it began to tighten just a little; then set the ratchet. Something warm, wet and sticky flowed across his ribs. He felt himself staggering.

Jackie, the Railroad Kid, grabbed at the lever and heaved with all of his might. It held stubbornly. He yanked again. He jerked desperately. Would it never give?

A gasping voice above. "H-hurry, kid."

"I'm doin' all I can."

And then, suddenly, the lever came up. The big, fistlike knuckle was opening. The drag of the hand brake on the box car was slight, but enough. The last two cars of the runaway dropped back slowly.

Was that space there just a little wider now? Was it? Or was it a black fog in his brain? The tall 'bo hung on desperately as he sagged against the brake staff and called a warning.

"*Jump,* kid! They're goin' to dynamite—"

The next instant the air hose parted with a bang. Automatically the brakes of the now swiftly moving cars applied with the force of full energy. The gage of the train line in the buggy was wiped clean. The impact was terrific.

Couplings crashed, wheels shrieked, rails hissed and smoked. And then, in one last writhing convulsion, the runaway buckled to a stop.

The little Railroad Kid fell rather than jumped. He went down on the tie-ends, and so close that the wheels caught at his flapping, tattered garments. He rolled over and over like a bundle of rags, and then lay still.

On the hurricane deck the two yeggs and the young 'boes were flung from their lofty perch like straws before a twister. The Box Car Baby, his red-bladed knife still in his hand, went down and under, to end his life on the very rails that had so long borne him on.

Toughy Joe, Floppy and Whispering Tim were hurled into the blackness beside the right-of-way. Slug and his partner tried to save themselves, but they were thrown from the car top, and fell to the ground.

The tall hobo had been saved from going down between the cars by the brake staff, against which his limp body was now lodged.

Mugsy and Boston Red, hurrying back over the tops of the cars, had no warning of what was coming, and they went over the edge like pebbles kicked from a cliff.

AFTER the runaway raced the big 2-8-2 freight engine. Bill Kinney and Charley Greer were out on the back of the tender. Suddenly both men swung their lanterns. The engine slowed, as a yellow signal appeared. The next automatic was red.

"I can see the light of the buggy down there," said Charley Greer. "It took Mike Reddy a long time to pull the air."

A few moments later the engine stopped a dozen yards from the black end of a steel gondola. Gillis and Moriarty jumped from the gangway and ran toward the standing cars. Bill Kinney and the conductor were on the heels of the railroad officers, whose flashlights were now stabbing the gloom.

The Railroad Kid was sitting on the end of a tie. A flood of light suddenly enveloped him. He looked up dazedly, while his grimed fist, bruised and bloody from contact with cinders, poked at his blinking eyes. Moriarty cried: "Here's one of 'em!"

"Dammit, no!" exclaimed Bill Kinney. "That's the kid that warned me, back there at Ash Mountain."

"Y-yup," Jackie Connor managed to gulp. "It—it's me." And then, after one or two panting breaths: "We got 'em stopped—me an' him."

There was a lump in Charley Greer's throat. He dropped beside the boy. "Who helped you, son?"

"Another guy. He was a bum, too. He was up on top—fightin' them other 'boes, an' I pulled the pin."

"What's your name?"

"Me? I'm the Railroad Kid. My dad—he was a railroad man."

Gentle hands lifted the tall tramp from the car top. It was revealed that he was badly hurt.

"Knifed," said Moriarty. "What a mess! They had a battle royal—two of 'em against the crowd."

How tough a gang of hoboes it had been was revealed when John Gillis, Moriarty and deputies from San Leandro finally rounded up those who had been on the train. Slug and the thickset tramp proved to be wanted men. Serious charges hung over the younger tramps.

It was in the telegraph office at El Gordo Summit, that, for the first time, the Railroad Kid saw the face of the tall 'bo. One quick look, and he flung himself beside him.

"*Dad!* It's *my* dad!"

Jim Connor struggled out of the black gulf that enveloped him. For a long time he stared with increasing incredulity at the little vagabond, crouched on the floor beside him. Then he whispered: "Sonny."

At last Jackie said, "And mother? Is she all right?"

"Gone, son." The older man's voice broke. "She—she sent her love; she knew I'd find you sometime."

Jim Connor got well. It was while he was in the hospital that word came that the Central Valley was putting men back to work, and he had been called.

The Gulf & Pacific rewarded Jim Connor and son for the part they played that night in El Gordo Pass, and they rode home as heroes should—dad and his Railroad Kid.

The Lake Shore Tramp Trust

CHARLES TYLER'S story, "When Hoboes Ride," is not at all exaggerated. For years a gang known as the Lake Shore "Push" made life miserable for both tramps and trainmen on that line. "Never before in our history," reported Josiah Willard, a railroad man who made a special study of this band, "has an association of outlaws developed on such lines. It is the most successful form of syndicated lawlessness yet known."

Willard once disguised himself as a tramp and rode for weeks on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. He had been hired by other railroads, all of whom feared that such a monster would grow up on their own freights. Said Willard: "Newspapers often referred to the 'Push,' but in a vague way which showed that even the police reporters had not been able to find out much. All kinds of crimes were supposed to have been committed by them."

He had not been riding the Lake Shore long before he ran up against the "Push." He had picked for a traveling companion an Englishman who called himself "George the Fourth," a fellow who had been down on his luck for some years but didn't worry much. Arriving one evening at Ashtabula (scene of the famous wreck of 1876), they headed for the sandhouse.

"We arrived before the other lodgers had finished their hunt for supper, and picked out the best places," he relates. "It was early in April, and the sand nearest the fire was the most comfortable. During the evening other men and boys came in, but they recognized that our early arrival entitled us to the good places, and picked out the next best."

About 10 p. m. they fell asleep. The place was full by then, with just about room for the sandhouse attendant to move around. Near midnight they were waked by some one bellowing and cursing: "Kick the so-and-so's head off! Teach him a lesson!"

One tramp raised his hob-nailed boot to kick the Englishman's head. But "George the Fourth," being thoroughly awake now, leaped up and snatched an empty sand bucket. "If you blokes want a fight, come on!"

The crowd cheered, seized buckets, staves and other handy articles. The intruders withdrew, one muttering: "We'll come back with the 'Push' and clean out the whole place!" If they came back, Willard did not know it. He moved on.

The "Push" had two chief rackets. They robbed freight cars and they tried to collect fares from every tramp on the line. In robbing, two men climbed on a moving train with a rope ladder. When they located a likely car they would fasten the ladder, let it down and wait for a curve. Then they would scramble down, pry open the door and throw off as much of the contents as they could—while the curve kept them from being seen by the caboose. Later they picked up the loot.

Oddly, the "Push" had no leader. It was formed about 1875 by six men and grew to several hundred—many of them "Lakers," who worked on steamers all summer and had nothing to do in winter. At that time railroads were combining into trusts. "We'll form our own trust," said the gang.

They began by taxing tramps—money, food, swiped valuables, anything. When a bum refused to pay, the mob would beat him. "If they were drunk," said Willard, "they threw him off anyway. At times it was worth a man's life to be caught riding the Lake Shore." The "Pushers" had a favorite remark to travelers they didn't know: "The world's getting smaller. You better cut yourself a slice of it—some place else."
—Jim Holden.

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

THEY tell me the Prairie (2-6-2) types on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern (NYC) were rebuilt into and replaced by Pacific (4-6-2) types because the former were likely to leave the rails at high speeds. Is this true? If so why is it true?—D. W. S., Howell, Mich.

It is true that not only the NYC but other roads have preferred four-wheel leading trucks to two-wheel ("pony") trucks for high speed service, and that many locomotives with the latter were rebuilt with four-wheel leading trucks or replaced by newer engines having them (see p. 85 of Feb., '35, issue for account of Class J-41 of LS&MS). The reason generally given for such a change was that the four-wheel truck was safer at high speeds. However, some of the swiftest trains in other countries have been and still are being hauled by locomotives with pony trucks, and many lines over here have never actually found them to be unsafe at high speed. Records over a long period would probably show there has not been a clear-cut case against two-wheel leading trucks. For the most part, locomotive designers went in for the four-wheel truck simply because it was better. It carried more weight, served to lengthen the wheelbase, and thus permitted better balancing of the machine. These, of course, automatically make it less likely to leave the rails than a two-wheel truck; but they do not necessarily imply that pony trucks are certain to jump the track whenever they are run at, say, 70 m.p.h.

IS there a Davenport Locomotive Works? Does it build many engines?—J. A. C., Chicago.

The Davenport Besler Corp., successor to the Davenport (Iowa) Locomotive and Mfg. Corp., builds a complete line of standard type steam locomotives, as well as gasoline and Diesel gear-driven, and gas-electric and Diesel-electric industrial locomotives. It is also experimenting with high pressure steam engines and railcars. Last December it completed two standard gage Mogul type passenger engines for the Hui-Nan railroad of the Chinese Government, photo of one of which we are printing on p. 82. These engines cost $20,000 each, have 16 x 24 cylinders, 48-inch drivers, weigh 92,000 lbs. without tender, exert 22,400 lbs. t.f. Although they were the only two steam locomotives built at Davenport last year, the company has constructed more than 2,500 locomotives of various types in the last 20 years.

WHY have passenger fares in New England and the East remained at 3.6c per mile, while those in the rest of the country have been reduced to 1½c a mile or less?—R. A., Waltham, Mass.

The Eastern roads felt and still feel, even though the Western and Southern reductions were successful, that they have more to lose and less to gain by a passenger fare reduction than the other roads did. Eastern passenger revenues comprise a larger percentage (about 20%) of their total income than do those of the other lines (about 10%). Passenger revenues of the New England roads average almost 30% of their income, and last year the New Haven's passenger income, for example, constituted 45% of its total operating income. Therefore they feel they can protect themselves better by maintaining the present basic rate and offering cheap round trip excursions. They have done this to such a large extent that the *average* rate per mile they charged last year was about the same as that of the other roads. Of course, that is small consolation to people who cannot use excursions, or who would take the railroad instead of their cars or a bus if the fare were lower.

WHICH would be better for freight service: a 2-6-6-2 or a 2-12-2 (both with 63-in. drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, and 28 x 30 cylinders)?

(2) *Would the speed and power of the PRR K-4s Pacific type (p. 46, May, '35) be increased if the steam pressure were raised from 205 to 225 lbs.?*—J. P. F.

(1) Since the 2-6-6-2 necessarily has *four* 28 x 30 cylinders, whereas the 2-12-2 has only two, the former would be twice as powerful, and would also have to weigh twice as much. Besides, it would be better as a 2-8-8-2 or 2-8-8-4 type, for as a 2-6-6-2 it would have to carry too much weight on each axle for most tracks. On the other hand, a 2-12-2 with the specifications you name would be better as a 2-10-2 or 2-10-4, for its weight could be carried very adequately by a trailing truck, leading truck and five pairs of drivers. There is little point in comparing the two for a certain type of service: if a heavy, slow engine with 150,000 lbs. t.f. is what is wanted, then the former is the engine; if a faster, more flexible locomotive for ordinary road service is the goal, then the latter is the best bet.

(2) Such an increase in pressure would hardly affect the potential speed of the engine under ordinary operating conditions, but it would increase the starting t.f. from 44,460 to 50,000 lbs., and thus permit it to start a heavier load and perhaps to wheel a slightly heavier load at speed.

F. A. D., Phoebus, Va.—The Morse Code is used by Canadian railways, both for transmitting commercial messages and in railroading. The International Code (known in Canada as the "Continental Code") is used by wireless stations and cable companies.

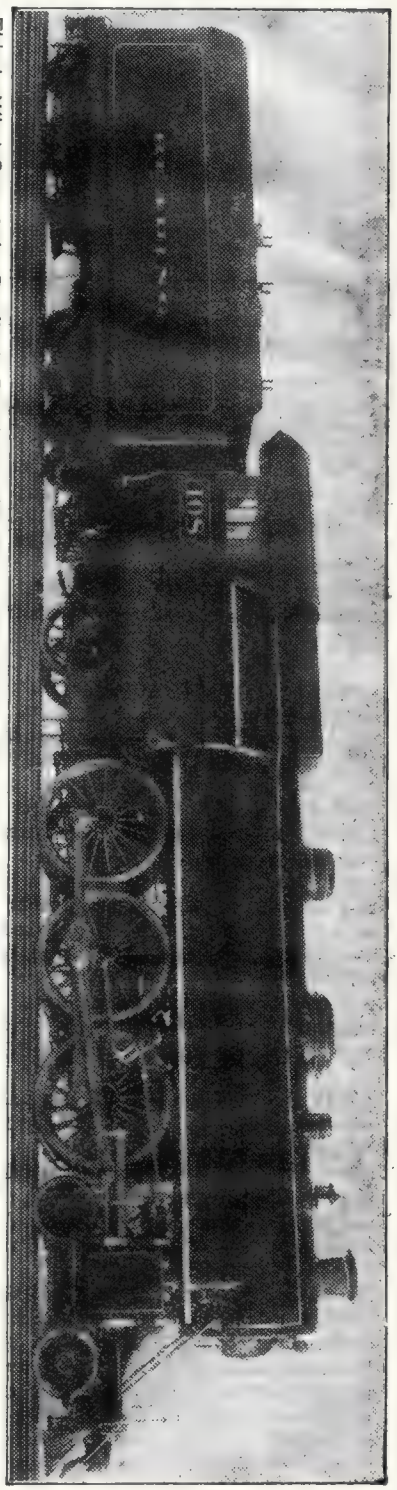
W. M., Chicago.—Both tender boosters and trailer boosters exert enough t.f. to start the locomotive and tender on which they are installed without help from the main cylinders.

F. A. W., Manhattan, Mont.—The new NP 4-8-4 types (p. 137, Feb., '35) hold about 5,500 gals. of water apiece when their boilers are filled in working order.

H. B. N., Battle Creek, Mich.—The PRR hauls more coal into Sandusky, O., than into any other Lake Erie port.

(2) PRR Class N-1s, 2-10-2 type (60 engines) are all on the Lake Division, Central Region.

G. B., Erie, Pa.—The PRR has only one engine equipped (experimentally) with booster. It is Class L-1s, 2-8-2 type. This road is omitting the striping on its tenders and cabs because the expense of putting it on is not warranted under present conditions.



This Is What One of the Reading's Regular Pacific Types (Class G-1sa, 25 x 28 Cylinders, 80-Inch Drivers) Looks Like after She Was "Streamlined." Whether the "Streamlining" Helped or Not Is Doubtful, but the Fact Remains That She Hauled a Special Train from Philadelphia to Jersey City (90 Miles) in 88 Minutes, Including Several Stops. One of the Most Interesting Things about Her Is That Her Air Pumps Are Mounted on the Tender Head and Not on the Boiler, as Is Usual

Photo from Davenport-Besler Corp.

One of the Mogul (2-6-0) Types Constructed Recently for the Chinese Government by the Davenport Works. Since Left-Handed Operation Is the Rule in China, Her Controls Are on the Left Side. **See p. 80 for Data**

GIVE a brief history of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.—H. W. L., Chicago.

The LS&MS was chartered in 1869 as a consolidation of the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana (Chicago to Toledo), the Cleveland & Toledo (Cleveland to Toledo), the Cleveland, Painesville & Ashtabula (Cleveland to Erie), and the Buffalo & Erie (Erie to Buffalo). For detailed histories of these roads see Poor's Manual for 1885, p. 549. Thus the LS&MS had a through right-of-way (537 miles) between Chicago and Buffalo. It gradually absorbed other lines, such as the Dundee to Homer, Mich., branch (formerly the Detroit, Toledo & Milwaukee), etc., and by 1914 had 1,775 miles of owned and leased track. However, it was actually acquired by the New York Central & Hudson River (later New York Central) in Feb., 1898, when the latter purchased about $45,000,000 of the LS&MS's $50,000,000 capital stock by giving 3½% bonds for it at the rate of $200 in bonds for $100 in stock. The year before this happened the LS&MS had 518 locomotives, 293 passenger, 115 baggage, private, etc., cars; 18,711 freight, 700 non-revenue cars, and 1 tug, 1 dredge, and 2 steamshovels. The road continued to be operated independently until Dec. 23, 1914, when it became part of the NYC System.

S. F., San Francisco.—The Pajaro Valley RR was inc. in 1890, and when completed ran from Watsonville to Spreckels, Calif., 48 miles. Its name was changed to Pajaro Valley Consolidated in 1897. In 1929 it was abandoned, and its road and equipment was sold to the SP. At that time it had 9 serviceable locomotives and 187 cars.

R. M., Chapel Hill, N. C.—The Lake Huron & Northern Ontario was organized in 1901 as the Bruce Mines & Algonquin. It ran from Bruce Mines to Rock Lake, Ont., 17 miles, and was projected to Abury Falls, 66 miles. In 1912, when its name was changed, it had 4 locomotives and 24 cars. It was abandoned several years ago.

(2) The Algoma Central & Hudson Bay was chartered in 1899, was built about 1900.

R. F. & K. C.—Great Northern's "Oriental Limited," running from Chicago (via CB&Q) to St. Paul and Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, was inaugurated May 23, 1909. Until 1929 she was the crack train of the system, but in June of that year the "Empire Builder" was inaugurated on a faster schedule, and it is now 8 hours faster than the "Oriental Limited" was in 1929. The "Oriental" was pulled off on April 1, 1931.

W. H. R., Batavia, N. Y.—The Deerfield Valley RR was apparently a dummy company organized to build 13 miles of track between Readsboro and Wilmington, Vt. These were opened in 1891, and the next year they, and the Deerfield River RR, another similar company, were merged into the Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington, which thus actually operated the DV when completed.

(2) The New York City & Northern was organized in 1878, when it acquired the N. Y. Westchester & Putnam (originally org. in 1869 as the N. Y. & Boston), and completed laying tracks from High Bridge to Brewster in 1879. In 1880 it had 4 locomotives, 8 passenger and 22 freight cars. It is now part of the NYC.

We can find nothing about a Key Valley Ry. "which connected with the CPR at Pakesley, Ont., and ran to the hamlet of Lost Channel." Possibly you are thinking of the Key Harbor branch of the CNR, which runs from Key Jct. (near Pakesley) to Key Harbor, on the shore of Key Inlet, Lake Huron. According to R. R. Brown, Secretary of the Canadian Railroad Historical Association, the branch is 6.2 miles long and was built in 1907 under the charter of the Canadian Northern Ontario Ry.

F. E. A., Aiken, S. C.—Trains 37 and 38 (through from N. Y. to New Orleans over the Southern, A&WP-WofA, and L&N) are handled by Pacific type engines over the Atlanta & West Point and Western Ry. of Alabama. They have 27 x 28 cylinders, weigh 504,000 lbs. with tender, exert 47,500 lbs. t.f.

C. P. L.—The Milwaukee Road operated 4 daily trains between Chicago and Omaha (the greatest number in its history) in 1912; three of them carried equipment for Calif., Colo. or Portland via the U. P.

(2) The Milwaukee Road was double-tracked from Chicago to Savanna, Ill., in 1898; to Manilla, Ia., between 1912 and 1914. The line between Manilla and Council Bluffs, Ia., has never been double-tracked.

E. P.—The hand wheel on the right side of the tender of SP No. 3000 (4-4-2) controls an emergency hand brake. There are only five gages (not six) on the right side of the cab: booster steam gage; on its right, the boiler steam gage; above them, main and equalizing reservoir pressure gage and brake cylinder and brake pipe pressure gage; above these two, steam chest and back pressure gage. On the fireman's side there are three: boiler pressure gage (to the left), feedwater heater speed gage, and (above) steam heat pressure gage.

(2) SP 3000 was built in 1907 by Baldwin as No. 3057, a compound. It was rebuilt and renumbered by the SP in 1929.

W. J. L., Winnipeg.—Following are the steam roads operating in Alabama:

Atlanta & West Point
Atlanta & St. Andrews Bay
Atlanta, Birmingham & Coast
Alabama Central RR.
Atlantic Coast Line
Alabama Central Ry.
Alabama, Florida & Gulf
Alabama Great Southern (Southern)
Ashland
Alabama, Tennessee & Northern
Birmingham & Southeastern
Birmingham Belt
Birmingham Southern
Central of Georgia
Chattahoochee Valley
Escambia
Gulf, Mobile & Northern
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
Mississippi & Alabama
Meriden & Bigbee River
Mobile & Gulf
Mobile & Ohio
Manistee & Repton
Northern Alabama (Southern)
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis
Sumter & Choctaw
Seaboard Air Line
St. Louis-San Francisco
Southern
Tennessee, Alabama & Georgia
Terminal Ry., Ala. State Docks
Tuskeegee
Vredenburgh Saw Mill
Woodward Iron Co.
Western Ry. of Alabama
Warrior River Terminal

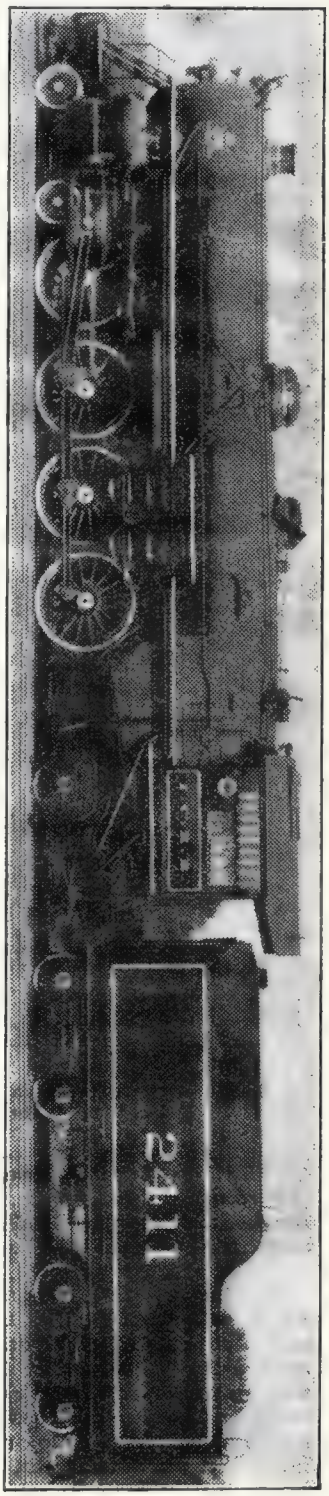
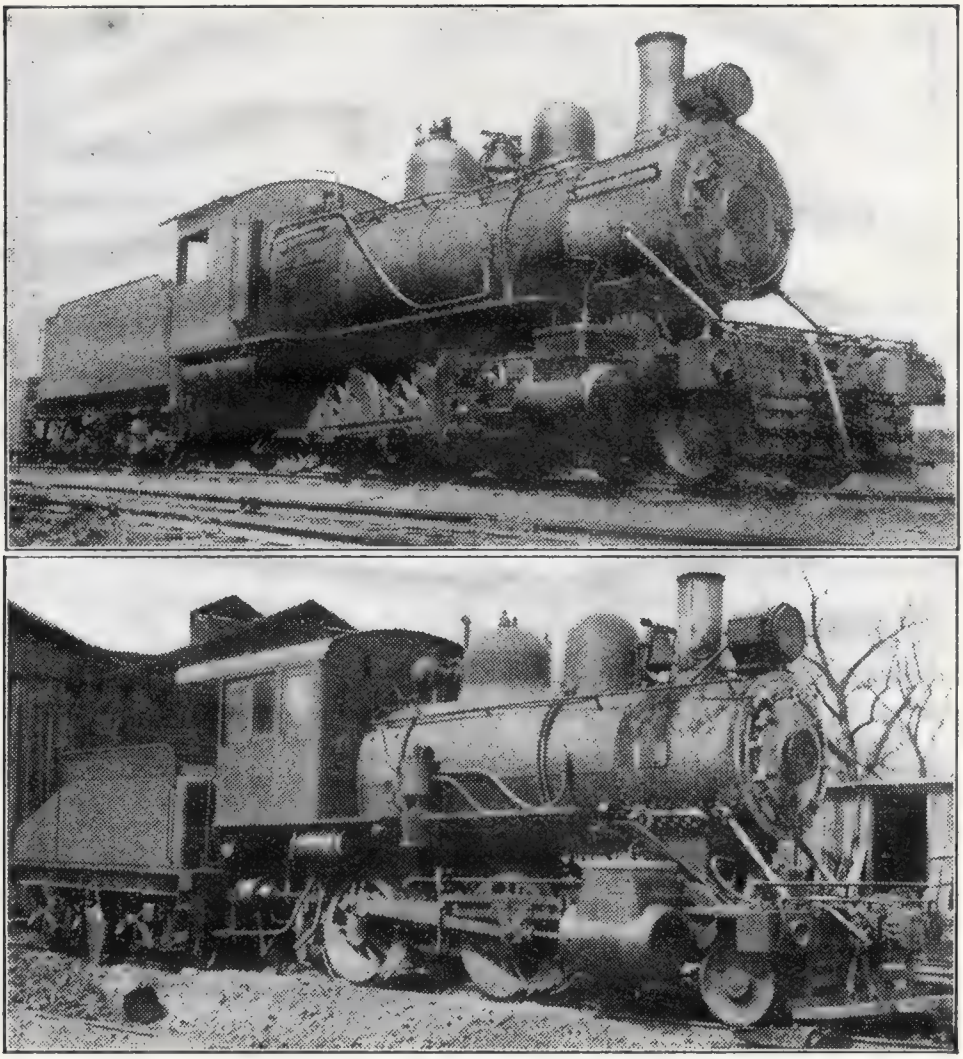


Photo from Illinois Central R.R.

One of the 4-8-2 Type Passenger Engines of Illinois Central, All Painted Up for the First Run of Last Winter's "Panama Limited," Which at the Time We Went to Press Was Covering the 921 Miles between Chicago and New Orleans in 20 Hours



Photos by D. W. Furler, 65 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J.

A Couple of the Morristown & Erie's Ancient Mills—(Upper) No. 8, Consolidation Type, and (Lower) No. 7, the "East's Last 2-4-0." See Answer to P. V. D. for Data

WHAT are the specifications and performance records of these high-pressure engines: NYC No. 800, CPR 8000, and D&H 1403?—S. G. L., Cumberland, Wis.

New York Central multi-pressure engine No. 800 is 4-8-4 type, has two 23 x 30 and one 13¼ x 30 cylinders, 69-in. drivers, pressures of 850 and 250 lbs. (in addition to a closed circuit with 1,300-1,700 lbs.), weighs 435,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 66,000 lbs. t.f.—with booster, 79,750 lbs. Built in 1931 by Alco, she was tried out for a short time, but she had trouble with her boiler, and she has not been under steam for about two years. Perhaps, after her weaknesses are remedied, she will be given a chance again.

Similar in principle to the NYC engine is No. 8000 of the Canadian Pacific, which was also built in 1931, a joint product of the Superheater Co., Alco, and the CPR. She is 2-10-4 type, has one 15½ x 28 and two 24 x 30 cylinders, pressures of 850 and 250 lbs. (in addition to a closed circuit with 1,300-1,700 lbs.), 63-inch drivers, weighs 485,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 90,000 lbs. t.f. According to latest reports she is still in use and has been successful, showing a saving in fuel over earlier 2-10-4 types of the CPR.

Delaware & Hudson triple-expansion engine No.

1403, 4-8-0 type, built by Alco in 1933 (photo and complete data in our July, '33, issue), has two 33 x 32, one 27½ x 32, and one 20 x 32 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 500 lbs. pressure, weighs 382,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 90,000 lbs. when operating simple, 75,000 lbs. compound, and has a tender booster exerting 18,000 lbs. t.f. So far as we can learn, this engine has lived up to the expectations of her builders and owners.

WHEN *was the first all-steel passenger car made?*

(2) *What are the principal parts of an oil-burning locomotive?*—S. T. S., Philadelphia.

(1) It was Coach No. 1651 of the PRR, completed in 1906 by the PRR at Altoona, Pa.

(2) If you mean oil-burning steam locomotive, the parts are the same as those of the usual steam engine, except that the firebox is fitted with an oil-burner. If you mean oil-burning internal combustion or Diesel-electric locomotive, the main parts are the motor, the generator which it runs, and the electric motors geared to the truck wheels, which get their power from the generator. Space does not permit us to list all the working parts of such equipment.

W H. B., Los Angeles.—The Newton & Northwestern was constructed about 1906, then absorbed into the Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern, which by 1908 had 8 locomotives, 181 cars, 12 electric passenger coaches, one passenger and one combination car.

C. H.—The Chicago & Wabash Valley was organized in 1900 as a consolidation of a road of the same name and another line, and thus it had 36 miles of line, from Dinwiddie to McCoysburg, Ind. In 1912 it had 2 locomotives, 1 passenger and 29 freight and misc. cars. It is now a branch of the Monon (CI&L).

W M.—List of California steam roads on p. 82 of Dec., '34, issue.

P V. D.—Several readers have kindly sent photos and data on Morristown & Erie engines (history of road on p. 87, April, '35). At present the line has 5 engines, one of which (No. 2) has not been used for years. It is a 2-4-4T Forney type built by Rhode Island in 1894 for the Chicago Elevated and later used by the Hanover Brick Co. (N. J.). No. 6 is a 2-8-0 built for the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh. No. 7, 2-4-0 type (the last of its type in the East), was built by Alco in 1905 as No. 14 of the Lake Champlain & Moriah. No. 8, 2-8-0 type, was originally owned by the Hocking Valley (now C&O). No. 9, 2-8-0 type, was built by Alco in 1904 for the BR&P. Thus every engine was second-hand except a No. 1, which was sold during the war, and about which we have no data. Photos of 7 and 8 on p. 84; 2 below. We

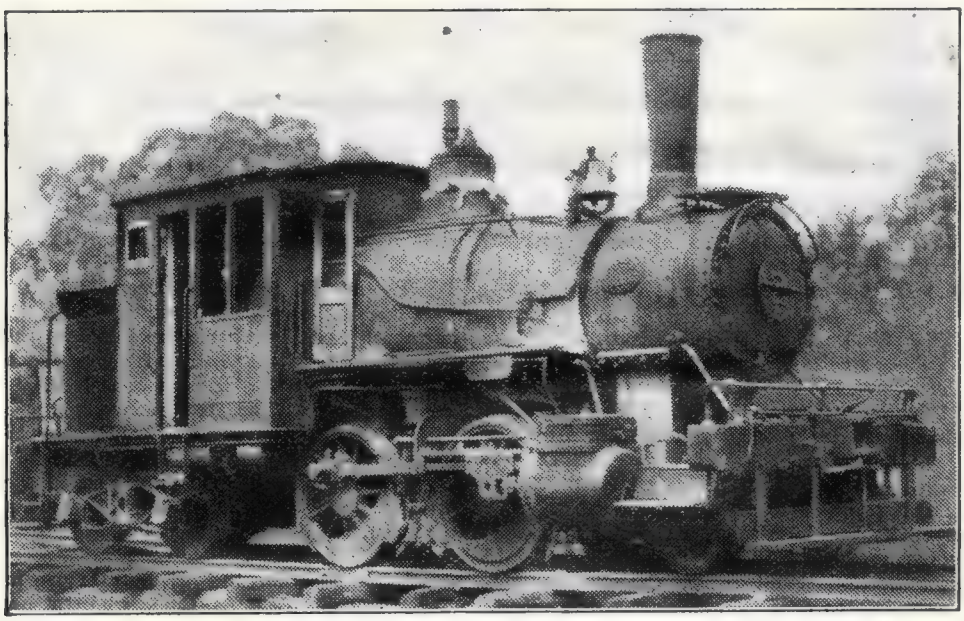
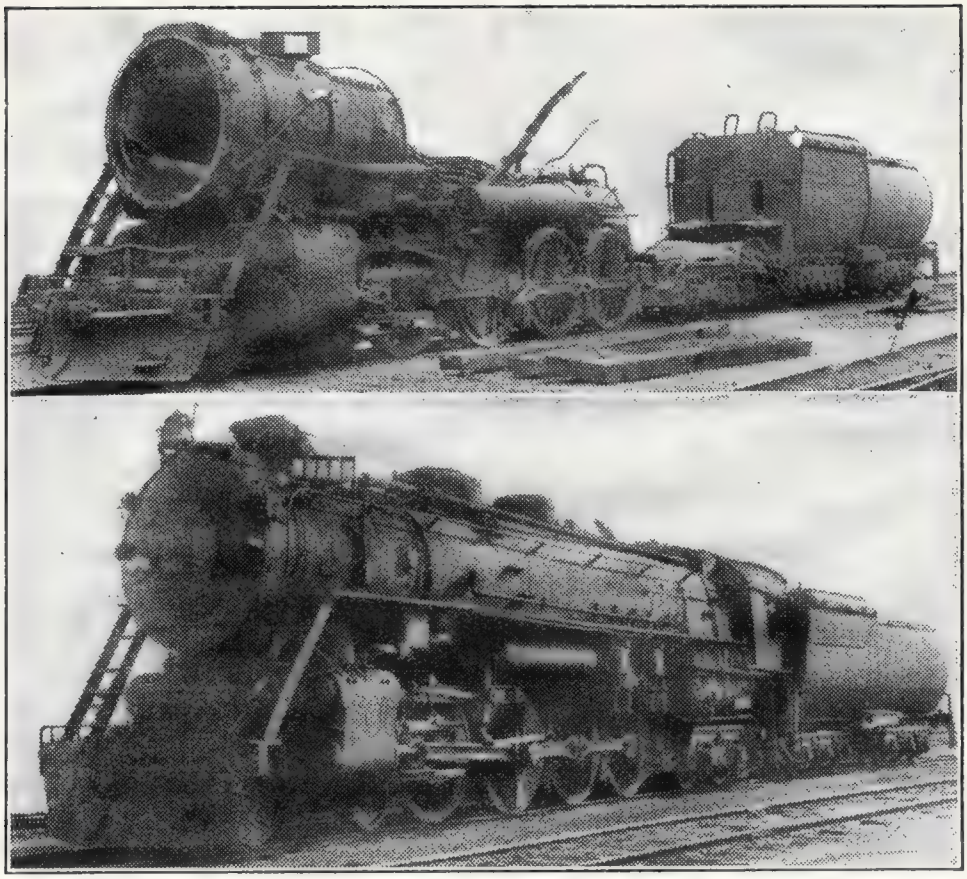


Photo by W. R. Osborne, 58 Colonial Ave., Whitehorse, Trenton, N. J.

This 41-Year-Old Forney Spent Her Last Days as No. 2 of the Morristown & Erie. See Answer to P. V. D. for Her History



Photos by D. L. Joslyn, 2164 Castro Way, Sacramento, Calif.

On Christmas Day, 1931, One of the Southern Pacific's New 4-8-4 Types, No. 4402, Blew up at Richvale, Calif., Killing Engineer Sturm and Fireman Stone and Demolishing Herself (Upper Photo). However, the S.P. Rebuilt Her, and Now She Looks as Though Nothing Had Happened to Her. The Lower Photo Was Taken in Early March, 1935, at Roseville, Calif.

are indebted to G. C. Slawson, 320 Riverside Drive, N. Y. City, for most of this information. Thanks also to H. R. Hill, Bernardsville, N. J., and D. W. Furler, Glen Rock, N. J.

W. W., Dayton, O.—The old Kalamazoo, Lake Shore & Chicago, inc. in 1905, leased the Pere Marquette line from Lawton to South Haven, Mich., in addition to which it operated from Kalamazoo to Lawton and from Toquin to Paw Paw Lake; total, 38 miles. That part between Kalamazoo and Lawton is now part of the Michigan Central, and the rest (the town of Paw Paw is on it) was later operated by the Pere Marquette, but we believe is now abandoned. In 1912 the KLS&C had 7 leased engines and 26 cars.

The Dayton & Union was chartered in 1863 as a reorganization of the Greenville & Miami. It ran from Union City, Ind., to Dodson, O., 32 miles, and leased the Dayton & Western (Dodson to Dayton, 15 miles). In 1912 it had 6 locomotives and 8 cars. It is now part of the B&O.

F. P.—The Ft. Smith & Western is listed by the ICC as a Class I road, although lately its annual operating revenues have dropped below $1,000,000 (they were $679,063 in 1934). For the last two years it has had an annual deficit of almost $300,000. The road and equipment are valued at $7,291,379 and total assets are $7,635,424.

(2) The Tonopah & Goldfield (inc. in 1905) has total assets of $3,529,728, and its road and equipment are valued at $3,373,672.

W. M.—According to F. R. Burns, 1108 Fountain St., Alameda, Calif., who sent us an excellent snapshot of it to prove his point, the Key System (Calif.) 2-6-2 type is No. 4—not No. 5, as we stated on p. 85 of Mar., '35, issue.

C. B., Toronto—Outside of information on the Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District Ry. printed on p. 86 of our Jan., '35, issue, we have no data on the road, and cannot supply specifications of its motive power.

The Toronto, Grey & Bruce is now part of the CNR. We have no data on its motive power.

R. B., Toronto.—This is the insigne of the old Canadian Northern, now part of the Canadian National (sent us by O. R. McKnight, NYC agent at Saranac Inn, N. Y.). According to R. R. Brown of the Canadian Railroad Historical Association, most of the Canadian Northern engines are still in service, though they were all renumbered when taken over as part of the Canadian National roster in 1923, while practically all the passenger cars have disappeared, since they were rather old (some were second-hand PRR stock).

G. J. C., Oakland, Calif.—The Tonopah & Tidewater was inc. in 1904 to build from Ludlow, Calif., to Topopah, Nev., but was only completed from Ludlow to Beatty, Nev., 170 miles. In 1933 it abandoned that part of its line from Ludlow to Crucero, Calif., and is now 143 miles long. It has 5 locos, 5 passenger, 31 freight and 12 service cars. The road and equipment are valued at $3,412,007; total assets are $4,009,798. It has run in the red very heavily during the last few years. In 1933 its operating expenses alone were 84 per cent *greater* than its operating income.

(2) The following steam roads operate in Oregon:

Big Creek & Telocaset
Carlton & Coast
Calif. & Oregon Coast
Clackamas Eastern
Condon, Kinzua & Southern
City of Prineville
Gales Creek & Wilson River (SP&S)
Great Northern
Great Southern
K-P Timber Co.
Mount Hood
Medford Logging
Northern Pacific
Oregon & Northwestern
Oregon, Calif. & Eastern
Oregon, Pacific & Eastern
Oregon Short Line (UP)
Oregon Trunk (SP&S)
Oregon-Wash. RR & Navigation (UP)
Portland Southern
Shevlin-Hixon
Southern Pacific
Spokane, Portland & Seattle
Sumpter Valley (3 ft. gage)
United Rys. (SP&S)
Union Ry. of Oregon
Valley & Siletz
Willamette Valley & Coast

Additions, Corrections and Announcements

For the last few months we've been digging up the history of the road and motive power of the old narrow-gage Nevada-California-Oregon, about which many readers have asked. The locomotives were (and a few are) still used on the SP's Mina Branch narrow gage line (the old Carson & Colorado). Through the coöperation of Vice-President Dyer of the SP we have got the complete data, and we'll pass them on to you, together with photos, in next month's issue.

The Simmons-Boardman Publishing Co., 30 Church St., New York City, has just issued its 1935 catalog of transportation books, most of which are railroad publications. A copy will be sent free to any reader writing to the Simmons-Boardman Co.

In our Feb. issue (made up Nov. 15, '34) we stated that the official maximum speed limit on U. S. roads was 70 m.p.h. Although such was the case some time ago, the Milwaukee road has had a limit of 75 m.p.h. on its Chicago Division for more than a year, and the limit is now 90 m.p.h. all the way from Chicago to Minneapolis. Other roads in that territory, of course, have similar "restrictions," and as they speed up, lines all over the country will raise the limit.

In our April issue, in the list of roads operating in Georgia, we omitted the Tallulah Falls, which according to its general manager, H. L. Brewer, who caught the slip, is still operating between Cornelia, Ga., and Franklin, N. C., 58 miles, and has 65 employees.

In our April issue the Reading should have been included in the list of roads operating in Delaware.

There were three errors in the list of leading coal carriers in the March issue. The Monongahela and Montour are bituminous coal roads, instead of anthracite; and the bituminous tonnage of the Norfolk & Western was 28,905,718 instead of 46,618,116 (which, incidentally, represents the income from that coal in 1933).

In discussing the engines which haul the C&NW's "400" (April issue), we stated that engines were changed at Milwaukee to insure enough fuel to take the train through to Minneapolis. This information was given us by the C&NW, but A. H. Christiansen, Box 502, Oak Park, Ill., insists the real reason is to permit the shortest possible stop at Milwaukee (there is no water plug at the Milwaukee station), and that the 5,000 gals. of oil in the tender would last those trains the entire round trip between Chicago and Minneapolis.

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

Wild Engineers

By "HIGHBALL JOHN" BURNS

BACK in the early eighties I was employed as a night hawk call boy on the old "Mop," better known to the traveling public as the Missouri Pacific. I worked out of the dispatcher's office in the state line depot in the Hickory Street yards of Kansas City, Mo., and my job was to call for work as wild a bunch of hogheads as ever chased an old hog over a hill division or ran a slow board.

In those days we had no telephones we could use to call the boys. The only phone in the whole office was a big dingus that hung on the wall in the dispatcher's office. The dispatcher would use it in calling the roundhouse across the river, to order out some engines or tell old Captain Dick, the master mechanic, what the returns were on the latest poker game.

A night hawk call boy's job in those days was a man-sized job, with everything running wide open and the key lost. He had to hustle to catch his man or even to keep up with him. That went for married men, too. At their home terminals they were very good, and were in bed every night. But when they were away from home they were liable not to go to bed at all. There were too many saloons, dance halls and gambling joints.

Engineers you could generally find in a poker game—not all of them, certainly, but enough to make the old game of aces, kings, queens and jacks interesting. Firemen had no homes; they never went to bed at any time—not so long as there was any other place to go. You could generally find them around the dance halls, pool parlors or parked on some lady's front porch.

One night a coal extra was ordered. I tried to call an engineer out of a poker game that old Captain Dick was sitting in on. Captain Dick had gathered in just about all of the chips in the game when I arrived. Well, sir, rather than take advantage of this poor hoghead and the other four engineers in the game, Captain Dick announced that the coal extra was annulled until such time as the rest of them could win back a fair amount of those poker chips or go broke trying. And there was nothing the dispatcher could do about it, for all the available engineers were in the game.

Mother Carey's boarding house for railroad men and stock men was a large two-story frame building near the depot. The street floor was occupied by a large saloon, dining room and kitchen. Mother Carey's husband had been an old freight engineer who had got busted up in a cornfield meet. He hopped around the place tending bar.

The room register was chained to one end of the bar, and all trainmen and enginemen were supposed to write their names and room numbers in it when, if, and as they went to bed. One morning I was out after a hoghead who stayed at Mother Carey's, but whom I had never met before. When I entered the saloon to look over the room register there were a half dozen men sitting around one of the card tables playing a game of draw poker. One of them wanted to know who I was after. I told him, and added the number of the train I wanted him for.

"Why," he responded, "that feller turned in long ago. You will find him in Room Number Two."

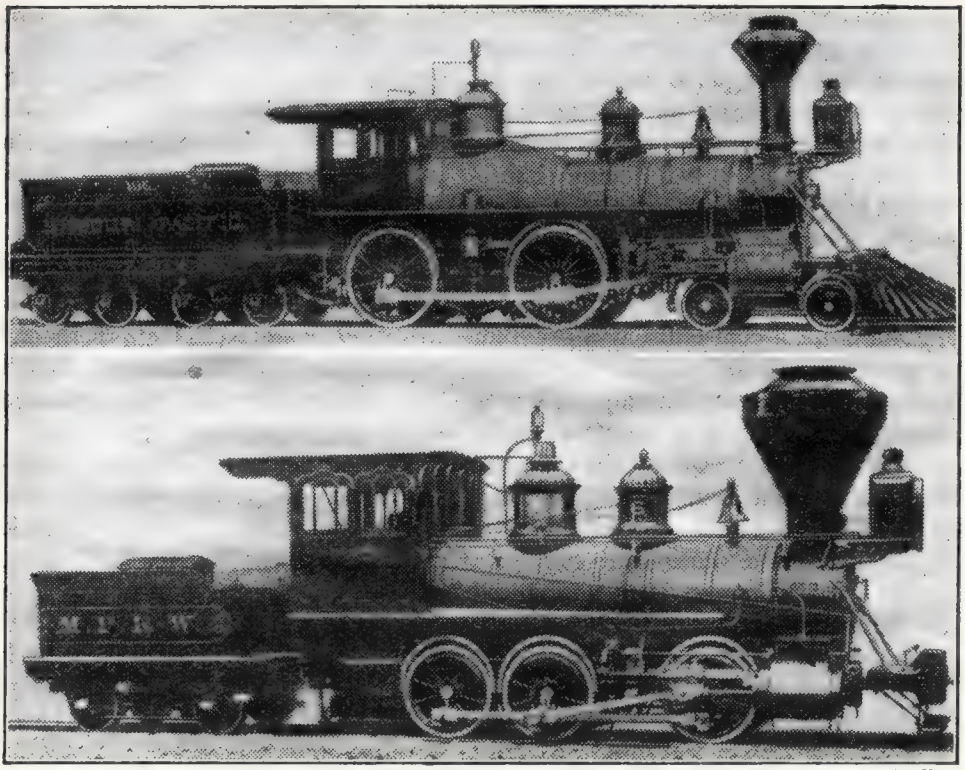
So I went upstairs and knocked. A woman's voice wanted to know what was wanted. Like a chump, I said I was the call boy and wanted to know if Engineer Mike Kelly was in there.

Boy, that started a riot. Number Two was Mother Carey's room, and every new call boy on the job had awakened her sooner or later hunting for Mike Kelly. She finally calmed down and told me the red-headed tramp I was looking for was down in one of them poker games.

"Make sure," she advised me, "that the big bum is sober before you let him sign the book." The next day she gave me a glass of beer and told me I would not live long if I woke her up again looking for Mike Kelly.

RUNNING an engine on the west end was old Matt Shea, a cantankerous old curmudgeon who was always roaring for more rest. But a little thing like rest never worried a train delayer in those days of long hours and longer mileage. One night Matt was in with some six hours' rest when he was marked up for a midnight coal drag, and it was up to me to get him out of his shell and not take no for an answer.

So I went after the old cuss. When I knocked on his door the first thing I heard from him was a blast ordering me to get the hell away from that door and let a man sleep. Well, by and by I got Matt up all right, but the trouble was that I did not hear him get up. He opened the door and dumped the contents of a two-gallon water jug on me,



Photos from Jos. Lavelle, 1415 66th St., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

Nos. 106 and 6, Two of the Rogers-Built Engines on the "Mop" in the Early Eighties—When "Highball John" Burns Was a Night-Hawk Call Boy. "R-W." on No. 6 Is an Unusual Abbreviation for "Railway"

and then as I sailed downstairs he threw one of his old boots after me and followed it up with the boot jack.

The next morning Matt could not find his boot, so he reported me to the night dispatcher for carrying it off. The dispatcher wanted to know about it, and what the Sam Hill I did with the boot.

When I told him how it happened, all he said was: "Why didn't you take that damn boot down to the bridge and throw it in the river?"

Still, old Matt got his rest.

I got my biggest scare one night when I went out for an engine crew for an early morning local freight. I found the house number, and the front door was unlocked, so I entered and climbed a flight of stairs. At the top landing I found the room doors all closed. The house looked strange to me, but I knocked at the first door.

I heard someone get out of bed and make no fuss about it. That did not sound right to me—and it was not right. For an old Texas ranger with chin whiskers and longhorn mustache opened the door about six inches and planted the muzzle of an old .45 cow gun right on the end of my nose and said, "Scat!"

And, boy, I scatted. My coat tails were smoking when I hit the sidewalk, I scatted so fast. By that time the old rough rider had the window up and was busy shooting in my general direction, which did not slow me up at all. When I was out of range I found out that I had got the right house num-

ber, but had chosen the wrong street.

While I was passing the same house an evening later an old lady stopped me and asked if I was the call boy who had awakened Mr. Neff the other morning. I said I was and that the old goof had got to shooting at me.

"Oh, my, no," she said, "Mr. Neff was only turning in the fire alarm. That is the way a Texas cow man always calls out a fire department—by shooting at them. They always go faster then. And besides, Mr. Neff would never shoot anyone; he will only shoot at him and scare him to death."

That was some consolation, anyway. But after such gunplay I always made sure of my house numbers and street names, and did not intend to wake up any more Texans, who took .45 guns to bed with them to call out the fire department or to scare people to death. It was bad enough to call a sleepy engineer who'd throw a boot at me.

An Iron Pike in Borneo

By C. L. D. TAYLOR

I HAVE heard some strange excuses for delays, but the oddest of them all was *"Tida boleh, tuan; ada gajah"* (We can't go on, sir; wild elephants are on the line).

The engineer was right. A collision with a few tons of elephant would play havoc with a three-foot gage locomotive having only a twelve-foot wheel base—one of those funny bits of machinery such as Allied soldiers used to see clanking about behind the lines during the World War.

The incident occurred in Borneo, a very large island in the Pacific Ocean southwest of the Philippines.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" I asked the engineer.

"Not with elephants," he replied. "They come this way only once a year. But we often get water buffaloes, and they're worse. Nothing scares them off. Last week a twenty-foot python was stretched across the track digesting a wild pig he had swallowed whole. It took twelve men to drag him off."

We had to wait until next morning for the elephants to give us the right of way. Even then the "all clear" signal was a bit premature, for on rounding a bend in the track we saw the elephants again. At our noisy approach most of the herd bolted into the jungle, but one old bull stood his ground and openly defied us. The engineer whistled and the pachyderm replied by cocking his tail and spreading his large ears. It looked like stalemate, until the engineer opened the exhaust. The rush and hiss of steam were too much for that elephant's nerves. He turned and followed his friends.

They did no damage to railroad property, but they amused themselves by tearing branches off trees and laying them across the track. It took us half an hour to clear the line and get up enough steam pressure to go on.

This funny little railway runs from Lahad Datu, a town on the east coast of Borneo, to the tobacco estates at Segama, a distance of about ten miles through the jungle.

The railroad's chief function is to carry supplies and coolies to the estates

and bring back the produce. There is no set timetable; trains run when necessary. The train is made up of a dozen flat cars, usually loaded to capacity with the coolies, their families and belongings.

When a plantation owner travels, a rattan armchair is lashed to the rear car and a palm leaf shelter is erected over his head. The fuel is wood. This is piled on the first car. On the way down the engineer lightens ship by throwing out billets of wood on the side of the track, and on the return journey he retrieves them and stuffs them into the firebox.

In certain parts of the up journey where the gradient is steep, the load sometimes proves too much for the little engine and the wheels spin frantically without progress. At such times the passengers jump off and help push, meanwhile throwing gravel on the track to give the wheels a grip.

No fare is charged. No tickets are needed. If you grow tired of sitting, and don't mind the jungle leeches, you can always get off and trot along beside the train.

As there are no scheduled stops between Lahad Datu and Segama, there is not much danger of being left behind unless you drop asleep and fall out of your chair. On one occasion the coupling of the last car, on which I was riding, was missing and had been replaced by a knot of rattan. As we were rounding a corner on a steep up-grade the rattan parted. I found myself making an unpremeditated journey back to Lahad Datu.

Fortunately this car was equipped with a wheel brake, which I managed to screw down before it had got up too much speed. It was half an hour before the engineer discovered the car was missing, and steamed slowly back to pick me up. I was glad to see him again, for the sun was very hot and I had used most of my refreshment.

SOMETIMES the Segama River will rise eighteen or twenty feet in a few hours, flooding the track, but the gallant little engine carries on until water reaches the firebox. Then the passengers descend, shoulder their belongings and wade the rest of the journey. Engine and cars are rescued when the flood subsides.

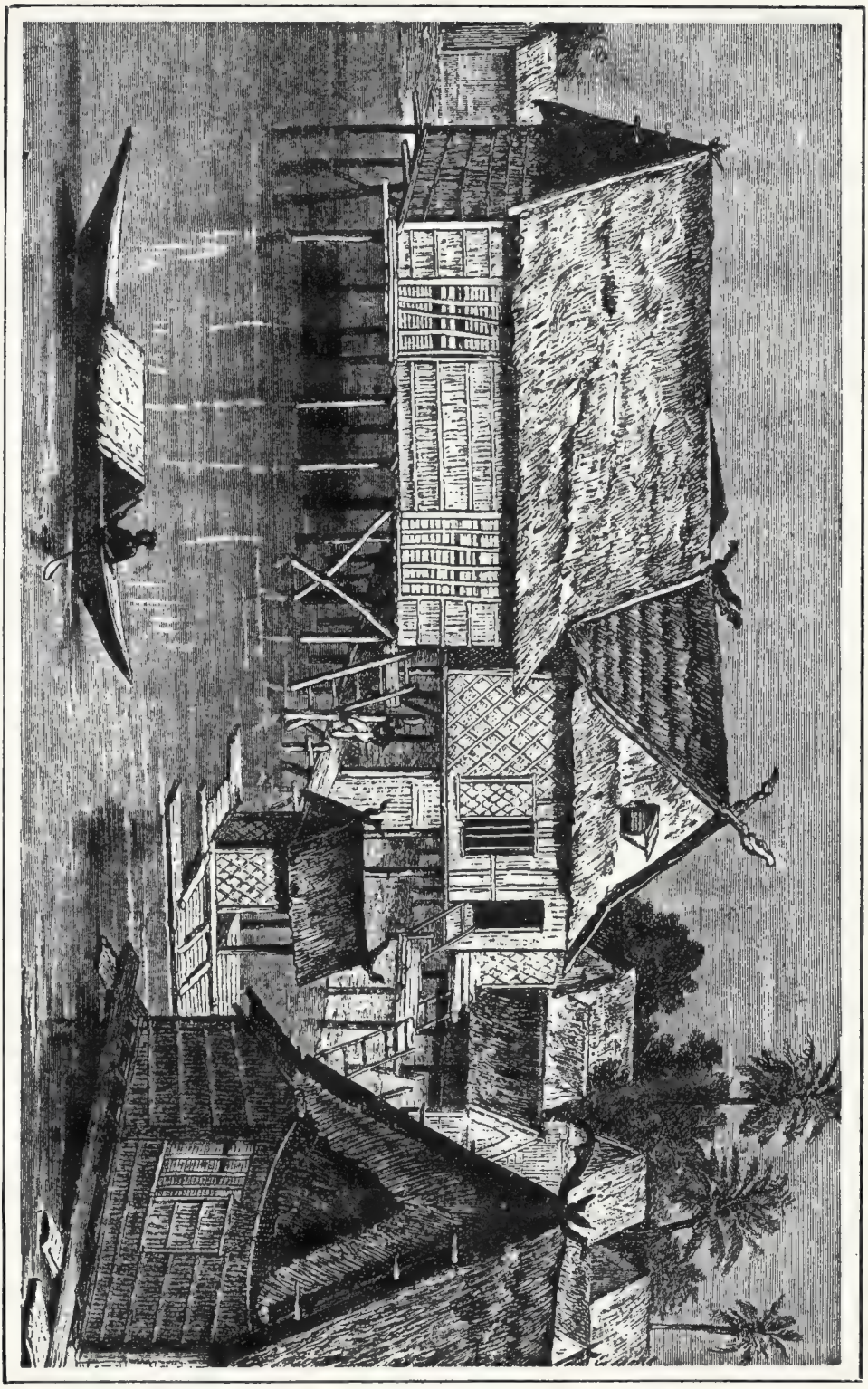
When it is necessary to water the engine, the engineer halts on a bridge over one of the numerous jungle streams. An empty kerosene tin is lowered into the water and the boiler is filled. After an interval to get up steam the train proceeds at its riotous five miles an hour.

Although the traffic superintendent insists that this five miles an hour limit shall not be exceeded, my last ten-mile journey on this line was accomplished in forty-five minutes.

I had to catch the weekly boat home to Sandakan, and the farewells at Segama being rather long and lavish, I found myself with little more than an hour in which to make the connection at Lahad Datu. I was the only passenger on that trip and— Oh, well, the traffic super was in bed with malaria and there was a five-dollar bill for the engineer if he got me there in time.

We left Segama at the regulation pace, but on taking the first down gradient we broke the coupling of the last two cars, loaded with lumber; and after that the engineer didn't need the incentive of my five dollars to make him speed up.

We rattled along at what was a dangerous pace for the little locomotive, gaining a hundred or so yards on the pursuing cars on the up-grades



Typical Village in Borneo. Maybe That Fellow in the Boat Is a Local Taxi Driver Who Meets All Trains

and losing them again on the downgrades. There was no chance of picking up fuel from the track. We had to do the best we could with what we had on board, and that included my armchair, which we broke up and fed into the firebox.

At the seventh mile the engineer pointed to the water gage, now perilously low. We could take our choice of blowing up or being overrun, and we chose the former.

Eventually we rocketed into Lahad Datu with about half a mile to spare. The engineer grabbed the five dollars and his fire rake. I seized my bag and started hot-foot for the wharf. The last thing I heard as I skipped out of the yard was the arrival of those timber trucks.

Yes, it's an interesting railway, and to those travel fans who like exotic jungle scenery I recommend the Lahad Datu-Segama line.

Railroad Rimes

DARKENED LIGHTS

I WANDERED through the "graveyard," Jim,
Where skeletons of engines lie;
And saw those rusting hulks, once prim;
It sorta made me want to cry.

Then all at once I saw her, Jim,
Our old Ten Hundred Forty-two.
Gone was her brass, her number dim,
And all about her tall weeds grew.

Into that rotting old cab, Jim,
I climbed as in the days of yore;
With something of my old-time vim
I opened wide the firebox door.

A ghostly fire seemed burning, Jim,
Its phantom heat caressed my face;
Then softly came our engine's hymn,
And lo! I saw you in your place.

Your left hand grasped the throttle, Jim,
While with your right you waved goodby
To laughing eyes beneath broad brim—
The girl we both loved, you and I.

And Alice loved us both, too, Jim;
Death stilled her heart ere she could choose.
What's that you say? Oh, light the glim—
Steam's going down—more leaky flues.

Seems like we're kinda floating, Jim,
As if those drivers spun on air.
Oh, sure, the tires just had a trim.
Why don't you smile? We'll soon be there.

I guess you'll have to stoke her, Jim.
I'm dizzy-like—and there's the hill;
Is that what makes you look so grim?
Speak! Jim—it seems so—awful—still.

Seems like it's getting foggy here.
Chill shadows—gather—all—about—
A voice—is—calling—soft and clear.
It's dark! Why, Jim—the headlight's out!

—Hadden James Smith.

* * *

THE FREIGHT TRAIN

I SAW her grow in sight: I watched her wind:
Superb, she took the curve and fetched the grade;
Superbly leaped the long-linked cars behind
The laboring locomotive, serving Trade.
With heavy, rhythmic wheel and flying truck
The hulking box-car, rolling flat-car, struck
A distant symphony from rails and ties,
The sounding-board of which was hills and skies.
A ground-bird rose and gained a tree and sang.
Nearer the rushing wheels and box-cars rang.
The Freight grew large beside a water-tank.
She took her stance, impatient, while she drank,
With a long sigh for all the miles she'd gone:
Then, newly gathering resonance, she rode on! —Harry Kemp in N. Y. Times.

International Engine Picture Club

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A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

MEMBERS in small towns, as a rule, have little difficulty in getting to places where they can get good shots of engines and trains. In most cases it is not even necessary to enter a railroad right-of-way to take a picture. But those in bigger places or in terminal points where the greatest assortment of pictures is possible have a problem on their hands. Railroads do not want and will not stand for having a bunch of camera men, no matter how enthusiastic they are, over-run their property. And you can't blame them. The following letter from T. O. Acree, of Cincinnati, states our point pretty well:

"If you want to take pictures of engines or complete trains around terminals where there are many tracks, electrically operated switches, turntables, ash pits, etc., do not ask trainmen, switchmen, foremen, or watchmen about it. They have absolutely nothing to do with it. Before making even a first attempt, go to the superintendent or manager of terminals, or whatever his title is, tell him what you want to do, why you want to do it, that you will assume all risk of being hurt and that you will not allow any of your pictures to be used in any way detrimental to the railroad. Have him give you a written permit to take photos and keep this permit with you. You may be stopped several times, but the permit from the big boss will let you by. If you are under 21 years of age have your father see the superintendent for you. for an official might not care to be responsible for issuing a permit to a minor."

* * *

FREE.—The Railway & Locomotive Historical Society has just printed six large photos of representative 4-4-0 or American type engines, with captions, on sheets of 15x17-inch heavy coated paper. One will be given free to any reader enclosing 3c in stamps—preferably two 1½c stamps. Write to the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., either at Baker Library, Harvard Business School, Boston, or to the New York Chapter, Box 434, Madison Square Station, N. Y. City.

* * *

J. R. ADAMS, 151 N. Gardner, Los Angeles, takes U. P., S. P., Santa Fe locos around L. A.

J. C. AHRENS, 508 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y. City., trades postcards of B. & O., Erie, C. & O., Va.-Cen., A. C. L. and others for Rock Island, Mo. P., and western roads.

A. ANDERSON, 331 Marion Ave., Webster Groves, Mo., has Frisco, Mo. P. trains.

H. E. ANDREWS, 137 Prospect Ave., N. Arlington, N. J., has postcards of Erie, P. R. R., D., L. & W., L. V., N. J. C. to trade or sell 10c ea., $1 a doz.; also 116 size steam and electric New Haven power. Has 5x7 glossy copies of builders photos from Baldwin catalog of 1871 for 15c. ea., 7 for $1. Send 5c for sample postcards (P. R. R. 2-8-0) and list.

G. ARNOUX, 92-45 219th St., Queens Village, N. Y., buys or trades for trolley photos of Long Beach, Catskill, Hudson, Auburn, Peekskill and Ossining, N. Y., and Danbury, Conn.; send for trolley list.

R. G. AVERILL, 155 Kimberley Ave., Springfield, Mass., has many old-timers, wreck and modern photos, 116 size 10c., 120 size 7c, postcard 15c and 5 x 7 size 25c; send 3c stamp for list. Wants photos of engines of Hardwick & Woodbury, White River, Sullivan Cy., Vt. Valley, Bristol, Woodstock, with dimensions.

C. W. BACHMAN, 228 Linden Ave., Jersey City, N. J., has C. R. R. of N. J.

C. H. BAKER, 375 Hyde Park Ave., Roslindale, Mass., starting; wants help.

I. BAKER, 1110 W. 61st St., Los Angeles, Calif., will sell 19 Lionel mags. for $1.25; trades 50 clippings for one street car photo or 10 transfers.

G. B. BALDWIN, 95 Harold St., Hartford, Conn., has "Railroad Stories" 1930 to date, 25c. ea., or trade for photos. Will take photos in his vicinity for others.

A. BAUER, R. 2, Box 354A, S. Bend, Ind., has 7 views of Grand Trunk wreck at S. Bend in 1932 to trade for other wreck or train views; send lists.

G. BEATER, 6456 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., wants Feb., April '30 "Railroad Stories."

R. C. BELL, 438 Clark St., Galesburg, Ill., wants Burlington, I. C., N. Y. C., N. P., P. R. R. streamlined power; will trade 38¼ x 2¼ colored drawing of U. P. 10000 for 2 good engine photos.

K. BERGLUND, Dickinson, N. D., will sell Official Railway Equipment Register of Dec. 1910 for best offer over $1.50; also has books and pamphlets, trade for engine snaps.

F. BLAIR, 2100 Nebraska Ave., Flint, Mich., draws engine pictures.

F. N. BLOUNT, 11 Wheaton St., Warren, R. I., will trade with anyone having photos of New Haven, B. & M., engine clippings and back issue of any railroad mag.; has 120, 116 and postcard prints. Wants to hear from New England fans to form "Rhochusetts Loco. Photo Club."

B. BOLIVAR, Lowville, N. Y., collects transfers, tokens, etc.

E. S. BOWERBANK, 139 Farnham Ave., Toronto, Canada, wants C. N. R. or C. P. R. photos taken at Kingston, Ont.; also N. Y. C. along Hudson.

J. BOWIE, JR., 3425 Hartford St., St. Louis, Mo., has 116 size of roads around St. Louis at 5c. ea., 25 for $1; send 10c for list and sample prints. Wants 116 negs. of C. & N. W. 2800 class, Milwaukee 6400, and Mo. P. 1699, 5501-40, 5301-16, 8602, 8658. Roster of Mo. P., P. R. R. for sale or trade for others.

L. F. BRAGG, 50 Garvan St., E. Hartford, Conn., trades or sells 116 size of New England trains, trolleys; free list.

R. CAMPBELL, 60-12-67th Ave., Ridgewood, Queens, N. Y., wants L. V. (N. Y. Div.) employees' timetable for 1934.

G. J. CAPDEVIELLE, 5354 Bond St., Oakland, Calif., has 116 size of Tonopah & Tidewater 1, 8-10, 99 at 10c each, 5 for 45c.

G. S. CHAMBERLAIN, 1137 N. Muscatel, San Gabriel, Calif., answers your photographic problems for postage.

C. V. COOK, 6121 Harrison Ave., Hammond, Ind., trades employees' timetables and engine photos, esp. for N. Y. C. system.

F. T. CRAWLEY, 28 Harrison Ave., Montclair, N. J., wants photos of I. C., B. & M., C. N. R., C. P. R.; buy or trade for Erie, D., L. & W., P. R. R., B. & O., C. R. R. of N. J.

L. R. CLORIN, Brookings, S. D., interested in C. & N. W.

E. S. COLE, 6433 Market St., Upper Darby, Pa., has 250 postcards of R. R. stations at 5c. ea.; 3 vols. "Encyclopedia of Railroading" to sell or trade for best offer street car tokens, tickets.

C. E. DE FOREST, 7141 S. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill., starting; has few Grand Trunk.

A. T. DOLAN, 187 Union St., Randolph, Mass., has photos and negs. of eastern engines, scenes, trolleys, etc. Write in what you want with stamps. Wants photos of Maine narrow gage, also descriptions.

F. DONOVAN, Pondville Hospital, Walpole, Mass., will pay freight on April, Nov., Dec., '33, and Jan. '34 "Railroad Stories"; write first; also wants negs. of P. R. R. 2-6-0, Mallets, and C. P. R. engines.

R. DOUGHERTY, 3821 111 St., Corona, L. I., N. Y., starting; wants any extra photos.

H. E. DRESS, R. 3, Box 138, Anaheim, Calif., wants 10 x 12 photo of 50-year-old B. & O. camelback engine out of Chicago.

E. B. ELDER, 3022 Mann Ave., Des Moines, Ia., will trade Rock Island train orders for back numbers "Railroad Stories" or train orders other roads.

P. ELLINWOOD, Le Roy, Kan., has timetables of M.-K.-T., Mo. P., C. of Ga., and many others; also has 19 and 31 orders for sale or trade.

P. S. ENRIQUEZ, Station Master, Manila R. R. Co., Naic, Cavite, Philippine Islands, wants colored photos suitable for mounting of the Milk and Honey Express of Egyptian State Rys., Orient Express and the Golden Arrow operated by Wagon-Lits, and the Transandine Express; will buy or trade with photos of locos, stations, scenes from U. S., English, Indian, S. African and European Rys. Has postcard size of stations and engines of Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch Ry. (smallest public Ry., 15-in. gage), and Darjeeling Himalayan Ry. Co. of India, to trade for old-time employees' and public timetables and old book of rules or instructions.

G. ERTH, 3547 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., has many 5 x 7 builders' photos at 10c ea. List and sample print of Chicago Hts. Term. Transfer 0-4-0, L. & P 2-6-2 or New Park & Fawn Grove 2-6-0 for dime and stamp; also has many rosters.

W. EWALD, 116 Albert St., Waterloo, Ont., Canada, has Canadian Official Ry. Guide to trade for U. P., S. A. R., N. Y. C., C. & O., G. N. pass. timetables; also has 6 other guides for what have you.

C. H. FABER, 3655 Garfield Ave., Detroit, Mich., trades snaps of Detroit United Interurbans for Mich. Ry. interurban equipment any kind.

H. H. FULTON, Lewis, Ia., trades Iowa Lines loco photos, incl. short lines and American type used 30 yrs. ago, for first class narrow gage and Colo. lines.

W. G. FULTON, R. F. D. 1, Oxford, Pa., has complete list Burlington timetables for Feb. '30 in book form, also, '01 Adams Express receipt; wants Scott's Standard Stamp Catalogue for '33 or '34 or U. P. engines.

R. GARWOOD, 649 A St., S. E., Washington, D. C., has N. Y. C. and G. T. W.; wants to hear from local fans.

L. P. GILLUM, 519 Claremont Ave., W., Chicago, Ill., has complete list of abandonments of all roads in U. S., Canada and Mexico in 1934 for 25c; also 1890 Atlas to swap for Official Guide before 1902, and '16 Official Guide for $2.50.

G. GOODHEAD, JR., 1623 S. Quincy Ave., Tulsa, Okla., wants new streamlined trains; will buy or trade airplane photos.

W. R. GORDON, 608 Cedarwood Terrace, Rochester, N. Y., has snaps of 2nd highest U. S. railroad bridge (Erie near Mt. Jewett, Pa.), to trade for any engine snaps.

L. GRAVES, Gen. Del., Mexico City, Mex., has engines of Rio Mayo R. R. of Mex., incl. wood burner.

R. G. GURLEY, 10 Allport Place, New Hartford, N. Y., will trade Utica, N. Hartford, Clinton interurbans for other street cars and interurbans, esp. abandoned upper N. Y. lines.

B. HALL, Box 627, Helper, Utah, wants old standard gage and modern narrow gage D. & R. G. W.

G. HARDY, 915 Broadway, Oakland, Calif., wants old "Baldwin Locomotives" or old Baldwin, American, Lima, etc., catalogs; will buy or trade 4 "Railroad Stories" for one.

J. HARRISON, Schoharie, N. Y., has 116 size of D. & H. Mallets, Lackawanna 1600, Erie 3300, 2900.

R. HARRISON, 620 75th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., collects L. I. R. R. engine, wreck and odd photos, clippings; write.

T. HARVEY, 1700 N. Main St., Salisbury, N. C., has 116 size Southern, Yadkin, C. & O., Monon., etc., to trade for Sandy River, W. W. & F., Kennebec Central, Aberdeen & Rockfish, other U. S. and foreign short lines; wants to form Southeastern Rail Fan League.

C. HEIN, 114 Monell Ave., Islip, N. Y., wants to hear from others starting; also wants L. I. Railroad.

T. H. HENNING, 4149 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, Ill., has 8 x 10 I. C. 1166 head-on, 35c; develops at 10c per roll, 3c per print, 5 x 7 enlargements 15c, 4 x 10 20c, 8 x 10 35c; takes photos around Chicago on order.

C. E. HESSELBAUM, 611 McCormick Bldg., 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., wants photos and historical data on C. A. & DeK., A. P. & J., E. A. & S. T., F. & I. U., Ill. Mid.; write first.

W. C. HYLAND, 6036 Ogantz Ave., Phila., Pa., will trade trolley and subway transfers for others; will send map of Phila. Rapid Transit Co. for 3 engine photos.

C. JOHNSON, 329 Jefferson St., c/o Camp Roosevelt, Oakland, Calif., will buy L. & A. 2-8-2, T. & P. 2-10-4, St. L. S. W. 4-8-4, K. C. S. 2-8-8-2, C. I. & M. 2-10-2 or any large freight power.

H. JOHNSON, JR., 5521 S. 50 St., S. Omaha, Neb., wants to hear from other beginners.

H. S. JOHNSTON, 1529 Arlington Dr., Salt Lake City, Utah, has D. & R. G. W., U. P., W. P., Santa Fe, D. & S. L., Burlington streamline and C. & S. 3-ft. gage to trade for any road, pref. narrow gage and Mallet types; also wants Official Guide between 1912-'19.

E. D. JONES, 639 Osborne Ave., Verdun, Que., Canada, has C. N. R., Harbour Commissioners Montreal, L. M. S., Me.C., P. M., Wab., C. P. R. No. 1, unloading "Royal Scot," and freight cars photos to sell or trade for other roads.

E. M. KATZER, 1120 Kentucky St., Vallejo, Calif., sells 116 size N. C. N. G. R. R., postcards N. C. N. G. and S. P. at 10c ea; send addressed card for list.

W. F. KAUTZ, Industry, Tex., starting, send lists; interested in old-timers and engines abandoned lines and U. S. steam roads. Has few S. P. photos; write.

O. R. KENYON, 530 E. 4th St., Wilmington, Del., wants 116 size negs., ¾ right view of P. R. R. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7, others; will buy or trade; write.

H. KIRKPATRICK, 1158 Washington St., Bath, Me., will sell or trade Me.C. train orders and employees' and public timetables of U. S. and Canada.

B. W. KOOB, Elroy, Wis., has 5 x 7 N. Y. C. 999, L. V. 657, W. P. & Y. 69; also postcard size modern C. & N. W., M. & St. L., G. N., Soo, Milwaukee power to trade for narrow gage or abandoned short lines, esp. in Maine; send lists.

H. W. LANGE, 2920 Berteau Ave., Chicago, Ill., wants clear photos of old L. S. & M. S. engines of 25 yrs. ago.

M. LANGHANS, Old Bridge, N. Y., needs Sea View, Marine, N. Y. & Rockaway Beach photos to complete Coney Island set.

H. W. LEHMAN, 112 N. Washington St., Naperville, Ill., will trade (for photos or negs.) any size of C. & N. W. Classes A, C5, L, M, Q, S2, S4.

W. J. LENOIR, R. 1, Box 76, W. Chicago,

Ill., has C. G. W. photos and data; wants to hear from other C. G. W. fans.

A. E. LIVINGSTON, 1263 Webb Rd., Lakewood, O., wants "Railroad Stories" Apr., May, June, Aug., Sept., Oct. '32, and Apr. '33.

LOCOMOTIVE PHOTOGRAPH CO., Box 6354, W. Market St. Sta., Philadelphia, Pa., will give free 4 x 5 photos of new B. & M. 4-8-2 with each $1 order until June 1.

M. J. LONG, 10 Carvel Hall, Norfolk, Va., wants old Florida Southern narrow gage locos and S. Fla. lines photos.

I. MALLORY, JR., 104 Pennington St., Newark, N. J., has over 200 clippings from "Railroad Stories" to trade for side views B. & O. 5309, B. & A. 605, C. & O. 3000 series.

H. C. MARTZ, 700 E. 6 St., St. Paul, Minn., starting; send lists.

C. MAYER, 92 Wilson Blvd., Islip, L. I., N. Y., has Oct. '33 "Railroad Telegrapher"; Oct. '32, Nov. '33 "Railroad Trainman"; engine photos and western mags., to trade for "Railroad Stories" before June '33 or what have you.

D. J. McLAUGHLIN, 1 Evans Ave., Oceanside, N. M., has several air, detective and sport mags. to swap for back issues "Railroad Stories"; also wants to swap various-sized photos for postcards of Colo. Midland.

M. MILLER, Cottage Grove, Ind., has all 1934 "Railroad Stories" for best offer; wants Cen. Ind. and short roads in Ill., Ohio; send lists.

R. MONACO, P. O. Box 383, Weston, Mass., buys photos; send lists.

H. MONTGOMERY, 417½ N. Parton St., Santa Ana, Calif., wants late P. R. R. 2-8-2, 4-8-2 and 4-6-2.

S. J. MYREGAARD, 43 Charles St., Jamestown, N. Y., starting.

PACIFIC PICTURE CLUB, Box 158, Beaumont, Calif., has S. P. engines for sale.

L. K. PENNINGROTH, R. R. 14, Box 266, St. Louis County, Mo., collects G. N. trains and locos.

H. PHILLIPS, Millis, Mass., wants "Railroad Man's" 1907-'19.

W. POMRENKE, 3616 Bosworth Ave., Chicago, starting; would like extra photos.

B. QUINN, 2128 W. 80 St., Los Angeles, Calif., wants photo of N. Y. C. 4-6-4.

C. J. REGENSBURGER, 2145 N. 3 St., Philadelphia. Pa., has 21 issues "Model Craftsman" and 23 Lionel Mags., to trade for postcard or 130 size negs. of U. S. roads; make offer. Also has 3 x 5 of many eastern roads, 3 for 25, 8 for 50c; free list.

L. W. RICE, 5929 4 St. N. W., Washington, D. C., wants "Baldwin Locomotives" for Oct. '22; July '23; Apr., July '24; Jan., July '26; July '27; Oct. '28; July '29; write first. Has "Railroad Stories" for Dec. '29; Feb., Oct. '30; July, Sept.-Dec. '31; all 1932 exc. Dec., and all '33, '34; also 3¼ x 5½ of B. & O., P. R. R., C. R. R. of N. J., Reading locos, 10c ea.

F. H. RICHARDSON, 29 3 St., W. Barrington, R. I., wants "Railroad Stories" Dec. '29-Feb. '33 inc. except Feb., Apr., May, Aug., Nov. '30; will trade 100 116 size B. & M. and 50 New Haven photos for lot, or pay cash. Have many B. & M. photos, trade or sell at 5c ea.

G. RICHARDSON, 8 Summit St., E. Orange, N. J., trades D. L. & W. suburban timetables for timetables of small and obsolete pikes.

E. W. REITER, Shelly, Pa., has Oct. Nov., Dec. '32; all '33; all '34 exc. May "Railroad Stories"; 1 old annual P. & R. pass.; 1 large photo of head-on in front of tower; all for $3.

P. S. ROSS, 30 Brackenbury St., Malden, Mass., buys old and modern B. & M. photos; wants copy "Maintenance of Way Cyclopedia" any year; will buy or hire 16 mm film showing R. R. scenes.

A. M. RUMP, 8 Milton Place, Upper Russell St., Brighton, 1, England, sells postcards of "Flying Scotsman," "Royal Scot" and other British locos and trains (some with specifications) at 7c ea., or trade for any postcards U. S. ultra-modern power, esp. Mallets and high speed pass.

W. V. RUSSELL, 404 N. Broom St., Wilmington, Del., has many 2½ x 4¼ photos of P. R. R.; buys or trades 2½ x 4¼ negs. of same; deals only with P. R. R.

C. SCHILLEN, 755 Clark St., St. Paul, Minn., wants Burlington, Rock Island, C. & N. W. and other Midwest roads; buys clear 116 or 118 negs. 6 for $1.

P. SCHREIFELS, Waite Park, Minn., has 34 copies of "G. N. Semaphore" to trade; enclose stamp for reply.

E. SCHUSTER, 4311 Clybourne Ave., Cleveland, O., wants employees' timetables for local divs. all roads entering Cleveland and Akron, O.; has "Official Guides" any month 1905-'14.

R. SELLON, 1014 N. Palm Ave., Burbank, Calif., has P. R. R., B. & O., Santa Fe, many others to trade for modern power or trains, esp. P. R. R. 5400's and C. & N. W.

J. SLEGER, 800 14 St. S. E., Cedar Rapids, Ia., wants postcard or 116 size of C. & N. W. 4-4-2, 0-6-0, 0-8-0; send list.

K. M. SMITH, 459 N. Town St., Fostoria, O., will trade engine photos, postcards, data, etc., with railroaders in Russia or nearby countries.

M. J. STEARNS, 7 Sewall St., Livermore Falls, Me., wants Me.C. 106, 123, 221, 316, 1204; S. R. & R. L. 15, 21; old P. & R. F.; other Maine fans, write.

A. L. STEIN, 168 Kohler St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada, has 116 size Algoma Central, Temiskaming & Mo., C. P. R., C. N. R., Soo Line, South Shore; roundhouse interiors, snow scenes; 10c for 2 samples and list.

E. STRICKEY, Blackshear, Ga., has "Railroad Stories" Nov., Dec. '34; Jan., Mar., Apr. '35; also detective mags. and boys' books to trade for movie picture projector and reel of film "Oil Model."

R. STRINE, 822 Wayne Ave., York, Pa., buys clear side views of Mallets, foreign, streamlined, camelback and tank locos; send lists and sample.

J. A. STULB, P. O. Box 426, Augusta, Ga., trades old and modern locos, and old timetables.

B. SYVERSON, Wakpala, S. D., wants Milwaukee F-6, S-1; will pay 25c for Oct. '33 "Railroad Stories."

F. D. TRACY, 98 Rose Hill Gardens, New Rochelle, N. Y., will send 3 different timetables free to anyone enclosing stamp.

R. W. TRAXLER, Box 124, La Place, Ill., will sell 3¼ x 5½ of C. I. & W. 204 and one C. I. & W. wrecker at work for 15c; taken in 1916.

H. F. VAN HORN, Palisade, Minn., has 50 different 116 size photos small roads, trade or sell; 8c stamps for list and sample.

J. VAN RIPER, 1203 S. El Molino Ave., Pasadena, Calif., wants engine photos of Mo. Midland (now part of M-K-T).

J. VOLLKOMMER, 45 Sumner Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., has many Western engines, old timetables; will trade few for engine hauling C. & N. W.'s "Northwestern Ltd.," and Santa Fe's "Chief."

F. WADSWORTH, 392 Catharine St., N., Hamilton, Ont., Canada, interested in narrow-gage.

R. WAGNER, Star Route Box 3, Elsinore, Calif., wants photo first train on Calif. Southern, or other photos of this road.

W. R. WIEGAND, R. 2, Box 226, Plainview, Neb., offers 25 back "Railroad Stories" for $1.50.

H. M. WILLIAMS, Box 254, Easley, S. C., has "Railroad Stories" Dec. '30 to date, except Oct. '33, to trade for old coins, stamp magazines or best cash offer.

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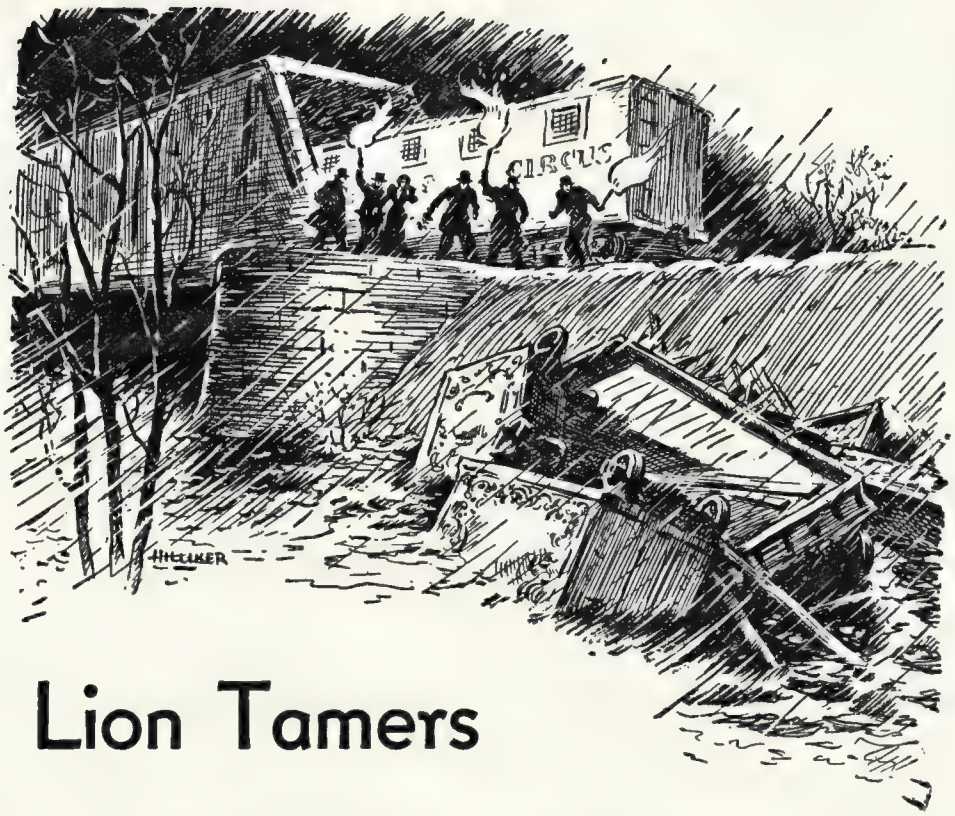
Proposed Abandonments

Minneapolis & St. Louis: according to latest reports, about 600 miles will be abandoned, and the rest of the road will be divided among the Burlington, Illinois Central, Chicago Great Western, Chicago & North Western, Wabash, Rock Island, Great Northern and Milwaukee. Further details in future issue.

Boyne City, Gaylord & Alpena, Boyne Falls to Alpena, Mich., 84 miles. Tionesta Valley, Sheffield Jct. to Hailton, Pa., 17 miles. Toledo & Western (electric), Toledo, O., to Adrian, Mich., 31 miles (authorized).



Lion Tamers

The Story of a Rawhiding Trainmaster and a Circus Wreck on the Old Southwestern

By E. S. DELLINGER

Ex-Brakeman, Mo.P. and Frisco; Author of "Vengeance," etc.

EARLY in April about forty years ago, trickling waters from spring freshets gnawed props from under an Ozark limestone ridge in the Southwestern right-of-way and let the Florida merchandise freight trains pile up in Vengeance Hole.

After the wreck was over, Engineer Rud Randall was taken to the hospital in Wellfield. What was left of Conductor Travis slid to the depths under tons of débris, and the rest of the crew rode behind the hearse to the green knoll above Wellfield roundhouse.

While Randall was out, shrewd directors of the Southwestern Railway determined to "muscle in" on fruit business from Gulf ports for the Northwest. This was a growing traffic on which their rival, the T. & K., had hitherto held complete monopoly.

Fruit being hot-shot stuff, wise ones figured they must speed up traffic through the Ozarks. They bought new engines, cleaned out the division offices, and imported a crew of hard-boiled "brass hats" (officials) from across the river. The newcomers were instructed to build a fire under the "bull-herders"—the train and engine men, who according to official belief had been maliciously delaying trains through the hills.

The chief " fire-builder " was Trainmaster Rudolph, a 290-pound battering-ram of loud-mouthed Dutchman who had gentled a wild bunch over on the L. & N. and loudly boasted he could do the same thing in the Ozarks.

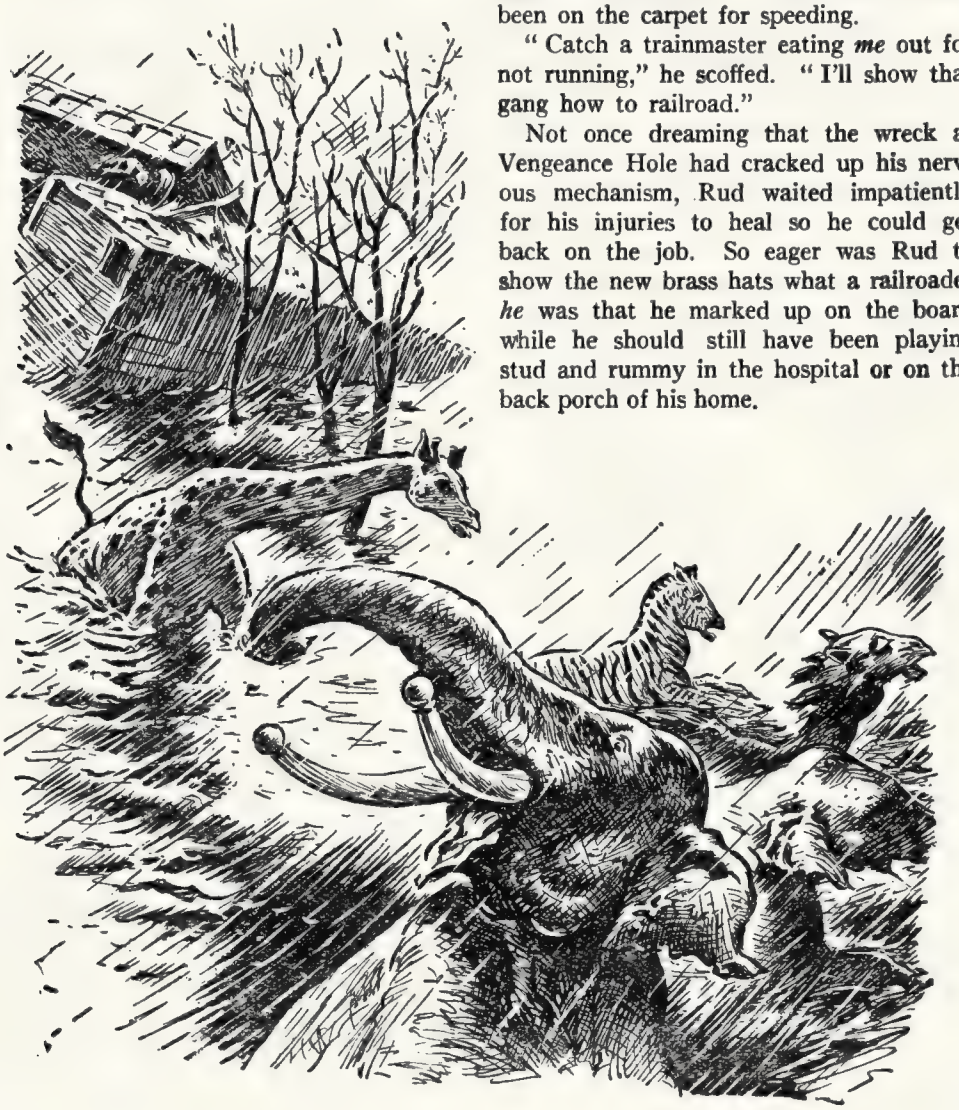
Within a week he fired Snag Bodin and Jim Potter for failure to make schedule, threw out the grievance committee which came to his office protesting, dusted his hands on checkered trousers, tilted a brown derby over a bad eye, and told the boys he aimed to fire every bull-herder who used more than five hours flat on a fruit train from Sayre to Wellfield.

Rumbling battle echoes reached the convalescent ward. Rud Randall smiled knowingly. Secretly he reckoned the office might find *some* things to fire him for, but one of them would not be refusing to make time with hot-shot freight.

Night after night before the wreck, Rud had ridden the Memphis meat train down steep grades on open throttle, crashed bridges at an eighty-mile clip, and made the hill beyond with scarcely a slowing in speed. Nine times in three years he had been on the carpet for speeding.

" Catch a trainmaster eating *me* out for not running," he scoffed. " I'll show that gang how to railroad."

Not once dreaming that the wreck at Vengeance Hole had cracked up his nervous mechanism, Rud waited impatiently for his injuries to heal so he could get back on the job. So eager was Rud to show the new brass hats what a railroader *he* was that he marked up on the board while he should still have been playing stud and rummy in the hospital or on the back porch of his home.



Late in July, Rud took his first call for a southbound drag. Long before leaving time he was at the roundhouse, puttering about the driving gear like a kid inspecting a new toy.

Soon the fireman came swaggering up the cinders. He was a new man. He was wearing a red bandanna knotted mammy fashion. On his left shoulder he carried a scoop; in the right hand a small black bag. Wide mouth cracked in a friendly grin, he dropped his bag to the cinders and extended a huge fist.

"Hicks is the name, hogger," he breezed. "Boomer Hicks."

Rud measured the fireman with practiced eye. "I'm Randall," he said, grinning because he knew that when Boomer Hicks fired an engine there'd probably be plenty of steam to make the wheels turn. Rud liked his fireman.

He did not like the train he drew. There were six cars of company coal with a dead switch-engine cut in behind three of them. That was not hot-shot freight. He eyed them contemptuously.

Shorty Snyder brought the flimsies. "Glad to see you back, Randall."

"There's two glad ones," said Rud.

"I didn't think when we brought you up from Travis Hollow you'd ever be back."

"It takes more than a wreck to kill a hill-billy."

Boomer winked at the conductor. Rud checked orders. He had a message:

To con. and engr. exa No. 151 south. Do not exceed speed of twenty miles per hour acct. moving dead engine in train.—M. G. M.

Rud thrust the slip under the conductor's nose. "Does that mean what it says?"

"Reckon it does."

"I thought this new bunch had come to build a fire under—"

Shorty interrupted with: "Wait till yuh get a banana train out of Sayre, smart boy."

RUD had not long to wait. He obeyed the message, loafing along at twenty miles an hour. Shortly after midnight he approached Vengeance Hole.

There was a peculiar throbbing in his chest. The veins of his neck distended. He watched his headlight play over the new bridge, over the black water in whose edge he had lain through eternity. He shuddered, laughed shortly and drove on through the night.

At 7.30 in the morning he reached Sayre, tired and sore. That evening he was called for a banana extra at 5.40 with engine No. 643. The 643 was one of the new Baldwin 4-4-0's with 16 by 24 cylinders and 69-inch drivers.

"She looks like a high steppin' baby," Rud said to Boomer.

"She'll run, big boy!" the fireman assured him confidently.

They went out to the spur. At 5.35 the 641 led sixteen white reefers up the main. Smoke was fogging from two hot boxes. Car knockers pounced on them, changing brasses, repacking, cooling. No. 641 cut off and went to the house. Rud backed the 643 into her place. A brakeman coupled the hose on three air cars and went to the caboose.

Hot sun crawled toward the treetops. Not a breath of air stirred. Shorty did not come with the orders. Rud and Boomer Hicks left the hot cab and sat in the shade of the tank. Boomer told about some fast runs he had made down in Alabama. He flipped cinders at a B. & O. box car.

"Have yuh seen the Lion Tamer?" he asked Rud. "The new trainmaster?"

"No." Rud laughed softly. "They tell me he cracks the whip."

"Brother, he *thinks* he does." Boomer tucked a blond curl under the red bandanna. "I worked under him over on the L. & N. The big slob fired me."

"What's the matter? Couldn't you keep 'em hot?"

Boomer looked pityingly at the engineer. "Brother, when I can't keep 'em hot, no trainmaster's gonna have to fire me."

"No?"

"Nope. He didn't fire me for not keepin' 'em hot. His excuse was Rule G. His reason, I gave him a nickname he couldn't shake." The fireman chuckled.

"Lion Tamer?"

"Yep. Lion Tamer. Yuh see, it was this way, Randall," he explained. "Barney Rudolph always thought he was hard. But no matter how hard they are, they've all got soft spots in 'em. Rudolph's soft spot shows up when Jingling Brothers Circus comes to town last summer. He proceeds to fall madly in love with a female animal trainer, a green-eyed dame that does a lion act."

"Yeah?" Rud was interested.

"Yep. I goes to the circus, sees the act, sees ol' Rudolph mushin' around, an' I proceeds to hang it on him. Like most hard guys, this Rudolph can give it but he can't take it. He blows up. Man, does he blow up! First time he sees me takin' a little drink he calls me on the rug an' fires me for Rule G. The big bully! Hadn't been for him, I'd 'a' been runnin'—"

"I don't see how any woman in the world can love a guy like that."

RUD hushed abruptly. They were sitting with their backs toward the pilot. A shadow fell squarely between them. Rud remembered that the shadow had been there many seconds. He looked up.

A huge, swarthy, bull-necked, square-jawed chap with a brown derby and a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache was towering over him.

The two enginemen arose. Boomer glowered at the newcomer. Rud grinned sheepishly. The stranger gave the fireman a dirty look and turned to the engineer.

"Are you Randall?"

Rud needed no tutor to tell him he was talking to the Lion Tamer himself. He muttered: "Yeah. I'm Randall—"

The official eye glittered balefully. "Are you a engineer? Or another one of these bull-herders the Southwestern expects me to move traffic with?"

"I've made a few trips."

"If the one last night was a sample—"

Rud was hot under the collar. "I had a message leaving Wellfield not to exceed twenty miles an hour."

"Well," the Lion Tamer pointed a big finger at the engineer. "You ain't gettin' any such message out of here tonight. Understand? You're on a pawpaw train. It's goin' to leave town an hour late because that worthless train crew on the south end let the hot boxes go. I want it in Wellfield on time."

The Lion Tamer headed toward town. Stiff hairs showed on his thick neck like bristles. The earth shook under his heavy tread.

Boomer said: "Phew! He's sure hot an' bothered! An' is he gonna love you?"

"As much as I love him," snapped Rud. "Come on, let's go."

Shorty Snyder brought two orders. One told them to run "extra Sayre to Wellfield with right over all except first class," and put them on a schedule five hours flat. They were leaving Sayre an hour and ten minutes late.

"They expect us to make that up, do they?" Rud wanted to know.

"They do." The conductor shrugged.

Rud scanned the other order. Its number was 23. It told them to "wait at Glenwood until 9.05 for No. 55, Eng. No. 649." He flipped the flimsies to Boomer and said curtly:

"We'll be waiting there, all right."

"Yeah." Shorty was a skeptic. "You *may* be waitin' there then, if you ain't waitin' a helluva while longer under a pile of bananas in somebody's cornfield."

Rud swung into the cab.

For thirty miles out of Sayre, the track bends up hill and over flats. Even with banana tonnage, it is not a speedway. But from Gorley, the country changes. The Southwestern crosses five parallel valleys—Bear Creek, Boulder Creek, Green River, Shelton Creek and Wind River. Tracks swoop into and out of each valley on a winding two percent grade three or four miles in length.

THE Lion Tamer went up to the dispatcher's office to watch the train sheet. Extra 643 made up a little time, a minute Sayre to Crosstie, two minutes Crosstie to

Eldon, three minutes Eldon to Gorley. Mr. Rudolph chewed at a stogie and spat it into the waste basket.

"I thought you told me this Randall was an engineer," he barked at the dispatcher, M. G. Manning. "Engineer, my eye! He's made up only six minutes in thirty miles."

"Nobody makes time on this end of the road," Manning soothed. "Wait till he gets up around Barnett, and Rover, and Glennwood. Then listen in."

Mr. Rudolph waited, walking the floor. When a train went into a valley at rule-book speed, it always crawled out at ten minutes to the mile. That was the safe way. It was the way Pop Bain had tried to train his boys to do it, especially after some of the wild ones had taken trains into a valley and not brought them out.

It was not that way the new bunch wanted it done, because it was not the way to clip an hour and ten minutes off a five-hour schedule with hot-shot bananas.

SHORTLY after moonrise the banana train topped a hump, running thirty miles an hour, aud turned through the sag leading down to Bear Creek Hill. The brakeman came off his platform with a hickory club.

Rud said: "Let 'em ride, Carson. We've got a little air tonight."

Carson grinned knowingly and agreed. "Okay, hogger!"

He "decorated." That is, he got out on top of the cars. The hind man's light was showing at the caboose. Rud called Boomer across the deck.

"Know where we are, fireboy?"

"Not exactly."

"We're coming to a little hill. We're going down and up. Savvy?" He indicated with a swoop of the left hand. "I always let 'em drift to the curve two miles down and then start working on 'em."

"I get you!" Boomer waved a wise hand, went filling the Baldwin up with coal and water.

Rud pushed the handle into the boiler head. He was just a little uneasy. Very clearly he recalled that before his wreck, tipping one of these steep grades had given him a pleasant thrill. Tonight there was a thrill but it was not exactly pleasant.

He was remembering what Shorty had said about a pile of bananas in somebody's cornfield. He was also remembering an engine and some freight cars in a black hole with water rising over it. He snorted, "Fiddlesticks!" and laid his left wrist on the throttle lever, put his feet against the boiler head, and began whistling.

Some of those old Baldwin jacks with no trailer wheels were rough riders. The No. 643 was a "sun-fishin' son-of-a-gun." A mile down the hill she was knocking fifty. The front end was wobbling and the hind end was kicking up. Rud dropped his feet and let a little air under the wheels, not much, but enough to stop the wobble. The Baldwin steadied.

After that he left his feet flat on the floor, leaned forward to watch the track leap out of the night, to watch green oaks take shape and hurtle by him, to watch his smoke flatten back over sixteen reefers glistening in the moonlight.

A half-mile above the curve, he was hitting sixty. The curve was not bad. He had taken it faster than that lots of times. Never with a sun-fishin' Baldwin. His fingers itched and twitched over the brake valve. He let it ride, looked over at the fireman.

Boomer, evidently taking that look as a signal to get to work, laid in some more coal and cut down the injector. No. 643 took the curve, swung right, settled left, swayed gently.

Rud drew a long breath, cracked his throttle, listened to the chuckle of the exhaust. As the slack ran out, he began working on her in earnest. He forgot about the banana pile in the cornfield. He knew that the way to get out of Bear Creek Valley was to *ramble* out.

Sparks raining to the heavens, he took the bridge well over seventy. Steel sang a whining, high-pitched tune. Drivers crashed. The scooping apron jostled. The cab bucked like the lodge goat at initiation.

Across the valley he roared. He thundered up the hill toward Barnett—and made up seven minutes in eleven miles.

When they topped the grade, Boomer wiped sweat from a sooty face, and shouted: "I got to hand it to yuh, hogger. You're one high-wheelin' rambler."

Rud smiled and kept on rolling.

IN the dispatcher's office, Rudolph walked and chewed a stogie and swore. A sounder called the dispatcher, "DS—DS—DS." Manning grabbed the key, whispered to the trainmaster: "Listen to this!"

Mr. Rudolph tilted the derby and listened. The wire talked rapidly.

Exa 643 showing Barnett.

The trainmaster jerked out his watch, slammed it back into his pocket, leaped off the table, spat out the stogie and roared: "That's more like it! Dammit! That's the way I want these bull-herders to railroad!"

Manning checked a train sheet. The rate the banana train was running, wait order would stab it three or four minutes at Glennwood. He expected Rud to take water at Rover. He called the Rover operator, and put out two orders.

RUD came across Boulder Valley, just as he had run Bear Creek. In ten miles he gained six minutes. He checked his water coming up the grade and figured he'd go to Glennwood. He did not change his mind when he saw the order board out for him at Rover. He went down the steps to get the tissue.

There were no order hoops in those days. An operator rolled a flimsy or folded it flat, held it between two fingers and let the man on the engine fish for it.

Rud did not slow down. He held to the grab-iron, pulled the cap over his eyes, made the catch and came into the deck with a clearance and two orders. Opening the firebox door, he held a flimsy against the light and read:

Order No. 23 annulled.

Order No. 23 was the wait order. He read the other.

No. 5 eng. 79 take siding, meet exa 643 north at Ludwig.

"Helen tarnation!" the engineer yelled. "They sure give a man the road with these pawpaws, don't they?"

He shoved the orders toward the fireman, slid back into his seat and whistled *wha—whaaa!*

From Rover to Glennwood was thirteen miles. Green River was halfway between. Grades into and out of Green River were the controlling grades for the hundred-forty miles of the Ozark Division. Whatever tonnage a given engine could handle across this trough, it would take over the rest of the line.

Because it was the controlling grade, the hardest hill to make, and because there was a bigger stake in precious minutes on the way they played it, daredevil runners took longer chances, fell down the hill a little faster and worked the engine a little harder than they did on any other of the four heavy grades.

Rud roared through Rover and turned down Coon Creek. Memory flashed before him scenes of other years,* scenes etched deeply in the fabric of his brain. . . . A fanatical father cursing a railroad as a thing of evil and calling down heavenly vengeance upon it. . . . His own contempt for paternal narrowness. . . . Gyp Travis' years of petty, thieving in a pitiful attempt to avenge a fancied wrong. . . . That wreck at Vengeance Hole, where Gyp had gone out on the last long run, and he himself had barely dodged the Great Caller.

This Green River country had been Rud's boyhood home. Now, about the boyhood home of any youth reared in the hill country, nurtured in the lap of mountain superstition, is a keen sense of premonition. Rud felt that something terrible was about to happen.

He whistled and stood up. He tinkered with the lubricator. He looked back over

*See "*Vengeance*," *May, 1935*, RAILROAD STORIES.

the sixteen white reefers, remembered that fool crack of Shorty's about "a pile of bananas in somebody's cornfield." Tim Sullivan had corn in that bottom field beyond Green River Bridge, didn't he? The engineer was thinking too much.

"Jiminy crickets!" he muttered thickly. "What's eatin' on me, anyhow?"

The roar of wheels grew louder. The flash of side-rods faster. The engine was beginning to weave. Boomer Hicks looked at his fire and at Rud. The engineer did not glance around. It was his intention to shut off when he was running fifty-five, and start drifting.

He did not know the fireman was near him until Boomer clapped a hand on his knee. Then he jumped up, shut off and grabbed the brake valve. Boomer commenced laughing.

"I'll whistle next time I come to town, hogger," he said. "I didn't know you had nerves."

Rud was as red as a maiden schoolma'am caught with a paper-backed volume of *Deadwood Dick* under her pillow.

Boomer's eyes were twinkling. "Is this Green River Hill?" he queried.

"Yes. Green River."

"Do we let 'em roll down this one an' run 'em up like we did the others?"

"Same system," said Rud, "only a helluva lot faster."

BOOMER built his fire. He could scarcely stand in the deck now, because the cab was weaving one way and the tank floor the other. The scooping apron kept up a continuous squeaking seesaw. Boomer stuck his scoop and climbed to the window.

Rud looked at his watch. He would make up five minutes in eight miles between Rover and Travis Hollow. He put back the watch and stood up while the engine rolled a thousand feet.

The bell rope swayed. It tickled the back of his neck and sent shivers crawling down his spine. He swore viciously, grabbed the bell rope and stopped it from swaying. The brass bell itself glistened in the moonlight. When wheels hit low joints they rang a gentle *ting-ng-ng-ng*.

At seventy miles an hour the Baldwin took the first curve. The second one was going out of the deep cut onto Green River Bridge. The cab went right and rolled back left. Boomer swore he could have picked wild strawberries off the ground from the cab window. When he swallowed his heart so he could, he shouted:

"Does this damn railroad keep featherbeds down here by the bridge, hogger?"

"Hell, no!" Rud shouted back. "But Tim Sullivan's got a nice soft cornfield,"

Coal spilled down from the back of the tank. It brought the extra clinker hook with it. The hook hit Boomer's scoop and started it skidding.

Rud, keyed to fever pitch, heard the sound, whirled, saw it going out. He leaped for it, slipped on the scooping apron, almost went head-first into the right-of-way. But he saved the scoop and brought it back.

His dim headlight found the upper end of the long cut. Rud cracked the throttle once more. The slack went out. He opened wider and wider. The raging torrent of exhaust roared through the Ozark night.

Boomer went down to scoop coal. He could scarcely keep his feet, but he had to do it, because he knew No. 643 was going to get worked on in a way such as she had never known in her brief career.

Through the cut they hurtled. They hit the curve above the bridge, stayed right side up and on the rails. Rud sat down again. Boomer poured coal on the bare spots.

They swished through the overhead bridge, running close to ninety miles an hour. Ninety miles an hour on track straight as a string for more than two miles. Ninety miles an hour, and they didn't know there was a hole in the track where it crossed the old slough! Nobody knew it, because that hole had not been there until the wild bunch on No. 56 had knocked the ballast out from under it an hour ago.

Rud drew full even breaths. He looked out over Tim Sullivan's cornfield, and muttered: "No banana pile in you tonight, old cornfield!"

HE was chuckling about that when his pilot wheels went into the hole—*fell* into it and jumped out. The smile was a frozen grin when the drivers struck it.

The Baldwin pitched and kicked. She cavorted and sunfished. The hinges broke off the scooping apron. The apron went heavenward and hurled Boomer into the coal pile.

One thing only registered in Rud Randall's startled brain: *He was going into the ditch again!* Nothing could keep him out. Nothing, yet a frantic wrist flipped the brake valve. The black hand fell off the air gage. Air hissed and whistled. Cars jumped and buckled. One by one they came over the hole. The train stopped.

When the fireman came out of the coal pile, profanely spitting blood and dust, the engineer was sitting straight up like a white wax dummy. He was in no hurry now. He was not pumping off the brakes nor trying to get the train moving.

Boomer asked: "What'n hell did we hit back there, hogger?"

Rud did not answer. He did not try to get out of the seat. His stiff hand was on the empty brake valve. The reverse was on center. The throttle was shut. The engine was howling like a thousand monkeys in the jungle.

Boomer caught him by the shoulder and shook him. "What's the matter, Randall?" came the anxious query. "Did something hit you? Did you crack your head on the cab frame?"

"I—I don't know," mumbled the engineer. "Did we—didn't we—turn over?"

"No, no! We didn't turn over. We're all right. Never even got a wheel off the track. Let's get out of here an' get goin'. Here comes Shorty now."

The conductor arrived. He was preaching. "The half-baked, clabber-headed, brainless wonder! Coming into this valley a thousand miles an hour. I'll show him! I'll hang my lantern around his neck. I'll drape him to the smokestack with the bell rope! I'll—"

Those were some of the promises in Shorty's sermon, but when he saw Rud sitting in the window with Boomer standing over, he did not fulfill any of them.

He didn't say a word about falling out of the cupola, nor about the water barrel turning turtle and giving him a shower bath. He didn't mention his reports with kerosene all over them, nor the right-hand caboose marker lost somewhere back by the slough.

Instead, he laid a brotherly hand on Rud's shoulder and asked the fireman: "What's the matter with him? What hit him?"

Boomer didn't know but was beginning to guess. He and Shorty got Rud out of the seat, helped him down the engine steps. They walked him through the dew. At the end of three or four minutes, he began answering questions. No, nothing had hit him. No, he wasn't hurt.

"Reckon—reckon I must have just—kinda gone dopey," he admitted.

Shorty and Boomer joshed him. They called him our brave engineer. Our high-wheelin' son-of-a-gun. Rud didn't laugh. And when Rud didn't laugh they quit their foolishness. At length they had him back in the cab pumping off brakes, getting ready to start up to Glennwood.

Shorty and Boomer chattered excitedly about their close call, wondered how many wild sunflowers the "ol' 643 picked off the right-of-way while she was running wrong side up."

Soon Shorty was figuring what alibi he could give to account for twenty-five minutes' delay around Travis Hollow. He *couldn't* charge it to "Waiting for engineer to recover from severe fright." Not at all. Conductors don't turn in such reports to brass hats when they can make any other.

Before the brakes were off, Shorty had his inspiration. "Tell you what we'll do, fellers," he said. "I'll leave Jack here with a flag against that hole in the track. Then I'll write up the delay, 'Investigating dangerous track; and reduced speed climbing out of the Green River Valley.' See?"

The men saw. They recalled that somewhere in the book was a rule which instructed trainmen encountering track con-

ditions dangerous to following trains to "stop, investigate, leave a flag, and report to the superintendent."

There and then Shorty thanked the Lord for that rule, and although he had not recalled it since passing his examination, and even though he knew there was not a train within thirty miles of him, he sprinted toward the rear to break the news to Jack.

ROVER OS'd the bananas through at 8.47. Trainmaster Rudolph rubbed gleeful hands, glowered at Dispatcher Manning, reckoned that maybe there was *one* engineer on the Ozark Division. Thus consoled, he went home to bed.

Manning expected Glennwood to report No. 643 showing around 9.05. At 9.10, he called.

"Any sign of that extra?"

"No."

At 9.13 he called again. Then he got up to look out over the moonlit yard. There was no engine on the outbound track. The wrecker was in its spur with a thin thread of smoke trickling up from its stack.

He called the roundhouse, asked if they had an engine they could put out on short notice. Informed to the contrary, he told them to get one ready *now*. Then he sat down to wait.

At 9.30 Glennwood called to report. The extra was showing, and slowing for the tank. At 9.33 he had a report from the conductor:

Delayed twenty-five minutes MP 245-26 investigating dangerous track. Left flag to protect northbound. Track unsafe for more than 5 m. per h.

Manning read the message. He tried to remember when the last conductor had reported hitting a hole in the track. He muttered disgustedly:

"Old Shorty's getting ambitious."

He put out a slow order to all trains, instructing them to reduce speed to five miles per hour at milepost 245-26.* He changed the meet order with train No. 5 to make it Minter. Then he sat down to watch and wonder some more.

When the bananas lost two minutes going over to Minter and stabbed No. 5, he had a hunch. He dismissed it, because ever since Rud had been on the job, he had been telling new dispatchers: "Don't ever hesitate to take a chance on Randall. He's one man you can depend on never to lay down on you." Then he sent Rud this message:

Please explain delay Glennwood to Minter.

RUD'S jaws clamped tight when he read it. He fished out the stub of pencil and wrote the reply to throw off at Ludwig:

No delay Glennwood to Minter. Maintained speed thirty-five miles per hour over all track where such speed was possible.

Then he settled back and maintained "speed thirty-five miles per hour" from Minter to the foot of Wind River Hill, where he turned up to Ludwig—and lost two minutes more in nine miles.

All the way in, Boomer kept watching the engineer. Rud did not look around nor speak to him. When they got into Wellfield, Rud went to the office, marked off "sick," and asked for thirty days' leave of absence.

Early the next morning Jim Weatherby, who had been promoted to road foreman of engines, came around to the room. Rud was still in bed.

"How're you feeling, boy?"

Mr. Weatherby had a fatherly interest in Rud, who was still in his twenties. He recalled the night that Rud, then a hillbilly farm boy, had flagged against a burned-out bridge and kept him from riding No. 5 to glory. There was that, and then Rud had almost come into the family as son-in-law. Might yet if Molly, the little fool, would return to her senses and quit grieving about that worthless Travis fellow.

Rud said: "Okay, I reckon."

Mr. Weatherby sat down on the edge of

**Double number means 245 miles from one city and 26 miles to the next.*

the bed. He was concerned, because he had seen the messages regarding the run of No. 643, and he knew that Trainmaster Rudolph was coming up this afternoon for an investigation. He wanted to get to the facts before Rudolph arrived.

"What happened down there at Green River last night, Randall?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Don't try to stall with me, kid," Mr. Weatherby said kindly. "I know something happened down in that hole, because you made a good run that far and then fell down."

Rud had nothing to say. He picked at the covers and looked at an engine picture on the wall.

"How fast were you running the 643 when you hit that hole in the old slough?"

Rud smiled faintly. "Just as fast as the wheels would turn."

"Till you hit that hole and almost went into Sullivan's cornfield, eh?" The road foreman's eyes twinkled shrewdly.

Rud nodded.

"Now, that's all right, kid," Mr. Weatherby soothed. "Your nerve's shot a little. You had no business going back to work for a month yet anyhow. Lay off a few weeks and you'll be all right."

RUDOLPH came into Wellfield on No. 6. He was pawing the air. He wanted to "fire the worthless punk of a Randall just as soon as I can."

Jim Weatherby had a long talk with him, explained about the hole in that track, and told him to let Randall alone a while.

"The boy's okay, Mr. Rudolph," Weatherby assured him. "Let him lay off a month and when he comes back he'll be all right."

"We'll give him *two* months," said the Lion Tamer harshly. "By that time maybe he'll have enough sand in his backbone to keep him on his toes for awhile."

So Rudolph added a thirty-day penalty for refusing to make schedule to the thirty days Rud had asked for, and let the matter drop.

Rud went out to Frisco and loafed up the coast to Seattle, where Molly Weatherby was visiting. He had a good time, and came back to the job in September, feeling like a new man. He made two round trips on dead freight. He didn't scorch any cross-ties nor kink any rails but he covered the road in good time. And if it hadn't been for a little scissor-bill—a brakeman whom the Lion Tamer had put to work while Rud was gone—he might have gone right ahead working.

WHEN Jingling Brothers Circus made Memphis in August, Trainmaster Rudolph fixed a meet there with Garba Hansen—"The little woman who makes the king of the jungle bow to her will! The little woman with the big whip, in the most thrilling, the most stupendous, the most spectacular, the most tremendous act of the age!"

Barney Rudolph held communion with her before she went into the cage. Hard man though he was, he sat with baited breath, cold sweat standing on his bushy brow, while she cracked her whip and made African lions and Bengal tigers sit meekly on their tails, jump through hoops, and play football.

After the show he had a personal session with her. He urged the young lady to give up her barbaric performance, to return with him to Sayre before a lion should get hungry—after which it would be everlastingly and eternally too late.

Miss Hansen was not big. She could stand under the official arm and never brush a hair; but she had a mind of her own. She told Mr. Rudolph he would have to wait a few years until she had finished another life task set for her.

"You see, Barney," she explained, "I have a baby brother who has been my charge since he was two years old. I must earn money to support him, to educate him, to get him established in life before I can even give a thought to my own happiness."

The trainmaster bit a dead stogie in two. He had not heard about this "baby brother," because he had played with Garba in the wintering ground in Florida while

brother had lived off Garba's money with a preacher uncle in Memphis.

"How old is he?"

"He's only sixteen."

"Sixteen!" Official bristles rose. "Why, I was makin' my own money when I was twelve. When I was sixteen I was brakin' on the L. & N."

"Oh, but Buzzy is different. He is so small, so inexperienced."

Mr. Rudolph was unsympathetic. "The way to experience him is to put him up against life, and let him learn to take it."

"Oh, but what could he do? A child like him—"

"I'll tell you what he can do," said the trainmaster. "If you let me take him back to Wellfield with me, I can start him in railroadin'—"

The lady shuddered. "No, no! I couldn't think of such a thing. Railroading is dangerous. Awfully dangerous, isn't it?"

"Now, baby, listen! Railroadin' ain't a bit more dangerous than playin' around with a cage full of African lions an' Bengal tigers."

"Why, that isn't dangerous. Really! For one who knows and understands—"

"Neither is railroadin' for one who knows and understands. I been at the job eighteen years. Look at me," the trainmaster boasted. "I'm alive an' all together, ain't I?"

THAT was a good argument. Garba didn't try to answer it. So Mr. Rudolph hunted up Robin Hansen. Like his sister, he was short. He might have been five and an inch.

He had huge innocent eyes of bird's-egg blue and a cherubic face white like milk under a shock of straw-colored hair. Also a sunny, trustful disposition with a heart open to all the world. Likable lad he was, but awkward as a baby camel with two cork legs, and just about as well adapted to railroading.

Now Mr. Rudolph could wheedle as well as bully. He got the boy talking about his hopes, aims and ambitions. Leading on like a slick lawyer with a dumb witness, he decoyed the youngster into the admission that he'd rather be a passenger conductor than anything else in the whole world.

The trainmaster pounced upon that admission, assured Robin it would be easy. All that would be necessary was for him to become a freight brakeman and work up.

Mr. Rudolph didn't say a word about the long years riding the tops of freight trains in cold and snow and rain, hopping over box cars slick with ice, going between them to hold a link and drop a pin, catching imaginary steps on the nose of road engines coming to him, nor the thousand times he must step off a flying car and gouge a pretty face in hard cinders.

Like a smooth real estate dealer, he called attention to nice things about the job and never said a word about the others.

The guileless youth fell for this line. He went to his sister, urged her to let him go back to Wellfield with Mr. Rudolph, and promised that within a few weeks at most he'd be a passenger conductor wearing a blue uniform with brass buttons.

That didn't sound bad. Garba Hansen liked uniforms. She gave her consent. Weepingly she told the trainmaster that if anything happened to Buzzy she'd never forgive him. He assured her nothing would, fixed another meet with her when the show came to Wellfield in October, and then went back home with his future brother-in-law in tow.

Mr. Rudolph lost no time commencing to make a *man* out of the lad. He sent Robin out studenting with "Bad-eye" Adams. He never told the local conductor —neither did Robin—that this was other than an ordinary student plucked from a hill corn row. He did caution Bad-eye to make sure the kid didn't get hurt, but he forgot to mention anything about teaching the youth how to do a job braking.

Bad-eye, like the rest of the Ozark men, was sore at the trainmaster, disgusted with the type of students Mr. Rudolph was hiring. He made Robin stay in the caboose and warned him to not get off the cushion when the train was running, because, as

he explained to his hind brakeman, "I ain't takin' no chances on this china doll gittin' broke."

Consequently, Robin rode the caboose for thirty days, wide blue eyes seeing brakemen from afar. Bad-eye okayed him. The office marked him up on the extra board, and young Hansen was called out when he had precisely as much knowledge how to do a job braking as a day-old pup with its eyes not open.

THE dethroned box car which served as engine crew room for the Ozark Division was full the September night Robin made his first pay trip. Twenty men, some in serge, some in denim, some in birthday attire, were changing clothes in the aisle between grimy lockers and wooden benches with yellow light from a lone coal oil lamp flickering over.

Robin, seeking the engine he was to pilot to the train yard, wandered into this crew room. Suddenly he stopped, gaping and blushing like a youth who has unwittingly opened a maiden's boudoir. Shocked eyes roved over the unclad ones within.

A loud-mouthed fireman, minus all but socks and suds, bawled out: "Shut that door, dammit! Whaddya think this is?"

The startled Robin closed the door softly, shifted from foot to foot, blinked at strong men, jostling, joking, swearing, getting ready to work or go home to bed.

In the rear end, Rud Randall, called for his third trip, was preparing to take out a lumber drag with No. 151. Boomer Hicks was up front, knotting a red bandanna and pushing flaxen curls under it.

The intruder edged toward Boomer, piped up in his thin voice: "Say, mister! Can you tell me where I'll find Engine Number 151?"

The wild fireman looked into an innocent upturned face. He was aware that a new brakeman had come to town. He was not aware that this new brakeman was in any way related to the Lion Tamers. He bawled into the fog of tobacco smoke toward the rear:

"Hi, Randall! Have you got the ol' 151 stacked away in your locker?"

"Why, yes!" Rud bellowed. "Who wants to know?"

"Scissor-bill!" Boomer shouted. "Be sure you don't run off with it."

Fellows turned to eye the youth. His pale face colored. Pink Plummer, his crimson "longies" bagging over heavy cotton socks, stopped on his way to the wash basin.

"You've come to a helluva place to find an engine, brakie," he said. "This is the engineer's locker room. The hogs belong in the roundhouse."

The boy knew he had blundered. A suspicious gleam came into the eyes of bird's-egg blue. He backed toward the door. Half the men in the room were now watching him.

Rud Randall came sauntering out of the shadows, fitting a red bandanna into a jumper collar to keep out cold rain and hot cinders.

Rud observed the *new* metal "brakeman" badge askew on the *new* bill cap, saw the *new* skeleton frame lantern with its globe blackened with soot, and read consternation in frightened eyes and sensitive mouth. This he saw, but he did not smile.

Something—maybe it was the quivering downy lip, the gleam of moisture in the wide guileless eyes, the frightened, helpless look in the youthful face—struck sympathy to his own soul. Then and there he saw in this boy a soul to be protected. Instead of smiling, he said encouragingly:

"You looking for the 151, kid?"

"Yu—yessir!"

"I don't think she's come over the turntable yet. She'll be spotted just beyond the coal chute. I'll be out in a few minutes."

Somebody laughed an ugly "Haw! Haw!"

The boy said: "Thank you! Thank you, sir!" Then with a grateful look at the big engineer who had not laughed, he escaped through the open door, hurried out to the coal chutes, and sat down by a piling to seek shelter from the wind and the September drizzle.

RUD promptly forgot the little fellow. He had other things to think about. He had heard that the Lion Tamer was on his trail and had vowed that, unless he snapped into it, some younger engineers were going to move up a notch. Rud knew also that the Lion Tamer was in Wellfield tonight.

Engine No. 151 came off the pit and over the turntable. Rud and Boomer followed her up the outbound track. While Rud was oiling, the scissor-bill came out of the shadows and stood in the drizzle watching. When Rud finished the right side, he picked up the torch to go around the pilot. The Hansen boy started following. Rud turned to ask:

"Where's your train made up?"

"Sir?"

"What track's your train made up on?"

"I don't know."

Rud peered down into the guileless face. Evidently Bad-eye Adams had been a poor teacher. He said: "You can't couple an engine to a train till you know what track it's on. Better go to the yard office and find out."

"To the yard office?"

Bad-eye's devilish hind brakeman had sent Robin Hansen on foolish errands. There had been a diligent search for a left-handed monkey-wrench and another for a can of red-lantern oil. He eyed Rud suspiciously.

Rud did not lose patience. Educating student brakemen is one burden of the engine service. The average student, after thirty days' learning the road, knows nothing about a job braking. The engine crew must educate him, look out for him, keep him from getting killed or crippled before he learns what to do and how to do it.

Rud had always been a good teacher, because he had not forgotten the days when he had first hired out as a green country youth trying to make his own way. He knew that this was not an average student. Patiently he explained:

"The track number's usually marked up on the call board. If it isn't, always ask the yardmaster."

The little brakeman said: "Oh, I didn't know that!" and hurried away.

Rud watched the boy go. He smiled indulgently. He liked this willing youngster, green though he was, because a willing fellow soon learns the game. Besides, since he had come back from the Western trip, he felt almost like a green student himself.

He went around the engine, twisting down plugs. He finished oiling and climbed to the cab.

Soon a light came to the main line switch. He whistled two short blasts. The light signalled an awkward "Ahead." He answered the signal and started moving.

ROAD crews heading out of the roundhouse were required to leave the switch lined for the belt. Consequently engineers usually went out at a pretty good clip, stopped clear of the switch while the brakeman lined it, walked past the engine, and caught the pilot to ride down through the yards.

As usual, Rud opened up and headed for the belt at ten or twelve miles an hour, never once thinking about the new brakeman trying to catch the pilot going out.

But one never knows what a greenhorn will do. The Hansen boy, not having been told that the switch must be left lined for the belt, reckoned he was expected to catch the pilot as the engine came by.

In that day engines did not have the substantial pilot step which "safety first" has put on. Instead, there was a narrow ledge of steel along the nose between the rails. Even the most experienced trainmen sometimes missed their step on this imaginary ledge. When they did, they either headed a funeral procession or walked on crutches the rest of their days.

The first thing the average student was told was to stay off this pilot or catch it standing still, until they had learned their way around. Bad-eye had never told Robin.

Robin watched the wobbling engine. He did not know that at the rate it was coming, a footboard artist would have stepped back, swung the engineer a stop sign, cursed him to high heaven, and let it pass.

The youth opened his mouth, fixed his wide eyes on the three-inch strip of slick wet metal, shifted the lantern to his left elbow, shut his eyes, and stumbled to the pilot.

When Rud was halfway to the belt, he remembered every engine must carry flagging equipment. He remembered, too, that he had a student brakeman, and that no student brakeman ever thinks to look about his fusees until he needs one to flag a passenger train. He took his eye off the track, jerked his head inside the cab and shouted:

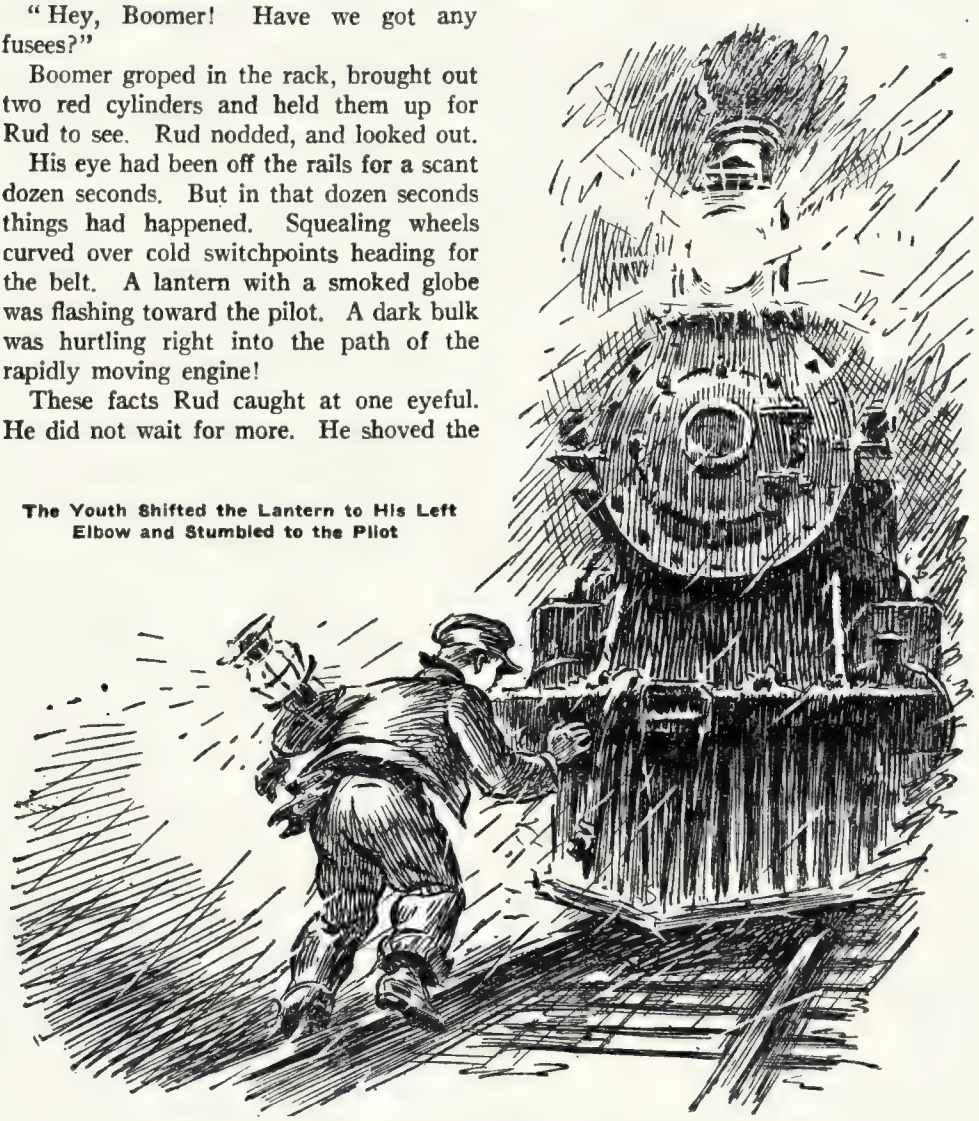
"Hey, Boomer! Have we got any fusees?"

Boomer groped in the rack, brought out two red cylinders and held them up for Rud to see. Rud nodded, and looked out.

His eye had been off the rails for a scant dozen seconds. But in that dozen seconds things had happened. Squealing wheels curved over cold switchpoints heading for the belt. A lantern with a smoked globe was flashing toward the pilot. A dark bulk was hurtling right into the path of the rapidly moving engine!

These facts Rud caught at one eyeful. He did not wait for more. He shoved the handle into the boiler head. He fumbled for brake valve. A terrified gasp came up out of the darkness.

The old Mogul stopped with the tank truck over the switch frog. Rud stumbled into the deck, groping frantically for a torch. His face was white. His hand was shaking. His choked voice was cursing—cursing student brakemen, cursing the system which sends them out to flirt with death, cursing trainmasters who hire them, cursing the Lion Tamer for a fool and a villain.



The Youth Shifted the Lantern to His Left Elbow and Stumbled to the Pilot

Boomer leaped into the gangway. He caught Rud's arm, and rasped: "What's happened now? Whatsa matter with you? Have you went crazy?"

Rud found the torch and whirled toward the firebox.

"That brakeman!" he croaked. "That little scissor-bill! Idiot! He tried to catch the pilot—and missed. I don't know why in the devil Rudolph ever hired him. I don't know what ever made the kid try to catch it. Didn't he know that switch had to be lined back? Didn't he know anything? He'll be cut into a million pieces! Of all the lousy, snake-eating luck—"

HE jerked open the firebox door and stuck the torch inside. It came out flaring. Boomer slid down the grab-iron. He did not look in the ditch nor at the foot of the cinder embankment. He looked under the driving gear, under the tank truck. It was dark under there. He could see nothing.

Off the steps Rud came with the torch. Both men got on their knees, thrust the torch under the gangway. They expected to see a gruesome corpse tangled up with shredded denim. They saw nothing.

Rud said: "I'll be gol-darned!"

Boomer Hicks looked at him suspiciously, started to ask how many drinks he had had before coming to work. Behind them, a stumbling foot struck cinders. A thin voice piped:

"I—I almost missed it, fellows!"

Rud leaped to his feet. He was as pale as if a ghost had spoken. Boomer came up more slowly. Boomer was laughing.

Robin Hansen was standing on the edge of the embankment, fumbling with a smoked lantern, whose flame had gone out in his fall.

The engineer flashed a torch into a face of pasty white. Wide blue eyes blinked back at him. In them was a look of pained surprise. An apologetic voice mumbled:

"I—I thought I could make it. But I guess my foot must—must have slipped."

The fireman quit laughing long enough to say: "It sure did, kid."

Rud stormed, "What'n blazes were you trying to do, anyhow?"

The eyes brightened suspiciously. The sensitive mouth quivered. "Wasn't—aren't—don't brakemen have to—to ride the cow catcher down the yard?" he asked meekly. "I thought they did."

"Not till they line that switch back for the belt."

Rud spoke sharply, started up the engine steps. On the bottom one, he paused. He remembered the hurt look in those innocent eyes. He swung back to the ground, where the boy was trying to relight his lantern. He laid a fatherly hand on the shaking shoulder.

"Kid," he advised, "from now on, don't ever try to catch a pilot unless the hog's standing still. Nine times out of ten you'll fall under the wheels and get your backbone amputated instead of falling into the ditch."

The boy murmured a husky "Yes, sir."

He was still trying to relight the lantern. The wick was charred. Rud took it, removed the globe, called to Boomer: "Hand me a piece of that clean waste."

Boomer was singing: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" He dived into the seatbox, brought out a handful of waste, tossed it down to Rud. "Is that enough to wipe away the tears?"

Rud yelled, "Shut up, nitwit!"

He had forgotten about the trainmaster being in town. He took time to show the young brakeman how to remove soot from a lantern globe, blow moist breath inside it and polish it with a handful of executed train orders. It took him five minutes. He pinched off the coal from the wick, tucked the corners into the holder so it wouldn't flare and blacken. The lamp now gleamed brightly.

"See how it's done, kid?"

The blue eyes gleamed. Rud Randall had made a friend.

"Yes, sir!" The boy smiled. "Thank you, sir. Maybe—maybe I'll learn some time."

"Sure you'll learn some time," said the hogger. "We all had to learn."

WITH that he climbed the engine steps, out of the September drizzle. The brakeman was at the switch. Rud pulled over it, stopped, watched the boy limp by under his window and climb painfully upon the pilot.

Cautiously he opened up and nosed down the belt. By the time he reached the lower end of the yard he was puffing along as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened.

When he came against the train, the Lion Tamer was waiting for him by the head car, and blustered up as Rud came down the cab steps to get the orders.

"Randall!" he thundered, "I want to know what you've been doin' all night! Did you have to overhaul this engine? Did you have to make her?"

"She needs overhauling," Rud answered gruffly.

"Shut up!" bellowed the trainmaster. "Don't get fresh with me or I'll wipe up the earth with you. I want to know what you've been doin' since this engine come out of the house."

"Same thing an engineer usually does, Mr. Rudolph. I oiled around and headed out on the belt and come down through the yard."

"That don't take all night, does it? You've been thirty-eight minutes—"

The Hansen boy was edging toward the Lion Tamer. "Mr. Rudolph," he piped, "Mr. Randall—"

"Dry up, you little shrimp! Don't you dare butt into my business. Get back there on your train and stay there!"

The boy slunk into the shadows. Mr. Rudolph hurled a dismembered stogie into the cinders, jumped on top of it, and bully-ragged the engineer.

"Git on your engine an' git this drag of mud out of this terminal," he raved. "If you ever delay another train loafin' around tinkerin' with an engine, I'll fire you on the spot. By the eternal Jehoshaphat! I'm going out in the sticks an' hire a gang of farmers to come in here an' show you bull-herders how to railroad."

He strode angrily toward the yard office. Rud went up the steps and handed Boomer the orders. Before he cleared the yard he had said a lot of things about trainmasters in general and this one in particular, not one of which was complimentary.

The Lion Tamer kept storming: "Speed! Speed 'em up! Get 'em over the road!" He interpreted the limit rule "Freight trains shall not exceed speed of forty miles per hour" to mean average speed, not maximum.

Superintendent Meyers and the other officials knew at what terrific pace trains must hit valleys to make red-ball schedule, but officials didn't ride freight engines. Like generals they stayed behind the lines, looked wise, let the men take chances and let the trainmaster go on boasting proudly how *he* was "makin' these bull-herders railroad!"

Speed suited some of the boys. They liked to "ride 'em fast," even if they didn't live long. Some hit the ball, others didn't. They left the job on short notice, or—if they whined and whimpered instead of snarling when the Lion Tamer cracked the whip—they stayed on the board pulling drags.

Rud was one of those who gave 'em speed, and by the time Jingling Brothers came to Wellfield, Mr. Rudolph was pointing him out as an example of how he wanted it done.

THE morning the circus arrived Rud was called out of Sayre with thirty empties. Robin Hansen was his head brakeman.

A peculiar bond had grown between the engineer and the little brakeman. Robin followed him about like a faithful pup. He imitated Rud's walk, tried to grow sideburns, brought a black plug hat, a thousand-miler,* and a red necktie. On the road Rud was constantly teaching him, trying to keep him from getting hurt.

In the foggy dawn, hostlers brought out the Baldwin No. 653 and backed her into a spur. Behind the spur was a warehouse

* *"Thousand-miler"—Blue shirt worn by railroad men, especially boomers, for 1000 miles before being washed.*

with circus billboards pasted over it. Robin was looking at the posters when Rud and Boomer came to get the engine.

"Are you boys going to the circus today?" he queried.

"Naw!" Boomer winked at Rud. Boomer liked to tease Robin. "What we want to go to the circus for? You goin'?"

"Sure!" Robin grinned. "I want to see my sister."

"Your sister?" Boomer leaned on the broom with which he had been sweeping the deck. "Your sister with the circus?"

"Sure! Didn't you know it?"

"News to us, kid," responded Boomer. "What does she do, peddle chewing-gum?"

"No, siree! She does a lion act."

"A lion act!" Rud and Boomer spoke at once. They were remembering a trainmaster called the Lion Tamer.

"That's right," the boy gushed. "That's her picture right over there!" He pointed to the big poster, picturing "The one and only Garba Hansen" calmly sticking her blond head into a lion's mouth.

Rud said: "Well, well, I'll be goldarned!"

He started to say more than that. He had often wondered why a hard man like Mr. Rudolph would hire a soft student like Robin Hansen. He knew the youngster was not to blame because he had been hired to do railroading on a difficult division. He did say: "You'll not see your sis this day, kid."

"Why not?" Robin's face fell.

"Getting this drag of empties out of here," said Rud, "we'll be all day and all night on the road."

The boy's face fell. "Really?"

"Yes, really. We'll head through every sidetrack on the division and saw by a dozen trains. These drags never get anywhere."

"But—but I've *got* to get in for the afternoon performance."

"You'll play the devil getting in for the afternoon performance."

The moment Boomer learned who the boy was, he changed from an attitude of superior tolerance to one of open hostility.

"Why didn't you lay off if you wanted to be there?" he asked shortly.

"They won't let *brakemen* lay off for circuses, will they?"

"Naw," growled Boomer Hicks, "but they'll let *scissor-bills*."

Robin winced. The term "scissor-bill" is one that brakemen do not like.

Rud gave the fireman a hard look. "That's all right, kid," he comforted. "We'll hit the ball. Maybe we'll make it in for the night show."

THE Southwestern and the T. & K. were bitter rivals. Tracks came up from the Gulf on roughly parallel courses and crossed six miles below Sayre. From that point the T. & K., seeking easy grades, looped up Green River Valley to the mouth of the Wind, followed the south side of Wind River to the divide, and looped back into Wellfield.

The Southwestern traversed the rough country "as the crow flies" from Sayre to Wellfield. It crossed the T. & K. again at Beaver Creek, four miles north of Glennwood, part way down Glennwood Hill.

Jingling Brothers Circus patronized the rival roads alternately. This year the T. & K. had the outfit, running in two sections. A freight wreck having blocked him down the line, the wild runner in charge of the yellow coaches was giving the personnel the ride of a lifetime.

Usually Miss Garba Hansen slept late. This morning she awoke on the curves of Green River. The coach rocked and wallowed. She thought about her trainmaster, wondered how soon he'd become vice president and general manager. To herself she said: "What a wonderful chance dear Barney is giving little Buzzy! To think he'd make a passenger conductor of one so young!"

She pulled down the blind. Coarse whistle crying, coach rocking, the train threaded up Wind River. Unable to sleep, the lion woman dressed and opened her stationery box. There was a letter from little Buzzy. She had read it, but she read

it again. It told how fast he was learning, how fine the " fellows " were, how they all tried to help him, how he liked them better than any " fellows " he had ever known. The letter went on:

> **But the one I like best of all is Rud Randall. He is an engineer. He was almost killed in a wreck a few months ago. I have never been in a wreck. I think he must have had some great sorrow, because he is silent and he seldom smiles. I wish you could know him. You would be as crazy about him as I am . . .**

She put away the letter. The train climbed the easy grade from Wind River, turned down a short one, and stopped at a water tank. Outside her window was a sign reading: " Railroad Crossing, 2000 Feet."

An engine whistle sounded two blasts, long and loud. She knew by the keen high-pitched tone that it was a Southwestern engine. She wondered if Buzzy might be on it. A second later, metal clanged, and the coarse voice of the T. & K. engine on her own train bellowed twice. The coach jerked. The exhaust barked.

One whistle shrilled. The other bellowed its challenge. Wondering what caused the whistling, she looked out, but she could not see past the locomotive because fog hung on the hillside.

THE crew of the Southwestern drag were on their toes, trying to get home for the circus. Rud made red-ball time to Glennwood. He left Glennwood at 10.50. He held his train under control, because the T. & K. crossing was only four miles away.

Rule required trains approaching a crossing to: " Come to a complete stop, not less than 200 or more than 600 feet from it." Rule further stipulated that: " A trainman shall proceed ahead of the engine, ascertain that the crossing is clear, and give a '*proceed* signal.'" The engineer shall " then sound two long blasts of the whistle, and proceed at safe speed until his train has passed the crossing."

The rule was clear. It applied to both the T. & K. and the Southwestern. But rivalry between employees was as keen as between systems. When a train on either line came down to that sixteen square feet of common ground and found one of the other line wanting to use it, the crew acted as if the whole world might explode if its own train didn't get there first.

The Southwestern crowd was wild. The T. & K. bunch was even wilder; their officials had been bitten by the speed bug years before, and as a consequence had taken on some reckless daredevils who considered speed the only factor in railroading.

Rud was in a hurry to get home, but on account of the fog he went down on the crossing cautiously. He stopped four hundred feet back and sent Robin Hansen down to " flag."

Now Robin had flagged that crossing every trip. He didn't know why but he did what was expected of him. He only knew that he must walk down there, give a highball, run back and catch the train before it got going so fast he couldn't get on.

The crossing was clear. Robin had never flagged it when it wasn't clear. But this morning there was a train at the water tank. He couldn't see it through the fog but he could hear it. The train was standing still.

He trotted back a hundred feet so his engineer could see him, and gave a highball. Rud answered with two long, loud blasts.

Robin went another fifty feet. His train was moving. Just then, he heard the hoarse whistle bellow twice. By the sound, he knew somebody *else* was leaving town, and he figured that somebody aimed to come over the crossing. He stopped.

The tank was more than six hundred feet away. It was, in fact, fifteen hundred feet. Therefore, according to rule, it was the duty of the engineer to come to a full stop and send a trainman down before he used the crossing.

Robin didn't know that. He didn't even know which train he was expected to flag. He turned and ran back to the crossing.

Before he got there, he heard Rud whistle again and heard the other man answer.

He headed up the T. & K. tracks, intending to flag that train, then he didn't know whether he had the *right* to flag a T. & K. train. He started back to flag his own.

RUD did not know there was a train on the T. & K. tracks until he heard it whistle. He had already told the world he was going. He whistled again and kept going. He didn't go fast, because he knew Robin Hansen had to get on, and Robin was not an expert train hopper.

When he whistled, he heard the answer. He listened. He never thought about the circus train. He guessed this would be the T. & K. Flyer, away behind time.

The sound of the exhaust grew louder. The coarse whistle bellowed again. Rud had seen wild men start from the tank and run that crossing. He had also seen them try to bluff—whistle at the tank, come tearing down as if they intended to run it and stop if the Southwestern man didn't; but if he did stop they would thumb a nose and laugh.

The T. & K. exhaust was blaring. The engineer was whistling.

Rud jerked his head back inside the cab. "I wonder if that sizzling slob intends to run this crossing!" he shouted.

"You never can tell," Boomer shouted back. "He's sure runnin' for it like a bat outa the hot country."

Rud shut off and reached for the brake valve. He thought before he used it. He was within a hundred fifty feet of the crossing now. He could never stop.

If he slowed, the T. & K. would beat him to it, and he would cut the other train. He would be the goat, and his company would have to pay the damage, because every man on that wild crew would swear they had lived up to rules. If he speeded up and took the crossing first, the T. & K. outfit would have to do the explaining—and the paying.

Another thought followed quickly. If this were the Flyer, there would be passenger coaches. Suppose its engine made the crossing; his would cut coaches and kill somebody. If he got the crossing, the T. & K. engine would cut empty flat cars. He widened his throttle, dropped the reverse, and raced for it.

When he was halfway down, the other train loomed through the fog. He glimpsed a yellow coach, and knew it was the show train. He knew also the engineer was trying frantically to stop. He grinned. But the grin did not last.

Rud's eyes swept back to his own tracks. He remembered now that he had a student brakeman and a string of flat cars. Robin was running. Flat cars are hard to catch. Experienced men don't catch them when they're running rapidly. He knew Robin couldn't catch them, but he was not sure Robin realized it.

He shut off and set his air brakes. Something told him Robin aimed to catch a flat car. He yelled, shook both hands in a sign which meant: "We're stopping!" But Robin didn't understand that sign. Wide eyes shot back to a flat car grab-iron.

Rud shouted: "Catch the caboose! We'll stop for you!"

Robin didn't hear. The engine passed. He caught the iron. He doubled into a knot. His foot missed the stirrup. Tank wheels rattled through the crossing frog. Robin's hand slipped, and the last Rud saw from the cab window, his short body was whipping under the flat car, just below the crossing.

THE engineer stopped and whistled out a flag. His face was gray. His eyes were wide. Such an experience is hard on an engineer's nervous system.

"That little fool!" he blustered. "That ignorant, bullheaded trainmaster! Somebody ought to take that big black devil out and—"

Boomer never got excited. He stuck his scoop, came out of the deck, and barked:

"What's the matter now, grandma? Have you run over a moskeeter?"

The engineer missed the sarcasm.

"It's that little scissor-bill again—that

Hansen kid! He had no more sense than to tie into one of those flats. He missed it and went under. Damn it! Damn everything! I'm quitting this job and going back to the farm."

Rud swung down before the engine stopped and went running. Boomer was close behind.

"Keep your collar on!" the fireman was urging. "He'll be all right. You'll find him ridin' the rods, or settin' on the end of a cross-tie. You can't kill a scissor-bill."

"Not a chance! Not a chance in the world. I saw—"

"You can't help it. It ain't your fault if a trainmaster hires kids like him."

The show train stopped with its pilot nose almost under a flat car, and its coarse whistle calling out a flagman. Rud and Boomer saw the engine crew come down the step and start toward the pilot. They did not seem to be in a hurry, and they were not talking.

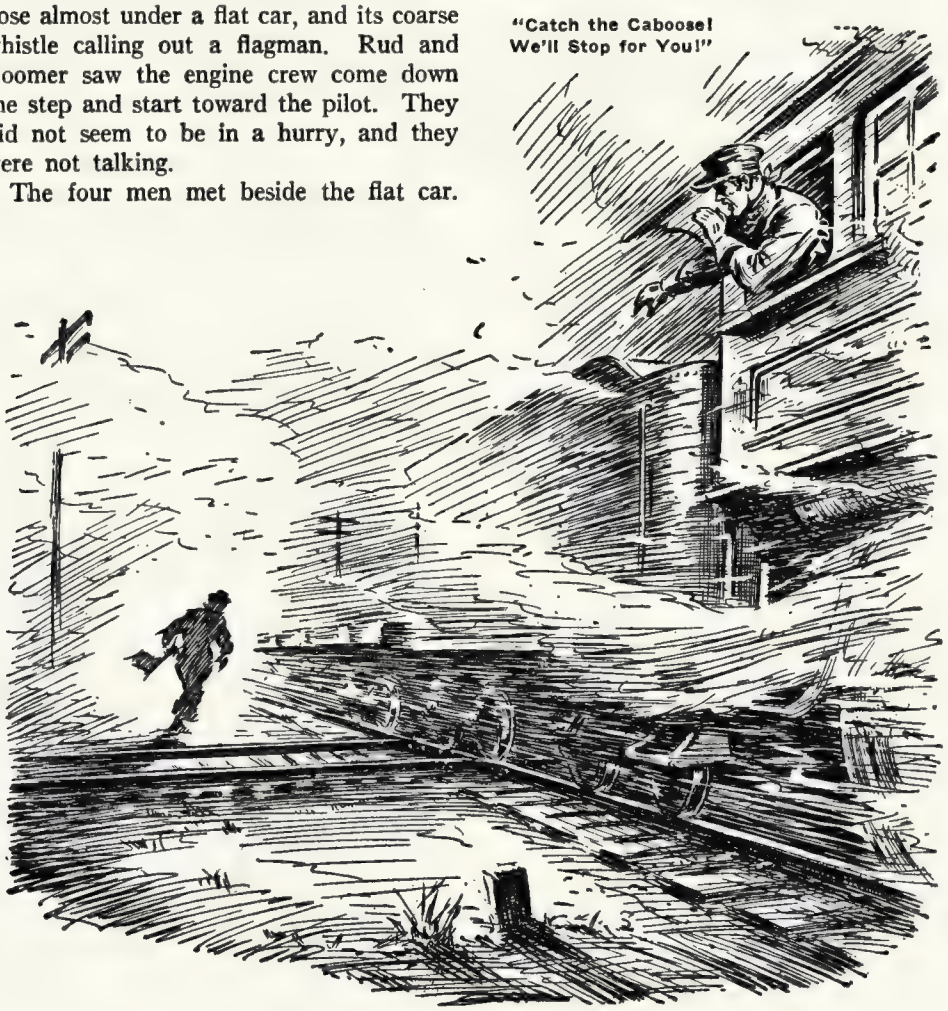
The four men met beside the flat car. They stood for many seconds staring dumbly at the still crumpled heap beneath. Rud went down on hands and knees and crawled under. The other three squatted, watching until the T. & K. man came in to help. He saw how shaken Rud was.

He muttered: "Terrible, ain't it, buddy!" His tone was awed, reverent.

Robin was face down. Rud turned him over. He was scratched and bloody. Rud took the shoulders, the other runner took the knees, and they crawled out.

"Dead?" asked the T. & K. fireman.

"Of course he is," Boomer muttered. "Ever see a guy run over by a freight train an' . . ."



Passengers, shaken by the emergency stop, became inquisitive. Two trapeze performers came to investigate. Miss Hansen came, too. She wanted to know: "What's happened now?"

"We must be in the ditch," said one of the trapeze performers.

Garba Hansen had been in the ditch before. She saw men gathered about something in the grass. She elbowed Boomer and old Bill Jennings away and dropped on her knees beside Rud Randall.

RUD was shaking the boy gently and calling: "Kid! Kid!" Buzzy was not answering.

"Is he—" faltered the woman.

Rud glanced aside at her. She did not need an introduction. The wide eyes of bird's-egg blue labeled her.

"I don't know," Rud answered. "The whole train ran over him, but he was between the tracks. He's not cut up a bit."

The young lady laid down her gloves and wiped her brother's face with a handkerchief. Boomer came alive. He took the knotted bandanna off his head, soaked it in the side ditch and handed it to her.

She looked at the handkerchief, gave him her own perfumed lace instead, and let him wet it. When she rubbed it gently over the scratches, Robin quivered, sighed, and opened his eyes. Garba smoothed back the hair and kissed the forehead.

"Buzzy!" she whispered. "Buzzy!"

The boy's eyes were question marks. He blinked at her many times and tried to get up. He ran a hand over his head and neck, and felt of his body.

"I ain't dead," he said in amazement.

Boomer laughed and the lion woman said: "Of course you're not, Buzzy."

The T. & K. engineer looked at a watch. Need for awe and reverence was now gone. He glowered at the Southwestern crew and barked:

"Well, what'n blazes yuh got yuhr pile uh junk on this crossin' for? Git it off. We got to move. We can't stand here all day."

Rud didn't start running toward the engine. He kept right on exercising Buzzy. The green brakeman was rapidly recovering. He was saying:

"I'm sore all over. I must be pretty badly bunged up. I guess my hand must have slipped."

Old Bill Jennings became peremptory. "Bring him on back to the caboose," he ordered. "We've got to get outa here."

"Bring him to *my* car," insisted Garba Hansen. "I'll take him on—"

Old Bill whirled. Freight conductors are not used to having women change their orders.

"Who are you to be tellin' us where the kid'll go?" he stormed.

Garba was used to taming lions. A freight conductor held no terrors for her. She replied quietly: "I'm his sister."

"Well, sister or no sister, we got to get this train offa this crossin'."

Rud spoke to the boy. "Which is it, kid? Wanna go to the caboose with Bill or go in with her?"

"Neither," was the reply. "I'm going on the engine with you."

"But you're hurt."

"I don't give a—givadamn! I'm going in on my own train."

That was the kind of spunk Garba had. She smiled proudly. Boomer in the lead, Garba and Rud on either side of the youth, they started toward the engine. Suspense ended, they were talking. The lion woman asked her brother:

"Has Barney—Mr. Rudolph told you when you could have that job as passenger conductor?"

The boy shook his head. Rud and Boomer exchanged glances. Rud never cracked a smile. Garba Hansen was too serious.

"How long will it be, Mr. Randall, before Mr. Rudolph could promote Buzzy?"

"To passenger conductor?"

Rud looked into the wide blue eyes. Boomer Hicks coughed.

"Yes."

"Mr. Rudolph has nothing to do with it," Rud answered shortly. "Experience and seniority—"

"Listen, lady," the fireman interrupted. "Passenger conductors ain't made in a day, like trainmasters and Congressmen."

"No," Rud hastened to explain, "your brother will have to a freight brakeman for four or five years. If he passes his examinations, he will then be a freight conductor. If he is lucky and doesn't get fired or killed; and if enough other fellows are *not* lucky, he may be a passenger conductor twenty years from now."

The woman with the lion act murmured: "Oh-hh-h!" And the blue in her eyes changed to glittering green.

MR. RUDOLPH never told Rud and Boomer what Miss Hansen informed him that afternoon. He never told anybody. He stalked from the show, caught a freight and rode to Sayre. But from that hour, whether out of frenzy from disappointment over the loss of the only object he had ever loved, or whether he held two serfs responsible for that loss, he instituted on the Ozark Division a season of rawhiding such as few railroaders have ever known.

He stormed and bullied. He fired men for failing in impossible schedules. He fired them for doubling hills with engines which would not steam. He fired them for Rule G and for every other infraction. If a man ever crossed him it meant curtains.

There was appeal to Superintendent Meyers, of course, but Meyers usually backed up his trainmaster. Some tried to go higher, but the big brass hats were not interfering in local discipline.

Rud and Boomer went right on railroading. Boomer knew how to make steam; Rud knew how to use it. They used to wonder why Mr. Rudolph never landed on them.

"It must be because we're just so good he can't find anything to fire us for," Boomer concluded; but before long he had reason to change his mind.

They caught a belated banana train. Mr. Rudolph came down to the engine, told them he wanted that train in Wellfield in two hours and fifty minutes.

"Two hours and fifty minutes!" Rud protested.

"You heard me."

"I might put it in hell in two hours and fifty minutes."

"Don't talk back to me," snarled the trainmaster, "an' don't try to alibi."

Rud did not have to alibi, neither on that day nor on any other. He cocked his reverse on center, cracked his throttle, rolled into valleys at a speed which threatened destruction, and went to town. Other men, headed into sidings, heard him whistle, heard the blare of the exhaust and the thunder of the train. They shook their heads and said:

"Here comes that fool Rud Randall with a banana train."

Or "Randall ought to be sent to an insane asylum before he kills somebody."

Or "One of these days that bird's goin' to hit a hole down around Travis Hollow an' there won't be a grease spot left of anybody on the train."

And another, more charitable, would say: "That's not Randall runnin' the engine, it's the Lion Tamer crackin' the whip."

JINGLING BROTHERS SHOW and a drowning lion finally brought the whole thing to a crisis.

Miss Hansen and her brother had a disagreement before her show left Wellfield that first fall. She insisted that he quit railroading at once and go on studying for the ministry. But Robin had begun to do his own thinking. He didn't want to be a preacher; he wanted to be a passenger conductor, if it took the rest of his life.

The young lady, in her brief acquaintance, had formed a favorable opinion of Rud Randall's judgment. She called him in to referee the dispute, and in the end Robin went on railroading.

Miss Hansen did not see him again until her outfit made Wellfield the following fall. She was utterly astounded at the change which had taken place. Thanks to the efforts of Rud Randall and a few more rails, Robin had developed from an awkward, inefficient boy into a young man of seventeen

—a hard, capable freight brakeman whom conductors were glad to have on a crew.

For twelve months the lion woman had been swearing that she hated Trainmaster Rudolph, and wishing all evils on earth might befall him. But when she saw that railroading had done for Buzzy everything he had intimated to her it would do—except make him a passenger conductor—the woman's heart softened toward her old lover. Knowing that he was in Wellfield, she sent him a message.

No outsider knew what took place in the interview that followed; but Rudolph came out, dolled up in a new checkered suit, with a flower in the buttonhole, and a new plug hat, and went back to the circus.

The Southwestern was handling the circus that year. They brought it in as one section, a double-header. Rud, who had pulled a drag in that morning, was called for the head engine. He rode the engine out and coupled to the circus train.

September floods, which had been falling both locally and on the headwaters of Green River, had piled up some cars on Sayre Hill late that afternoon. Ordinarily that would have sent a trainmaster scurrying madly to the scene, but Mr. Rudolph excused himself because the wreck would be cleared by the time he got there, and remained in the circus until the last act.

After the show, having assured Garba that he was now only a step now to the coveted vice-presidency, the trainmaster fixed another meet with her at the Florida wintering ground, and trotted down to his office to see how things were coming.

Miss Hansen insisted on going to the engine to tell Rud Randall good-by. Buzzy, of course, went with her.

While they were there, Mr. Rudolph came by and glared at the engineer. After bidding Miss Hansen a very stiff good-by, he hustled her back to a coach and promptly rejoined Randall.

EVEN before she was out of hearing, he confronted the engineer and barked: "You've been drinking, Randall. I smell it on your breath."

Rud grinned. "Just a little cider, Mr. Rudolph."

"It must be pretty hard stuff," the trainmaster snarled. "I suppose you've got a quart or two on the engine?"

"Not that much, Mr. Rudolph."

Boomer was in the gangway. He made a dash for Rud's grip, intending to grab the evidence, whatever it was, and throw it in the firebox before Mr. Rudolph could get up the steps.

He wasn't quick enough. When he came out of the seatbox with the bottle, Mr. Rudolph was at his elbow, demanding:

"Give that to me, Hicks!"

Boomer faltered. The bottle did not belong to him nor the trainmaster.

"Give it to me!" thundered Mr. Rudolph. "No engineer can carry liquor over this road on an engine while I'm trainmaster."

Boomer didn't hit him. Firemen who are sober never hit trainmasters. He handed over the bottle. Mr. Rudolph smelled it. Maybe it made his own mouth water. He called Rud into the cab, held the bottle dramatically before the engineer's eyes, and inquired:

"Is this your bottle, Mr. Randall?"

"I'll see." Rud fumbled in his grip, straightened up and eyed his accuser. "I reckon it is, sir. Some sneaking slob's got mine out of my grip."

Mr. Rudolph went wild. He ordered Rud and Boomer to go directly to the office and wait for him. Then he called the roundhouse and ordered another engine crew for the circus.

Problems of railway discipline are not usually taken up at midnight sessions, but Mr. Rudolph—as if he had a hunch he might not be alive to see the fun in the morning—took the case straight to the front. On account of the circus, the high water, and the wreck, Superintendent Meyers was in his office. Mr. Rudolph triumphantly brought in the bottle of hard cider as evidence.

He demanded of his superior: "What shall we do with these men? Drinking, both of them!" (That was a lie. Boomer hadn't

touched a drop. But it was from him the trainmaster had snatched the bottle.) "Taking liquor on the engine! Passenger service at that! Endangering hundreds of lives!"

Meyers never batted a lash. "Fire them," he said decisively, "but don't worry me about it now. I'm too busy."

Rud and Boomer did not argue. They went to bed. It was 12.45. When the show train left at 1.20 with two highball engineers, Bert Holman and Pink Plummer, the trainmaster went to the hotel and left a call for 5.10, so he could go south on No. 1.

CHARLIE GREER took the dispatcher's chair at midnight. Ever since he had been here, he had been warning "Cousin Barney" that high speed and steep grades spelled trouble. The previous night there had been a derailment at Glennwood which tied the road up for four hours. Now nine cars were in a hole on Sayre Hill.

"It's beginning," the dispatcher mused. "There's going to be a good one. You can't buck the law of chance."

The circus left Wellfield at 1.20. At 2.55, Glennwood, seventy miles east, put them by.

"The boys are stepping through the dew," Greer thought.

He guessed they'd reach Rover at 3.10 or 3.12, but no word came. At 3.20 he called Rover.

"Not showing," Rover reported.

Greer waited three minutes more. Then he phoned the roundhouse to get a check on engines. No. 643 was okay. He next checked on engine crews. The only men in were Greenball Higgins, Hi Hatfield, and Lem Goddard.

"Punk!" commented the dispatcher. "Too bad Barney fired Randall. Randall was our best man."

The sounder opened, ticking off that stirring tragic call, that SOS of the rail, "WK—WK—WK" (wreck).

He knew the call was coming not from Rover, not from Glennwood, but from Travis Hollow where a crew had called a daylight operator to his post. He listened to the first flash.

Exa 649 off Bridge 284.

Bridge 284 crossed the Green River. Greer called the roundhouse, the trainmaster, the superintendent. The wrecker whistle broke the dripping silence. A call boy left the yard office. Another left the roundhouse. Running steps rapped wet pavement.

Instantly the sleeping terminal sprang into life. Men tumbled from beds and scrambled into clothing. Women snapped awake, listened fearfully, prayed they might still be wives instead of widows. Other trainmen awoke to the ringing call. Some listened. Others hurried into the night asking: "Where? What? Who?"

Yardmaster cleared leads, sent men to switch the wrecker outfit to the main and throw on a caboose. The dispatcher moved trains into sidings, clearing the line for a race to the scene of disaster. Details came over the wire:

Engines piled in cut beyond bridge. Equipment cars demolished. Animal cars capsized in swollen river.

Then followed a few messages to distracted wives—too few, because a double header with five men involved had hit the ditch.

Dispatcher Greer gave orders and answered questions. Mr. Meyers came first. Mr. Rudolph was seconds after him. The trainmaster was chewing a stogie. He blurted out:

"What engine's on the hook?"

"The 643," said Greer.

"What engine crew?" queried Meyers.

"Old Greenball Higgins."

"Old Greenball Higgins!" the Lion Tamer scoffed. "That scamp was never known to run a train at fifty miles an hour. This trip requires—"

"Yes, I know," the dispatcher explained. "We had our choice of Higgins, Hatfield and Goddard. With Randall off, and Pink and Holman in the ditch—"

"I'll ride the engine," Mr. Rudolph scoffed. "I'll build a fire under that old bull-herder!"

Again an instrument was talking. Its chatter stopped the Lion Tamer's bluster. It sent cold sweat starting from his pores, sent blood to draining from a swarth face and brought a whispered "Oh, my God! It's—"

SUDDEN stoppage had jack-knifed Garba Hansen into the forward end of her berth. Men were shouting excitedly. There were screams of pain and terror. Hurriedly groping for kimono and slippers she stumbled from the sleeper.

Lights were flashing in the blackness. Men were bellowing questions and orders. Everybody was rushing forward through an overhead bridge. Miss Hansen followed.

From the abutment, the crowd stared down over a flood plain where black water surged through underbrush, seeping angrily through a pile of wreckage. Over it, torches flared.

Trainmen and attendants were out. On the farther bank, elephants trumpeted. Zebras, camels, giraffes were fleeing in terror—those able to flee. Others were splashing in the water. Some would show no more.

Garba feared to see her lions and tigers fleeing. She did not see them, because Jingling Brothers, having been in other wrecks, had built a cat car with heavy iron rods interlaced through oaken slats.

The young woman scanned the scene in the light of flashing torches. At length she located the "cat car," tilted in twenty inches of water at the foot of the embankment. Its special construction and the fact that it had been behind the heaviest pressure had held it intact.

Terrified beasts were protesting. Lions roared. Lionesses coughed and grumbled. Tigers joined with snarling chorus.

"Rajah!" she called out to the wild animals in loud but soothing tones. "Cleopatra! Selim! Lie still. You're all right. Nothing will hurt you. Rajah! Cleopatra!"

But the brutes only snarled at her in rage and terror.

Garba spotted one attendant. Others would care for no more lions. Fearing that the car might topple over and drown her trapped animals, for whom she had developed a certain affection, Garba with the attendant and some helpers waded into the shallow swirling water to see whether it would be possible to get them out.

IN Wellfield, the dispatcher finished writing a message from Travis Hollow.

Rumors report perilous situation. Lady animal trainer and attendant trapped by shifting wreckage in lion car attempting rescue animals from flood. Vicious lion loose inside. Quarters cramped. Impossible kill. Fear further rise of river may drive him from present position causing both lady and attendant be torn to pieces.

The hard man went to pieces. Barney Rudolph walked the floor and wrung his hands.

"It's Garba!" he groaned. "My God! Why did she do it! What will we do! Oh, what *will* we do!"

Greer glanced up contemptuously. "Only one thing you can do," he advised. "Get that wrecker out of here and run like blazes. And for Pete's sake, take a grip on yourself. Quit acting like some old woman. You're not the first guy was ever in a tight spot."

That kind of talk brought Mr. Rudolph to his senses. He thumbed through messages. His hand was shaking until he could scarcely read them.

Superintendent Meyers, who had been out to speed up the wrecker, returned a moment later.

"What time is that Wilson Creek Rise due at Green River?" he queried.

"Around five-fifty," croaked the trainmaster.

"If we expect to do any good, we'll have to be there with the hook by five or shortly after."

Mr. Rudolph nodded gloomily.

The super said: "It's going to be four

or after before we get going. That gives us an hour to make seventy miles. It can't be done."

"Not with Engineer Higgins," groaned the trainmaster.

"Nor anybody else," barked Meyers.

"Randall brought in a banana train from Rover in an hour and twelve minutes," reminded Greer.

"Randall's fired."

"Men have been reinstated," the dispatcher suggested diplomatically. "Randall would make it."

"Or put it in the ditch," Superintendent Meyers added grimly.

Mr. Rudolph fumbled for a new stogie. Sound of excited voices came up from the platform.

"How long would it take to get Randall down here?" The trainmaster looked at the dispatcher.

"About—"

"Randall was down there a minute ago," interrupted Mr. Meyers. "He and Hicks came swaggering up just as I came in, kidding about their luck in getting fired before—"

TRAINMASTER BARNEY RUDOLPH pulled down his hat and started for the door. He took the stairs two at a time. He glowered at the spectators, elbowed his way through them.

Agitation was gone. He was once more the Lion Tamer. A big watch in his hairy hand said 1.58. He pretended not to see Rud and Boomer who were asking Robin Hansen what he knew about his sister. Mr. Rudolph brushed past them and confronted Engineer Higgins.

"I want this train at Green River Bridge at five," he blustered.

Higgins looked up. He was one of those hoggers who whimpered when the whip cracked.

"Why, Mr. Rudolph, that's impossible. It's seventy miles, and the tracks—"

"I don't give a hoot about distance or track. This train has to be there by five o'clock. Get me!"

"But, Mr. Rudolph—"

"Don't Mr. Rudolph me! Will you?"

"I can't. Nobody—"

"All right." Mr. Rudolph shoved spectators away and faced Rud. "Randall," he barked, "take charge of this engine an' put this outfit in Green River by five o'clock."

"Sorry, but I don't work for this pike any more," said Rud.

"You're reinstated."

"Yeah!" Rud winked at Robin Hansen.

"Listen, Randall!" The trainmaster spoke rapidly. "There's been trouble at that wreck. I don't know what. Miss Hansen went into the lion car, an' it in the river, trying to get the animals out. Now she's trapped in the car with a loose lion. They report a rise in the water will drive the beast out an' make him attack her, tear her to pieces."

Rud jerked out his watch. The grin froze on his face.

"The rise is due there," continued the trainmaster, "around five thirty-five. We've got to get there in time to clear the track an' switch the big hook in before that rise comes, or else—"

Robin Hansen, horror in the wide blue eyes, clutched Rud's sleeve. Rud turned to Higgins.

"Is she ready, Hig?"

"She's ready, Randall. And may God have mercy—"

Rud whirled to Boomer Hicks.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Get on this jack and get her hot. We're going to Green River!"

Higgins' fireman climbed grumblingly down. Boomer didn't even ask the trainmaster whether he, too, was reinstated, but followed his engineer.

WHAT matter that the new silk shirt was clean, the serge trousers neatly pressed? What matter that no red bandanna would keep hot cinders from the neck? What Randall did, what Randall dared, Boomer Hicks also would do and dare.

The engine howled. Voices shouted: "All set?" Other voices answered: "Rarin' to go!"

Rud blasted the murky night with his whistle. White lanterns flashed. Some rose and fell. Others whirled in fancy highball.

Robin Hansen scrambled into the cab. He wore the brakeman's badge and carried the brakeman's lantern.

"Do you think we can make it?" he asked the engineer.

"We'll do it," said Rud, "or—"

Robin understood, but did not pale or tremble. With air brakes through to the caboose on the wrecker outfit, he climbed to the platform and settled to ride.

As the engine started moving, Barney Rudolph swung up the steps and stood by the engineer. Randall shrugged and moved over to make room for him on the narrow seat.

Soon they lost the lights of Wellfield. Mist and rain spatted him in the face. The cab danced and bucked, as the sun-fishin' 643 settled to her mad pace.

The maddened torrent of exhaust roared on. The engineer sat calmly, right arm on the rest, eyes glued to the track rising out of the rain.

All boards were green that night. White lanterns flashed, hoarse voices shouted up from the sidings where other trainmen waited for the "hook" to go.

The terrific roar zoomed upward. Odor of wet corn whipped in through the windows. Quivering wheels vibrated. They slewed wildly on curves, and galloped when wheels struck soft spots with water splashing out from puddles.

Rud appeared not to notice. At eighty miles an hour they leaped a sag. The cab rolled toward the fireman's side. The Lion Tamer sucked his breath, caught Randall by the shoulder strap.

At 4.27 they skyrocketed through Ludwig, *thirty-four miles in twenty-six minutes!*

Mr. Rudolph unbent to look at a watch and say: "We're goin' to make it."

Randall did not answer. They went by Belton. Two miles out there came a sudden swish—blow of steam—white fog sweeping past the fireman's window, pouring into the cab. Robin and Boomer fell into the deck. Mr. Rudolph leaped out and shouted:

"What's that? What's happened?"

RUD closed the throttle, quickly opened it. "Only the water glass!" he thought. Then he knew the steam was coming from without, and not within. Other possibilities flashed—piston head—piston packing—broken pipes.

Leaving throttle cracked, he crossed to the fireman's side and looked out. He could not be certain, but he thought the steam was from the air pump. He darted back and closed the valve controlling steam to pump. The blow was instantly cut off.

"What is it, Randall?" queried Boomer.

"The feed pipe to the air pump's smashed."

Without slowing, he let Boomer take the throttle while he went on the running board to investigate. The pipe was broken squarely off where it went into the pump. Very calmly he came back into the cab and kept on running.

They were now going down a long easy grade leading to Wind River Hill. Their speed was cutting, because air brakes were leaking on and leaking off. The pressure on the gage went down to zero.

"Don't you aim to stop and fix that pump?" Mr. Rudolph asked.

"And kill two hours?"

"You can't go on without it."

"Why not? We often run these hills with little air to use and sometimes we don't use it."

Telegraph poles picked up speed. They turned down the grade. Rud eased off a little. They were running plenty fast.

The trainmaster tapped Rud on the back and asked: "Don't you aim to shut off and call for brakes?"

"Can't," said Rud. "We're in a hurry!"

The clack of wheels grew ever louder. Pony trucks—then drivers—both sounds blending to a blurr. The stuttering exhaust seemed coming from afar. Mr. Rudolph got up, threw his stogie out of the window. He took out his watch and counted telegraph poles.

When a mile had gone, he croaked: "Randall, you're running too cock-eyed fast!"

"How fast?" Rud did not look around.

"You made that mile in thirty-nine seconds."

"We've got to make the next one in a damn sight less," said Rud, "if we expect to be in Green River by five o'clock."

The hard trainmaster didn't speak again until the run was through. When engine No. 643 hit that hole beyond Wind River Bridge, it hurled the slash bar from tank to deck, and tore a leg out of a new pair of checkered trousers. Mr. Rudolph coughed and sputtered—he didn't even swear.

When she took the curve out of Shelton Creek with four wheels on iron and four in air, he gripped the arm rest and swallowed half a stogie. When Rud shut off at Vengeance Hole to get the train in hand for the stop at Travis Hollow, the Lion Tamer drew a long breath and got down in the deck to stretch his legs.

Even when they stopped between switches, brought out some circus cars, and ran around the hook to get in ahead of the engine, it was not Rudolph's blustering, condemning voice which directed the movement.

He watched in tight silence while the wrecker crew wrestled a horse car away to get a female lion tamer out of the wrecked cat car. When that was done, he snatched his woman from her peril and carried her to safety on the bridge.

"I knew you'd come, Barney dear," the little blonde was almost sobbing.

"And *how* we came, baby!" boomed the trainmaster. "I got on that engine an' told that engineer. . . ."

If Rud Randall had overheard these words he would have chuckled out loud, just as he did when he read a new bulletin that he found posted on the board when he got back at Wellfield. The bulletin said:

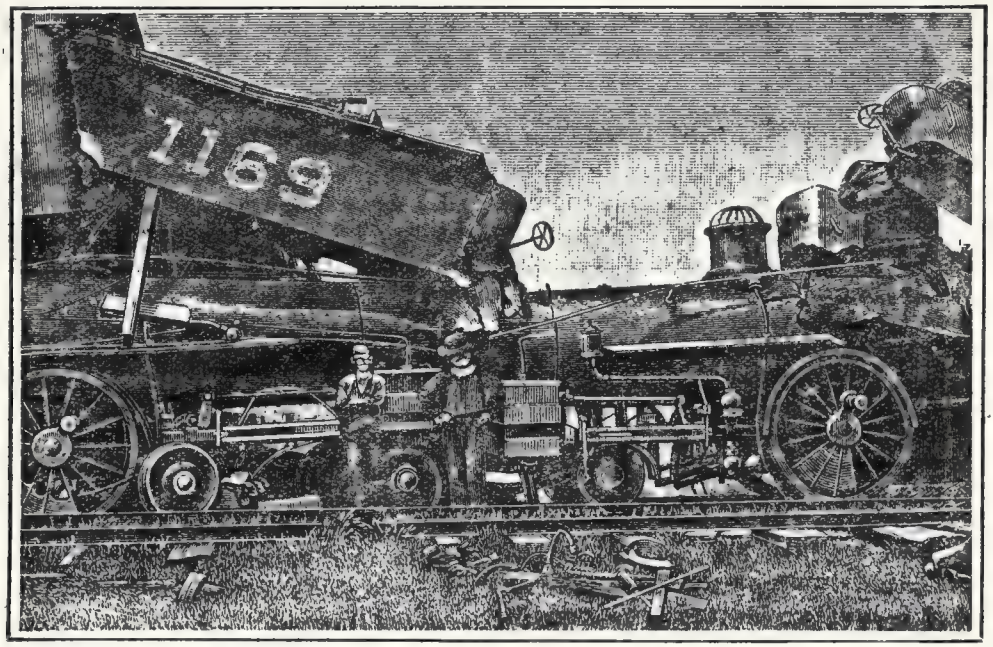
Freight trains will be expected to use due caution descending grades. The excessive speeds which have been attained on these grades in the past will not be tolerated.

(Signed) M. G. Meyers, Supt.

O.S., The Town Hall!

IT was a real scorching day in August. The heat waved dizzily from the tracks in front of the depot, and the only sign of life was the clicking of the telegraph instruments in the Brattleboro, Vermont, station. I was the "op." About 6 P.M., however, things began to change. Black clouds appeared from the west, and the wire began to stutter. Finally the dispatcher called me, for the wire north of me was dead, and we tried to open another line. After fooling around an hour and getting nothing we gave up.

I had just finished talking with him when a gust of wind blew all my papers all over the office floor. Next the lights went out and little branches began sailing by the station platform. The storm brought no rain, but wind and more wind rushed at the little station. I managed to shut the windows to keep the branches and rubbish from a nearby dump from blowing in the office. I just finished lighting a lantern when a large tree fell, crashing on the main line just north of the station. A southbound passenger train due at this moment stopped just clear of the tree and saved me the iob of flagging it. The town hall roof was blown off and the wind carried it along the main line track right by the station. Just as it went rattling by the dispatcher asked me about No. 74, the southbound passenger, as he began to worry about the delay. For an answer I reported that the town hall "went by, light." Amazed, the dispatcher asked me to repeat. So again I "OSed" the town hall by. Did I get canned for violation of Rule G? No, but the super requested a 10-day vacation without pay.—Thomas F. Sisk, Y.M.C.A., New London, Conn.



Old-Time Head-On Collision on the Illinois Central. Can Any Reader Give Details?

On the Spot

COMING on our train sheet is a hot-shot manifest, "Old Gals of the Illinois Central," piloted by Carlton J. Corliss, whose booklet, "Trails to Rails," is widely known. "Old Gals" will hark back to the days when names instead of numbers were used for motive power on roads which now make up the I. C. System. We'd like to hear from old-timers who worked with those "gals." We need anecdotes about them. Also photos. We take good care of original photos and return them promptly.

The spirit of those bygone days is depicted in our new series of front-cover paintings on old-time railroading, by Emmett Watson, beginning this month. Next month Mr. Watson will show one of the brothers tieing down brakes in a snowstorm.

EVERY month we ask you to fill out and mail the "Reader's Choice" coupon (page 143). If you don't want to clip the magazine, write the information on a letter or post card. This is a big help to us in planning future consists. It tells us what the readers like best. It gives us running orders. No train crew can get very far without running orders.

Here are a few pointers for those who write letters to the "Spot" dept.: (a) Use ink, not pencil. Better yet, double-spaced typewriting. (b) Keep it brief! (c) We welcome frank criticism. (d) Items for July issue must be received before May 15th. (e) Don't be surprised if your letter is sidetracked for lack of space. This department is always swamped with a lot of good material we can't possibly use.

Votes submitted so far for the April issue give the following line-up in order of popularity:

1—"Longhorn Lannigan," Samples
2—"Damnhobo," Dellinger
3—Inter. Engine Picture Club (including "Photography Hints")
4—By the Light of the Lantern
5—On the Spot
6—True Tales of the Rails
7—"Over Everything," Texino
8—"Slippery Buck," Earp
9—"Interference," Crawford
10—"Blanket Stiffs," Martin
11—"Rail Disaster," Heineman
12—April in Railroad History
13—Lehigh Valley Locomotives
14—"Highway Robbery," Phillips
15—"Dark Continent," Carter

Fiction Versus Fact Articles

I AM an ex-rail, having served on the C. & N. W., Milwaukee, M. & St. L., and I. C. in Iowa, S. D., and Neb. The brothers would appreciate more facts, figures and photos, rather than far-fetched nightmares of runaway trains, premeditated derailments and fabulous holdups. The astonishing feature of RAILROAD STORIES is that your fiction authors get paid for pounding out such hooey.

"Hero-at-the-throttle" stuff may go over big with kids, but in all my years at the game such incidents were conspicuously absent. I was riding in a coach on the C. G. W. between Clarion and Fort Dodge, Ia., when the trucks under the front end of the car left the rails and rode the ties. Did this make me a hero of the parlor car?

Once when I was agent at a M. & St. L. way station, a Mallet pulling a time freight hit some ice frozen over the rails at the water tank and rode the ties for about a quarter of a mile before it was stopped. I bet such facts are much more interesting to rails than flights of fancy.—BASIL KOOB, Elroy, Wis.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *You are partly right, Brother Koob, but don't forget that the human race has been entertained by fiction stories for thousands of years. "Rails" are not different from the rest of mankind. Plenty of them enjoy fiction.)*

* * *

DON'T sidetrack Dellinger; he's your best writer. I know the New Mexico and Arizona country he's been writing about lately. I make 3 trips down there every year, and I certainly hope to meet Dellinger. I've fired engines from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in France and Germany, and Dellinger writes the most plausible railroad stories I've ever read.—C. F. ALLOWAY, Box 52, Winfield, Mo.

* * *

LET'S have more real railroad stories to brighten up our "Blood and Thunder Monthly." Tell Dellinger to cut out murders, cowboys and gangsters. The Engine Picture Kid and Frank L. Packard get my votes.—J. JEMMETT, Trinity College, Port Hope, Ont., Canada.

* * *

PACKARD is in a class by himself. His stories about the Hill Division are about the best I've ever read.—EARL WILSON, 212 W. 62nd St., Chicago.

* * *

MAKE your front covers more decent—not like slaughter houses such as the April cover with Longhorn Lannigan running into a mob of animals.—WM. MITCHELL, 541 E. 138th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

APRIL cover was fine. I once loaded a whole train with steers like the ones shown in the picture. Some had horns so long they couldn't get through the car door; we had to trim 'em with axes.—Bozo TEXINO (Mo. P. hoghead), Box 564, Laredo, Tex.

MY story, "The Loch Ness Monster," is partly based on facts. I am a regular contributor to the L. M. S. staff magazine and other railway periodicals. Springburn, my home town, is Scottish headquarters of both the L. M. S. and L. N. E. R. systems. N. British Loco. Co. works is situated here. The "Royal Scot" was built a few hundred yards from my door. Scottish lines are my hobby; I can handle authoritatively any material concerning them.—JOHN THOMAS, 240 Gourlay St., Springburn, Glasgow, N., Scotland.

* * *

I GOT a laugh out of Bozo Texino's story, "Rights Over Everything" (April issue). It was really clever. Regarding my "Slippery Buck" stories, Conductor Ed Dewitt asked me the other day where I had known Buck Anderson. When I admitted I knew no one by that name, he said Buck worked out of Caldwell, Kan., on the Rock Island some 30 yrs. ago. The "Slippery Buck" I had in mind worked here on the Kansas Div., but is now on a pension.—JAMES W. EARP, 101 S. 11th St., Herington, Kan.

* * *

"RIGHTS OVER EVERYTHING" was a feeble attempt to be funny but didn't quite score. Here's a rather amusing news item from Sweetwater, Texas, that caught my eye:

"Engineer C. R. Hawkins and his wife are going to have something to talk about for a long time. Mrs. Hawkins drove the family car broadside into a switch engine operated by her husband on the night of Feb. 28. The automobile was demolished and a box car damaged, but she was uninjured."—FRANK REESE, 4 Charles St., Cortland, N. Y.

* * *

WHY don't your authors omit some of the unnecessary "hells" and "damns"? They clutter up a good magazine.—JAMES MCFARLANE, 104 Strathmore Drive, Syracuse, N. Y.

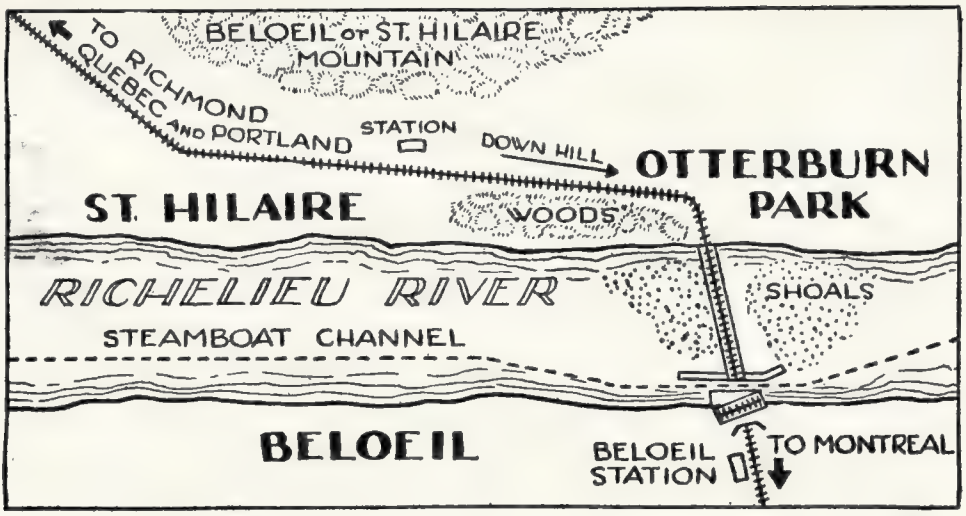
(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Just to show you that we appreciate criticism and suggestions, we cut out most of the "hells" and "damns" from the original manuscript of "Lion Tamers," in this issue; but we didn't cut them all out, because this is not a Sunday school paper.)*

* * *

"COUNTY CHAIRMAN," a movie, was supposed to take place in Montana, yet S. P. engine No. 18 was used in one scene. Can anybody tell me about that engine? P. R. R. fans in this vicinity, please write.—J. GRESSITT, 2449 Marcy Ave., Evanston, Ill.

* * *

I GOT a big kick out of "Silver Streak," especially the part where a freight train beats the streamliner, and an old hogger says: "No, sir, you just can't beat steam!"—WM. EELMAN, R. D. 3, Manchester Ave., N. Haledon, Paterson, N. J.



The Disaster at Beloeil Bridge

"CANADA'S BIGGEST RAIL ACCIDENT," by E. J. Baker (April issue), interests me greatly, as I own a summer cottage about 200 yards from the bridge at Beloeil, which is really east of Montreal, not N.W. I know the spot well and am familiar with details of the disaster. It happened on a Wednesday, not Thursday as stated in Mr. Baker's article.

Official reports indicate the train consisted of 11 cars (not 13) carrying 354 passengers; with a casualty list of 97 passengers and 3 trainmen killed, and about 200 injured. In many cases parents died but their children were saved. Several Montreal orphanages took in flaxen-haired Germans who were known for years afterward as "Beloeil orphans."

Primary causes of the disaster were Engineer Burney's lack of knowledge of the road and the fact that the train did not have a full crew. Burney was an experienced driver, but only on the line from Richmond to Point Levi (South Quebec). He had run the special from Point Levi to Richmond, expecting to be relieved there. However, a big party was being held at Richmond that night and the call boy was unable to round up a crew to take the special to Montreal. After some delay, the "brass hats" persuaded Burney, against his better judgment, to run the train all the way.

Burney experienced no difficulty until he reached St. Hilaire, about half mile from the bridge, where he stopped for water. From St. Hilaire to Otterburn Park the railway ran parallel to the river, down a sharp grade and through dense woods, then curved sharply at right angles onto the bridge. The only signal at that time was a lantern, showing red or white, on the swing span itself. Because of thick woods and curve, the signal could not be seen when approached from the east, until the train was almost on the bridge.

Legally, the boats had the right-of-way, but generally conceded that right to regular trains, which explains why many of the trains did not stop if they saw the clear signal. Nevertheless all trains descended the hill from St. Hilaire to the bridge with the brakemen standing by and the train under full control.

What really happened will never be known. Probably Burney misjudged the steepness of the gradient and accelerated too quickly. The one and only brakeman, who should have been ready to apply the brakes if needed, was otherwise engaged "trimming a lamp." The train got out of control coming down the hill. When Burney saw the red light it was too late; his train plunged into the open draw!

Conductor Finn, the fireman, and brakeman went down with the train. It would have been better for Burney if he had died, too. Though the coroner's jury blamed him for the accident, other railway officials were considered equally guilty and no criminal action was taken against him. Nevertheless, the horror preyed on Burney to such an extent that soon afterward he lost his mind. For years he wandered aimlessly about Montreal, broken in spirit and known to everyone as engineer of the Beloeil disaster.

Several weeks before, a forest fire had threatened to destroy a lot of firewood which the Grand Trunk Ry. had accumulated at Acton Vale, but the people of the town had turned out and had saved the woodpile. In return for this, the railway gave the townspeople a free excursion to the picnic ground at Otterburn Park. Arriving at their destination early in the morning of June 29, 1864, they were horrified to see the swing span open and the space filled with tangled and splintered wreckage, with a few local farmers struggling to rescue the survivors.

Among the first to reach the scene were Dr. Mount, medical officer of a copper mine at Acton Vale, and his 10-year-old daughter, who later

became Mrs. Duckett and who, until her death 2 years ago, was an active member of the Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n.

A few days ago, while clearing out a cupboard in the Chateau de Ramezay Museum (home of this association), we located photos of the wreckage at Beloeil. Two of them were much the same as the old prints used to illustrate Mr. Baker's article.—ROBERT R. BROWN, secretary, Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n., 700 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.

* * *

SNOWPLOW wreck pictured in April issue (p. 138) occurred in 1887 about a mile from the Lindsay station, where the track runs up the center of the street on a heavy upgrade and then curves to the right. In those days trains were moved from one point to another on "line clear" orders. Engine 622, with Engineer Lockie McIntosh handling a freight train, was given a "line clear" order from Lindsay station to Victoria Jct., 1½ miles. The dispatcher forgot about the snowplow extra, engine 634 with Engineer Bob Johnston and Fireman Thomas Tutton. When the snowplow came down the grade, expecting to find everything clear and having only hand brakes, it acted as a ramp for engine 622, which stopped with her pilot on the 634's sand dome. Fireman Tutton, now living at Midland, Ont., could furnish further details.—ROBERT HOPE, 28 Albert St. S., Lindsay, Ont., Canada.

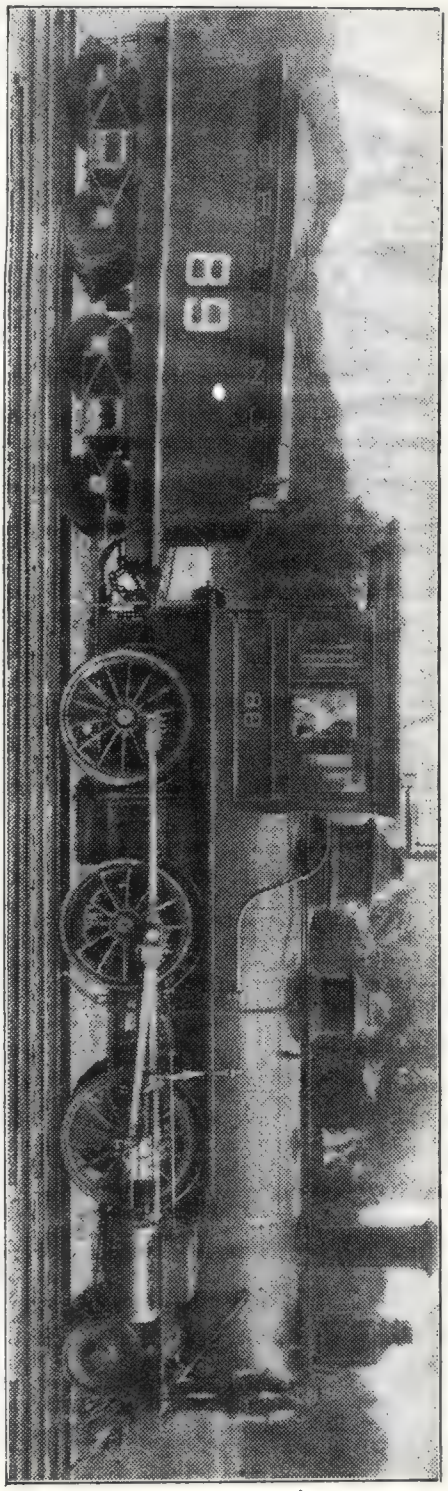
* * *

I HAVE a photo of the snowplow wreck in my scrapbook, with the caption: "Collision at Lindsay, Ont., 1888. Engine 634 was running snowplow and engine 624 was hauling 25 freight cars. When they collided the 634's crew thought they had struck a snow bank, as it was blowing so hard they could not see 3 ft. ahead. The train pushed the 624 on top; but as one of the boys said: 'There were B. R. T. men behind her and she couldn't go anywhere else.'"—ARLINGTON BRYANT, 14 Sylvan Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.

* * *

I AM 10 yrs. old. My grandfather is a retired supt. He used to be a dispatcher at Donald, B. C. I like to hear his stories, which I'm saving to tell to my children—if I ever have any when I grow up. Here is one of them:

At Notch Hill, B. C., is a hill 7 miles long. Back in 1896, there was a wye at the top. The eastbound train took half the cars up the hill, then came down to Notch Hill station. Meantime, the westbound took her part up. The engineer and crew of the eastbound went into a hotel for lunch. While they were eating, their train broke loose and began rolling downhill. Ten minutes later the crew of the westbound saw her coming. The fireman yelled to the crew to jump. All were saved, except a bum sitting on the front, who was killed. When officials came to examine the wreck, they found one engine telescoped into the other. Even the eccentrics were burnt. The crew who had been eating lunch paid for it with their jobs. On another occasion the first section of a train was lost for 4 hours. It was found on a siding.—NICKY FRASER, 1245 Seaview Ave., Victoria, B. C., Canada.



Old-Time Jersey Central Baldwin-Built Mogul, Snapped at Dunellen, N. J., in 1889. See Page 135 for Modern Roster of This Road

Photo from H. E. Johnston, Box 82, Scotch Plains, N. J.

Foreign Lands Heard From

FAR more people seem to be reading RAILROAD STORIES in England than there were when I started 2 years ago. They praise E. S. Dellinger and the Engine Picture Kid, but they do not like your wreck articles, although you've given good reason for putting them in. I know a man who saw the big wreck in '27 at Charfield, near Bristol, England, where the cars burned with people inside. Every time he reads about the smashes in RAILROAD STORIES he is literally sick.

Englishmen are mistrustful of what is said to be "facts" on your side of the Big Pond. High speeds, for instance. Mr. Allen, our unbiased speed-timing expert, has said what he thinks about the impossibility of doing over 100 m.p.h. on a steam loco. He discredited the record of the G. W. R. "City of Truro" back in 1902. "Flying Scotsman" a few months ago only touched 100 for a brief moment. Then we see glorious stories about phenomenal speeds on U. S. roads which are not even substantiated by a decent stop watch. (I'm not saying anything about the U. P. streamline train.)

I doubt that locos built the way you build them could attain such speed without rolling off the track. I was told the story of a C. P. R. hot shot silk that got up Field Hill, British Columbia, in 24 minutes and spilt itself all over the prairies when it tried to do some real speed. —G. H. SOOLE, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, England.

* * *

"RED RAILS," by Neill James (April, '35), is the best true tale you've printed for a long time. That girl made me feel I was following her on her perilous trans-Siberian journey. The map and photo gave her story an added touch of intimacy. I'm voting for her with both hands. —DAVE A. MARTIN (author "Blanket Stiffs," etc.), 907 W. 2nd St., Los Angeles.

* * *

I READ Earle Davis's article about the Milwaukee record last year, "85 Miles in 67 Mins." (Nov., '34 issue), but our English cousins began wheeling a stiff schedule as far back as 1904. Great Western's 4-4-0 "City of Truro," with a train of 148 tons, made 103 m.p.h. on a run to London. The South Western Ry. did some fast stepping from Templecomb to Waterloo, 114 miles in 103 mins.! Another South Western section, the London, Brighton & South Coast Ry., pulling a Pullman limited, "The Southern Belle," ran from Victoria to Brighton, 50 miles in 40 mins. with a 4-4-0 engine.

As for the world's longest non-stop run, I believe the "Flying Fox" still holds that record. Leaving King's Cross, its first stop is 5½ hrs. later at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 268 miles.—WILLIS MANN (ex-fireman, Northern Pacific), Tappen, N. D.

"THE WORLD'S OLDEST RAILROAD" (March issue) interested me very much, because that road terminates in my home town. The article contains 2 minor errors: A new company took over the Swansea & Mumbles Ry. in 1877, not 1876; and the line was extended to the pier in 1889, not 1899. I tried to get photos of S. & M. steam trains for your magazine, but the company said all such photos were destroyed in 1928 when the road was modernized. I inquired at the newspaper offices here, with no better luck. However, I am enclosing a little S. & M. souvenir booklet.

I have a few copies of this booklet and will mail one, as long as the supply lasts, to any reader who sends me an international postal reply coupon (obtainable at any post office for a few cents) to pay postage.

The other day I had a nice chat with Mrs. R. Williams, whose late husband started work on the S. & M. at age 11, May 2, 1881, and was employed on that line 55 yrs.! Since the S. & M. was electrified, it is more pleasant to travel on. Once when I rode on a train pulled by an old "beetle-squasher" (steam engine), I wore a pair of white trousers which became dirty gray and my eyes filled with grit before we reached Mumbles. I am Welsh, age 23½, eager to hear from U. S. and Canadian railway fans, both sexes. Interested in many subjects. Will answer every letter.—PERCY G. NOOTT, 20 Eigen Crescent, Mayhill, Swansea, South Wales, Great Britain.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are greatly indebted to Mr. Noott for a copy of the S. & M. booklet, which we used as a basis for "The World's Oldest Existing Ry." feature in this issue.)*

* * *

MY first copy of RAILROAD STORIES was procured on a trip through Canada and U. S. in 1932. These loco rosters are worth the price alone.—H. D. LE FLEMING, F. M. S. Rys., Sentul, Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, Asia.

* * *

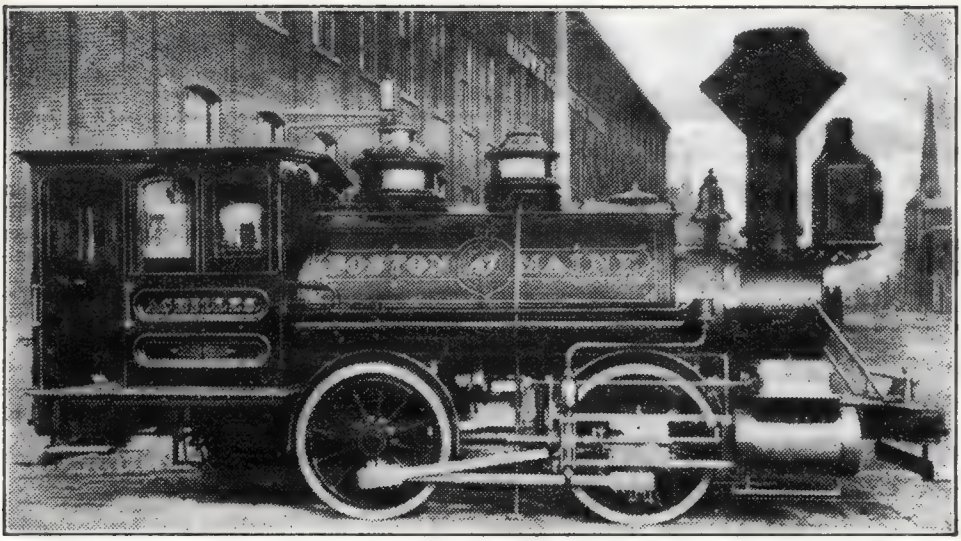
YOUR stories have the real railway flavor.—JOHN FREER, "Sourbridge," 39 Balaclava Rd., E. St. Vilda, S. 2, Victoria, Australia.

* * *

FIRST engine of the Nacozari Ry., which took first prize at Chicago World's Fair in the '80's, is now in the S. P. shop at El Paso, Texas. The abandoned Arizona Southern has 2 engines on a S. P. siding at Red Rock, Ariz. Kansas & Okla. Southern has an abandoned engine on the Rock Island siding at Liberal, Kan.—LESTER GRAVES (ex-Rock Island, now N., De. M.), Gen. Delivery, Mexico City, Mexico.

* * *

AN interesting type of locomotive was recently built for Russia. She is a Garratt, 2-8-2 plus 2-8-2; the design is composed of 3 separate units. Machinery, driving wheels, cylinders and tanks make up 2 almost similar groups, while the boiler, which is suspended between 2 girders, forms the third unit. Advantages of this new type are the low axle weight, complete reversibility and excellent boiler design.—D. W. KORWIN, Tiflis, Kaukasus, U. S. S. R. (Russia).



From Collection of Donald Somerville

"Achilles," B.&M. No. 47, Photographed Outside Baldwin Plant, Philadelphia, Where She Was Built

The Information Booth

WHY not take a vote and determine through your readers which engine they consider is "North America's Handsomest Passenger Locomotive"? I nominate the B. & O. "President" type, followed closely by the Pennsy K-4s and the N. Y. C. Hudson.—DONALD SOMERVILLE, 79 W. Essex Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Readers, send us your votes, stating why. Our choice would probably be an old-timer, "America," the Rock Island's famous "Silver Engine." H. G. Monroe, ex-brakeman, Southern Ry., has picked out what he calls "The South's Finest Engine." He'll tell you all about her in an article, coming soon.)*

* * *

I WANT information on the history of refrigerator cars. Who developed the first one, and when? When and on what road did it first enter service, and between what points?—R. R. BOOSTER.

* * *

WHO can give details on a trackside grave 6 or 7 miles north of Stringtown, Okla., on M-K-T right-of-way?—T. A. RADER, 1172 N. Church St., Decatur, Ill.

* * *

I RECALL the wreck on the Colorado & Southern (Burlington) which Fred Whitsett told about in March issue. I was fireman on X-54, one of freight engines involved, and remember seeing a 7-year-old youngster in our engine after the smash.—F. R. HENRY (ex-fireman, O. S. L.), 1754½ N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles.

I WANT to hear from anyone who has pictures of old Wabash engines of the 100, 200, 300, 400 and 800 classes. Also old 43, which pulled the St. Charles Accommodation at the turn of the century. The "Com" faded into memory in March, 1933, after continuous operation of 70 years. With her went a world of romance.

Old 175, a 4-4-0, gave me a big thrill in 1915 when she wheeled No. 20, "North Star Limited," at high speed. Those old coffee-pots could percolate! Coming into St. Charles from the west, the engineer would shut off steam a mile from the depot and coast uphill. My biggest kick was to see them run past the depot even then, and have to back up.—REV. PAUL A. WOBUS, Manchester, Mo.

* * *

WHO can give the title and words of a poem that contains the lines:

"Only a brakeman, only a hard laboring man
But the smoke and soot from the engine
Has covered his face so tan."—GEO. WILSON, 132 Millicent St., Toronto, Canada.

* * *

ATLANTIC CITY'S new station for P. R. R.-Reading Seashore Lines is described and pictured in a special supplement of *Atlantic City Press*, Feb. 24, '35. This city is built on an island 9 miles long, about 4 miles from the mainland. Its trolley line was originally the West Jersey & Seashore R. R., which used to run steam trains to the lower end of the island. Back in the '80's, incoming passenger trains would run along the main street and stop in front of big hotels to let passengers off.—E. F. POMPEJI, 103 N. Sumner Ave., Margate Park, Atlantic City, N. J.

FROM 1900 to 1906 I was call boy for train and engine crews, engine wiper and extra fireman on the old Colorado Midland at Leadville, Colo. Also served a 4-yr. apprenticeship in their Colo. City machine shops. Who knows what happened to any of the Midland engines, or the whereabouts of any of the engine or train men I knew years ago?—R. S. McKeage, care of Speedway Mfg. Co., 1834 S. 52nd Ave., Cicero, Ill.

* * *

I WANT the history of the L. V.'s Seneca Falls branch. Also dope on the Central New York Southern R. R., which ran between Auburn and Ithaca, now abandoned.—D. Field, Box 316, Auburn, N. Y.

* * *

GIVE us more articles about narrow-gage pikes. There was one near Sonora, Calif.; only a few rails and crossing signs remain. Who can tell me anything about it? My father says Merrill, Wis., was a watertank named after my grandfather, a station agent.—David Merrill, 2405 Prospect St., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

I WANT facts on P. R. R. Panhandle Div. pile-up at milepost 39 in 1925 or '26.—Chas. Baron, Box 432, Holliday's Cove, W. Va.

* * *

I'D like to hear from a Pennsy "rail" who remembers the maiden trip of the "Penna. Special," June 11, 1905; also from a N. Y. C. "rail" who remembers the famous run of No. 999, May 10, 1893.—J. S. Tainter, 16 Shaw's Ct., E. Lynn, Mass.

* * *

TRAINMEN on P. R. R. runs between N. Y. and Washington travel through the states of N. Y., N. J., Pa., Del. and Md. and D. C. Does anyone know of a run that crosses more state lines than this?—G. B.

* * *

I LIKE to hear about old and deserted pikes. My great-greatuncle, James Henry Morley, was chief engineer and supt. of the Iron Mountain R. R. I have his altitude-measuring instrument which acts as a barometer at sea level, a book of his life and one of his timetables (went into effect Oct. 20, 1869) containing rules, signals and train movements. My greatuncle, Wm. Morley, aided the Santa Fe in its attempt to seize the Canyon of the Arkansas. One of your authors wrote a lot about him in an article "Canyon War" (Aug., '32, issue).—James Morley, 2635 Etna St., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

WHO has photo and information on the engine used by Dr. Webb, B. & M. president, some 40 yrs. ago for fishing trips to Matapedia Valley? She had a glassed-in compartment on the front end.—R. G. Levasseur, Hampton, N. B., Canada.

WOULD like information on Mo. P. wreck at Benton, Ark., a few years ago. I understand a solid train of Texas spinach was ditched. For days afterward people around Benton had more spinach than they could use.—O. K. Littlefield, Cross S Hotel, Crystal City, Texas.

* * *

IN the Riverdale Cemetery here is a large monument for 10 of those who died in the wreck of Con. T. Kennedy's show train in Nov., 1916. As long as I remember, no carnival coming to Columbus has ever failed to pay tribute to their dead comrades. Who knows the history of Kilby Loco. Works at Anniston, Ala., in 1902?—L. James, 421 15th St., Columbus, Ga.

* * *

REGARDING old-time wreck on frontispiece of April issue: The method of applying feed-pipe to this engine conforms to a common practice on the Wisconsin Central (now Soo Line) 40 years ago.—One Who Knows.

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I WANT details on H. & T. C. head-on collision in Texas in '14 or '15.—C. A. Vance, fireman, U. S. S. *Widgeon*, Pearl Harbor, Oahu, Hawaii.

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I ENJOYED a good laugh over a query in April "Lantern" dept. about the uncoupling while in rapid motion of C. N. R. limited's engine from train at Dundas, Ont., on Christmas night.—Rev. W. J. Flanagan, Priest's House, Hubbardston, Mich.

* * *

WHO remembers the old engine "Maud" which ran between Palatine and Wauconda, Ill., in 1925? She took at least an hour to run the 7 miles from Palatine to Lake Zurich, and was watered by a garden hose. When a hill was reached, everybody had to get out and walk. The old track is still there, while the engine and few cars are in Wauconda. That line was owned by local farmers. The engineer also acted as fireman and master mechanic.—Robert Garfinkle, 4880 N. Ashland, Chicago.

* * *

I'D like information on the Wabash wreck at Seneca, O., when an immigrant train caught fire, many persons being killed. I want to hear from engineers and firemen, as I'm now furloughed off the Grand Trunk.—C. E. De Forest, 7141 S. Chicago Ave., Chicago.

* * *

I WANT dope on these old Colo. roads: Argentine Central; Aspen & Western; Breckenridge & Leadville; Book Cliff; Crystal River; Colo. & E.; Colo.-Kan.; D. & R. G.; Denver, Leadville & Gunn.; Den. Circle; Den., Longmont & N. W.; Mid. Term.; Rio Grande S.; Silverton, Gladstone & N.—J. A. Grow, 752 N. Liberty St., Rushville, Ill.

* * *

WE'D like to hear from railroad men and fans, including those in foreign lands.—Joseph E. McCaul (age 15), 524 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ed Morris (age 15), Stop 39, Schenectady Rd., Albany, N. Y.; Bill Quinn (age 14), 2128 W. 80th St., Los Angeles.

J. M. (April issue) claims that S. P. makes their engine grease from "old journal packing, old grease and then compresses it into sticks to be used over again." As an ex-S. P. employee I resent that crack. I have seen too many boxes of "pin grease" with "Texas Co." label on them to allow his statement to go by.

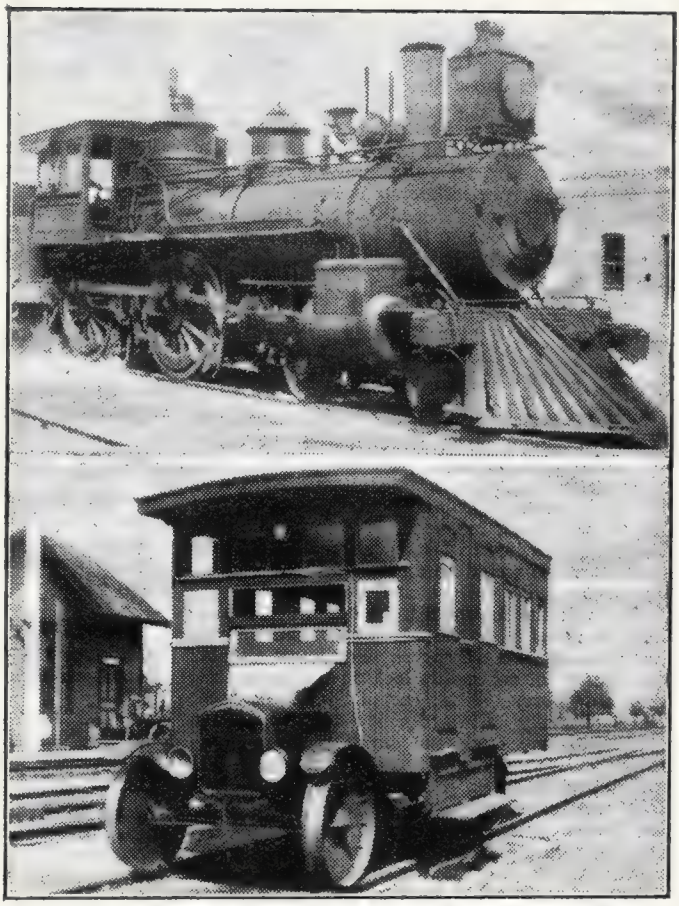
Incidentally S. P. engineers handle their engines from the left-hand side of the cab on the 4000, 4100 and 4200 classes. Mallets are so built that the cab is in front and the smokebox next to the tank. To determine the left and right side of these engines, stand facing the smokebox at the cab; your right side is engine's right side. To be on proper side of train, the engineer must be on the left side of the cab.—DON TRYER, Camp Clatsop, Warrenton, Ore.

* * *

I ENJOYED "City of Iron Horses," an article by Walter Lucas (June, '33). My father helped build some of those old gals at Rogers Loco. Works in this city.—JOHN WARREN, 45 W. Broadway, Paterson, N. J.

* * *

I BET I'm one of your most northern subscribers. Since last summer I've been teaching here at the Indian Reserve school on the 55 degree line about 500 miles N. of Winnipeg. Not long ago I left the sound of engine bells for weddings bells, as one of my engine-picture correspondents put it.



Photos by J. Nolan Wells, S.A.L. Agent, Kingsland, Ga.

Entire Rolling Stock and Motive Power of St. Mary's R.R., Which Operates between St. Mary's and Kingsland, Ga., 11 Miles. The Locomotive Was Formerly an Old L.&N. Wood-Burner. In the Cab Is Gen. Mgr. J. F. Bailey, Who Is "the Whole Cheese" on This Road, also Mayor of St. Mary's. The Motor Car Hauls Express, Mail and Passengers

To get married I had to go to The Pas, Man., southern terminus of the Hudson Bay Ry. My first lift was to Ilford on the H. B. Ry., 286 miles by plane. At Ilford I learned that I had just missed the weekly "Muskeg" and would have to wait a week for the next train. Finally I got away. The train went to Wabowden the first day, 137 miles, then tied up for the night.

I arrived at The Pas next day about 4 P.M. My girl arrived the following morning from Winnipeg and we were married. Next day were off on the "Muskeg" for the Far North. Eventually we got to Ilford and, after another 3-day wait, reached Oxford House by plane. All this with the thermometer at 20 below!

During the grain season the H. B. Ry. runs 2 or 3 trains a day, but in winter a train is run to Churchill every other week. C. N. R. engines of the 2100 series are used most. Coaches are built so that passengers may let down berths and stretch out in their rabbit robes when the train ties up at division points overnight. I'll be glad to answer questions on this road for readers who enclose postage.—GEORGE HARRIS, Oxford House, via Ilford, Man., Canada.

* * *

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD

ANSWERING Wm. B. Rainsford (April issue): The road I was made on used the Miller coupler on all passenger equipment. Engines were equipped with the long shackle on pilot. When switching "head-on" we had to use the old link pin to couple to cars. A lever on the coach platform, held in place by a wedge at the base, was employed to uncouple coaches. By changing position of the lever, the coupler was pulled to one side, thus uncoupling them.

One Sunday in 1902 or '03 all Miller "hooks" were taken off and replaced by automatic couplers. At a few terminals the new coupler was placed one inch too far under the coach platform. They a tough job coupling up, and more of a job when those trains arrived in Boston to be uncoupled.

Joe H. Bacon, a retired Maine Central engineer at Skowhegan, Me., tells about how hard he had to hit the coaches he picked up at Leeds Jct., Me., from the Farmington Branch. I bet the passengers thought he was trying to cripple them.—C. F. HUTCHINSON (A. C. L. engineer), Box 182, Wilmington, N. C.

* * *

YOU gave a good answer to W. L. S. ("Lantern" dept., March issue) about a broken spring hanger and the damage it could cause. I recall an experience with Engineer Frank Davis on an eastbound N. P. berry special one night. We had a Class W engine, 2-8-2 type, No. 1505. Near Eagle Gorge on a sharp curve we felt a jolt, as if our trailer wheels had struck something. We slowed down, but could find nothing wrong. However, we wired to Lester station so the roundhouse foreman would be on hand to double-check our engine while we got coal and water.

We made the 104 miles from Auburn to Ellensburg in about 3 hours. At Lester nothing was found wrong with the engine. You know a fellow can miss a lot when he's looking around with a torch in a hurry. At the end of the trip Engineer Davis suddenly called to me: "Get up on the guide with my torch and see if you miss anything."

My hair stood up when I discovered the left front driving spring completely gone! The equalizer hanger connection to the spring had broken, and the spring had dropped to the middle of the track. We immediately reported the loss, as a driver spring is a big piece of iron to be laying around on a railroad. Luckily it had fallen flat; 3 trains passed over it without damage before the section men found it. We couldn't understand why the engine rode so well or why the driving boxes were not overheated, or why we were not wrecked.—C. A. CUNNINGHAM, 25 First N.E., Auburn, Wash.

* * *

I HAVE seen cars sit in a railroad yard for 12 or 13 hours just so the company can get enough tonnage to rawhide an engine and train crew to death. Local freights leave here daily with stuff that came in the day before and they hold through freight trains until they can get about 100 cars together; then they will run. Is this fair to the shipper? Don't you think that if the railroad would put 40 cars behind one engine and let her go on over the road, making much more time and getting the stuff to the consignee in about one half the time it is now taking, people would ship more stuff by rail?

The railroads need new blood to replace their old fogie officials. They need light, fast equipment instead of slow, heavy power. My father was a Southern Ry. engineer for 21 years.—JAMES BIRD, 2305 Lincoln St., Columbia, S. C.

BUSINESS is booming on the Rock Island. Car movement has more than doubled in a month, Kansas City set a record the other day in cars moved that has not been equaled in 10 years. However, the brass hats have cut off almost 100 employees during that time—carmen, clerks, machinists, boilermakers, roundhouse workers, etc. Of course, somebody has to pay for that new lawyer the Rock Island hired over the protests of the R. F. C. and who is to be paid the small sum of $225,000 a year, which is about 3 times the President's salary. You tell me the answer.—J. GIROUARD, Kansas City.

* * *

PAUL CORCORAN (April, '35) hits the nail on the head when he says the only way to help the railroads back to prosperity is to get rid of tonnage-mad officials and put in fast service freights. I offer a case in point: S. P. No. 824 is scheduled to leave Los Angeles yard at 8 A.M. daily, but seldom leaves before 11 A.M. They wait for tonnage. Perishable, empties and merchandise are all treated alike. On the San Joaquin line it's even worse; freights often 8 hrs. late. —WM. SHACKFORD, JR., 678 St. John Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

* * *

EDWARD DAMAST, Arlington Ave., Relay, Md., made the photo of Relay station which we printed last month.—EDITOR.

* * *

RECENTLY I took the railroads' part in a classroom debate on Railroads *vs.* Hogs, and we beat 3 girls who took the road hogs' part by the vote of 22 to 4. Three days before, a truck had tried to hog the S. A. L. main line north of Petersburg, Va., from the "Orange Blossom Special." Fortunately the train wasn't derailed, but the truck and trailer were wrecked and 2 truckmen killed.—R. E. PRINCE, JR. (age 15), 1141 Larchmont Cres., Norfolk, Va.

* * *

YOU made a mistake in the caption under the photo of the elevated railway on page 132, April issue. This curve is at 110th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. on the *9th* Ave. Line, not the 6th. However, 6th Ave trains use these tracks to get to 155th St. The 6th Ave. "L" between Battery Place and 53rd St. may soon be torn down, but the 110th St. curve can count on a ripe old age. —G. E. CONDEY, 5329 Skillman Ave., Woodside, N. Y.

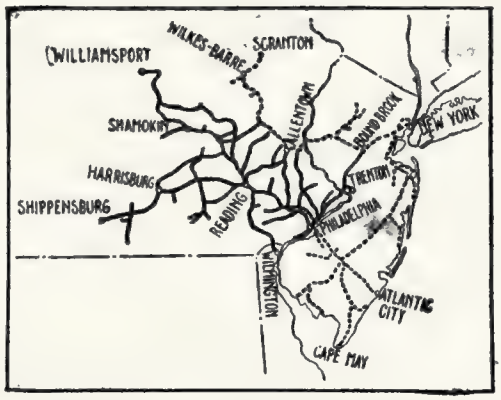
(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thanks for the correction. Another reader calls our attention to the caption on page 129, same issue. Instead of "Two Mikado types" it should read "Two Santa Fe or 2-10-2 Types." We are glad to print corrections, especially for the benefit of readers who save copies of this magazine as permanent reference or clip material for scrapbooks. E. C. Huffsmith, Long Beach, Calif., informs us that the San Francisco earthquake occurred April 18, 1906, not 1905 as stated in our "April in R. R. History." The so-called silver engine "America" was built for Paris Exposition of 1867, not 1878 as stated in "Famous Engineers," May, '35, issue.)*

Locomotives of the Central Railroad of New Jersey

THE present Central R. R. of N. J. ("Jersey Central") got its start as the Elizabethtown & Somerville R. R., which was chartered in February, 1831, and built from Elizabethport to Somerville, N. J., between 1836 and 1840. Two years later it was acquired by the Somerville & Easton, which had been chartered in 1847 and had built from Somerville to Whitehouse the next year. The combine then became known as the Central R. R. Co. of N. J., its present official title. By 1852 the line extended to Phillipsburg on the west, and in 1864 it finally built to Jersey City, after a bridge was built across Newark Bay from Elizabethport to Bayonne. On July 24, 1864, the ferry boat "Central" began service between Jersey City and New York City, thus eliminating the ferry ride from Elizabethport to New York City.

In 1871 the road leased the Lehigh & Susquehanna R. R. from the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co. (constructed in 1840), now the part of the line between Phillispburg, N. J., and Scranton, Pa. This division includes the famous Ashley planes, rising 1,000 feet in 2½ miles, over which much freight is hauled by stationary power, and which eliminate 14 miles of very heavy (almost 2%) railroad grades. In 1871, too, the line was completed in South New Jersey; and the New York & Long Branch R. R. (now used jointly by the C. R. R. of N. J. and P. R. R.), reaching the Jersey shore resorts, was completed by 1880.

Itself composed of about 50 absorbed corporations and a dozen other owned or leased properties, the Jersey Central is controlled by the Reading Co., which in turn is controlled by the Baltimore & Ohio, whose trains operate over the two roads

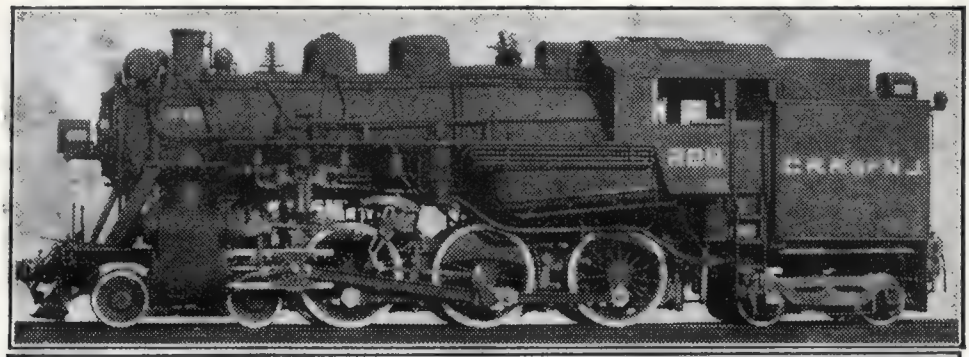


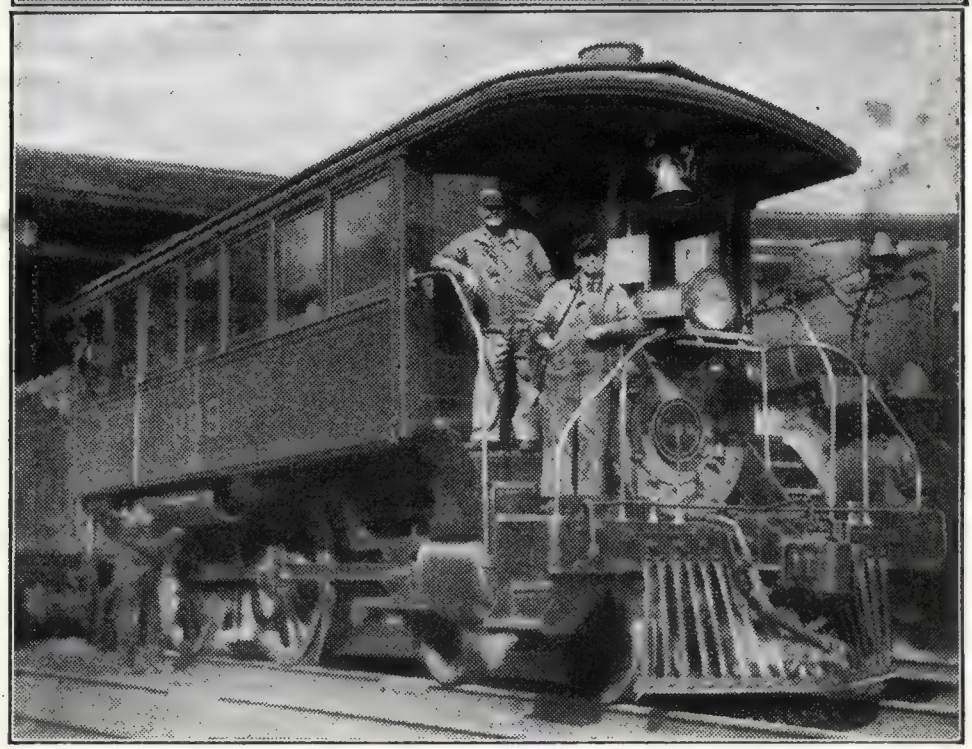
The Dotted Lines Represent the Jersey Central; Heavy Lines, the Reading, Which Controls It

between Philadelphia and Jersey City. The Jersey Central is a great suburban commuter road and the country's fifth largest hard coal carrier. In the New York harbor area it operates ferries, steamers between New York City and the Atlantic Highlands, and float and lighter equipment for transferring freight cars around the harbor.

The above history was supplied by Warren B. Crater, furloughed C. R. R. of N. J. fireman; the following roster of its engines was prepared by G. H. Burck, associate editor of RAILROAD STORIES, and kindly checked and approved by C. A. Gill, Jersey Central superintendent of motive power.

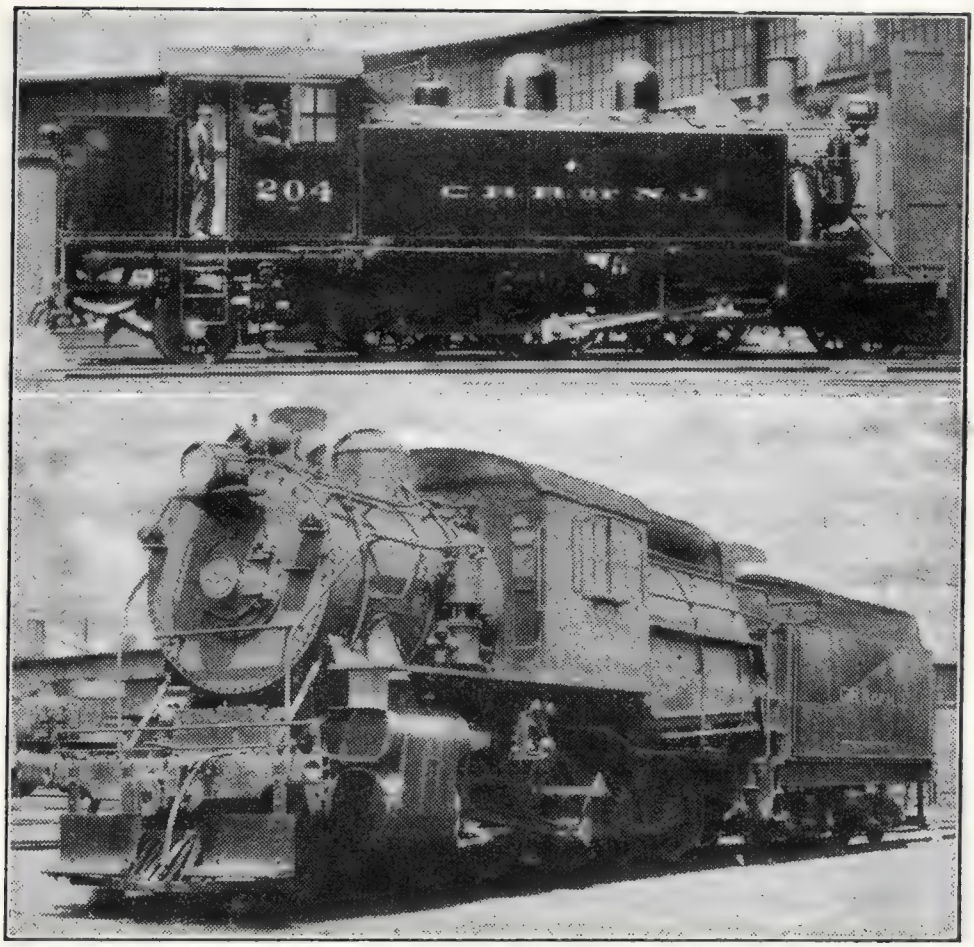
Class	Type	Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (Inches)	Driver Diameters (Inches)	Boiler Pressure (Lbs.)	Weight of Engine Alone (Lbs.)	Tractive Force (Lbs.)	Builder and Date
B-3	0-6-0	1-8	20 x 26	51	180	142,000	31,200	Brooks, 1901
B-3a	0-6-0	9-23	20 x 26	51	180	142,000	31,200	Brooks, 1902, 06
B-3b	0-6-0	24-33	20 x 26	51	180	150,000	31,200	CRR of N. J., 1910
B-4	0-6-0	34-49	21 x 26	51	180	150,000	34,398	CRR of N. J., 1912-15
B-2	0-6-0	50-100	18 x 24	51	180	127,500	23,328	Brooks, 1902, 03, 05 Baldwin, 1902, 03, 04
B-6s	0-6-0	101-110	21 x 28	51	190	163,500	39,102	Cooke, 1918
B-7s	0-6-0	111-115	23 x 26	51	200	197,000	45,847	Schen., 1923
B-5	0-6-0	135-140	22 x 26	51	180	159,600	37,752	Baldwin, 1918
L5ds	4-6-0	150-157, 159-166	21 x 28	69	210	201,500	31,944	Brooks, 1900, 01
L-5s	4-6-0	158	20 x 28	69	210	194,000	28,975	Brooks, 1900
L-5es	4-6-0	168-170, 178 & 179, 172-176, 181-184	21 x 28	69	210	201,500	31,944	Brooks, 1902, 03, 06
L-5as	4-6-0	167	20 x 28	69	210	200,500	28,975	Brooks, 1902
L-5bs	4-6-0	171	20 x 28	69	210	200,500	28,975	Brooks, 1903
L-5cs	4-6-0	177, 180	20 x 28	69	210	200,500	28,975	Brooks, 1906
J-1	2-6-2T	205, 209, 210	18 x 26	63	200	208,200	22,731	Baldwin, 1902
J-1s	2-6-2T	200-204, 206-208, 211-224	18 x 26	63	200	206,400	22,731	Baldwin, 1902-04
H-1s	4-6-4T	225-230	21 x 26	63	200	291,700	30,940	Baldwin, 1923
E-1	0-8-0	270-294	24 x 30	55	200	234,000	53,411	Schen., 1912, 16, 17 Baldwin, 1913, 14 CRR of N. J., 1917, 18
E-2s	0-8-0	295-304	24 x 30	55	200	238,500	53,411	Schen., 1923
E-3s	0-8-0	305-314	24 x 30	55	230	255,100	61,422	Baldwin, 1927
E-4s	0-8-0	315-319	24 x 30	55	240	262,800	64,093	Baldwin, 1929
E-4as	0-8-0	320-324	24 x 30	55	240	264,610	64,093	Baldwin, 1930
C-3	2-6-0	371-376	19 x 26	63	190	153,600	24,061	CRR of N. J., 1907, 08
K-1as	4-8-0	430-434, 437, 438, 440, 442-456, 458-465, 467-475, 477-480	20 x32	55	220	224,400	39,564	Brooks, 1899-1901
K-1s	4-8-0	435, 436, 439, 441, 457, 466, 476	20 x 32	55	200	217,000	39,564	Brooks, 1899-1901





Upper Photo Shows No. 229, Which Pulls Suburban Passenger Trains; Lower (Taken by S. Kolaites), Inspection Engine No. 999

D-9s	4-4-0	557-559	19 x 26	69	200	173,600	23,125	Brooks, 1905
P-6s	4-4-2	590-595	22 x 26	79	210	215,700	28,433	Brooks, 1901, 02
L-4s	4-6-0	600-630	20 x 26	69	210	186,100	26,904	Brooks, 1902, 04
I-6as	2-8-0	650, 653, 655-659	21 x 32	55	200	216,500	43,619	Brooks, 1903
I-6as	2-8-0	662 & 663	21 x 32	55	200	227,500	43,619	Brooks, 1905
I-5s	2-8-0	654	20 x 32	55	200	213,500	39,564	Brooks, 1903
I-5as	2-8-0	660, 661, 664, 665	20 x 32	55	200	227,000	39,564	Brooks, 1905
I-4s	2-8-0	675-684	21 x 32	61	200	231,000	39,329	Brooks, 1906
L-6s	4-6-0	750-754, 756	22 x 28	69	210	217,200	35,058	Baldwin, 1910
L-6as	4-6-0	755, 757-759	23 x 28	69	210	225,100	38,318	Baldwin, 1910
L-7s	4-6-0	760-769	23 x 28	69	210	225,100	38,318	Baldwin, 1912
L-7as	4-6-0	770-779	23 x 28	69	210	225,600	38,318	Baldwin, 1913, 14
L-8s	4-6-0	780-789	23 x 28	69	220	225,600	40,143	Baldwin, 1918
P-7s	4-4-2	800-805	23 x 26	79	210	223,000	31,077	Reading Co., 1912
G-4s	4-6-2	810-814	26 x 28	74	240	333,830	52,180	Baldwin, 1930
G-1s	4-6-2	820-825	26 x 28	79	210	306,330	42,768	Baldwin, 1918
G-2s	4-6-2	826-830	26 x 28	79	210	306,000	42,768	Baldwin, 1923
G-3s	4-6-2	831-835	26 x 28	79	230	326,470	46,841	Baldwin, 1928
A-1	0-4-0T	840	17 x 24	45	170	112,500	22,272	Baldwin, 1907
M-1s	2-8-2	850-859	27 x 32	63	200	320,000	62,949	Brooks, 1918
M-2s	2-8-2	860-870	27 x 32	63	200	337,000	62,949	Brooks, 1920



No. 204 (Upper), Suburban "Tank" Type; and No. 434 (Lower), a 4-8-0 with "Mother Hubbard" Style Cab. Both Photos by W. R. Osborne, 38 Colonial Ave., Whitehorse, Trenton, N. J.

M-2as	2-8-2	871-875	27 x 32	63	200	342,500	62,949	Brooks, 1922
M-2as	2-8-2	876-895	27 x 32	63	200	339,000	62,949	Brooks, 1922
M-3e	2-8-2	896-915	27 x 32	63	200	342,500	62,949	Schen., 1923
M-3as	2-8-2	916-935	27 x 32	63	200	340,500	62,949	Baldwin, 1925
Inspection	4-4-0	999	15 x 20	61	200	106,800	12,541	Baldwin, 1903
OE-1	0-4-4-0	1000 Diesel-electric	.....	.....	.....	120,000	30,000	Alco-GE-Ing.-Rand

The following engines have been retired from service: Class B-3, 1, 2, 6, 7, 8. B-3a, 10, 13. B-2, 50-75, 77-79, 81-90, 92, 94-99; Classes L-5as, bs, cs, ds, es, 152, 155, 166-168, 171, 177, 180. J-1, 1s, 205, 213, 216. C-3, all except 375. K-1as, 432, 452, 459, 463, 473. K-1s, 439, 457, 466. D-9s, all. L-4s, 602, 603, 605-607, 611, 612, 615, 617, 619-621, 628. I-6as & I-5as, 651, 655, 660. P-7s, 805.

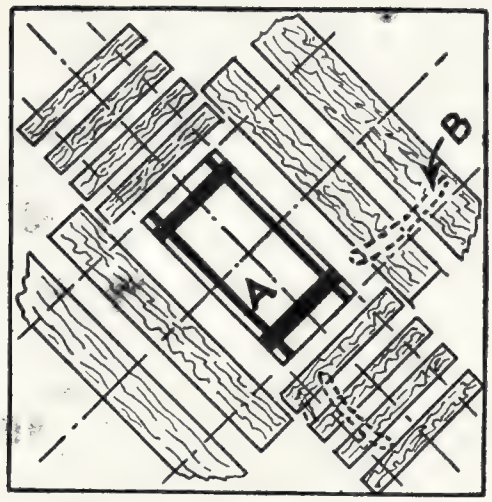
Two corrections to previous rosters: in last month's issue (p. 89, line 23) we stated the Seaboard Air Line went into receivership in 1928. The correct date is 1908. In the April, '35, issue, the caption under the photos on p. 90 mentioned "No 3132." This, of course, should have read "No. 2132."

NEXT MONTH: SAN DIEGO & ARIZONA EASTERN RY.

LOCOMOTIVE rosters are your best features. I keep a scrapbook of them. Now I'm starting a photo collection, too.—ARTHUR RUMP, 8 Milton Place, Upper Russell St., Brighton 1, England.

* * *

RECENTLY I visited the New Haven yards at Waterbury, Conn. I was told beforehand of engine picture fans being chased off the property, and of some even being arrested by hostile New Haven guards. Nevertheless I made a circuit of the roundhouse and took 3 shots. Suddenly 2 bulls grabbed me. After a lot of questioning I was escorted from the property and released under the promise never again to photograph New Haven property. Well, the N. Y. N. H. & H. isn't very interesting, so I'll say "Sour grapes" to them.—M. B. COOKE, 350 Princeton Ave., Jersey City, N. J.



Crossover for Your Model Road (See Page 141)

Tinplate Railroading

By F. L. BELANGER

THE cost of building a "tinplate" model railroad may be reduced considerably by making your own track instead of buying it ready made. Though this article deals specifically with track for electric trains—using a center third rail—there is no reason why any other type of rolling stock may not be run upon it, without the third rail, of course.

Plan for simplicity of construction. Your materials should be few and easily obtained. Tools needed are: Heavy hammer for bending the bottom of the rail, light nailing hammer, ice-pick for making holes in tin, a nail set for working between the rails, large vise, large wide-nose pliers and small bolt cutter or hacksaw.

Wood will be needed for ties; sheet tin and No. 10 wire for rails. Any available cans may be cut up for tin, but coffee cans are most suitable as to size and thickness. If lighter tin is used it wears quickly, while heavier metal is not easily bent.

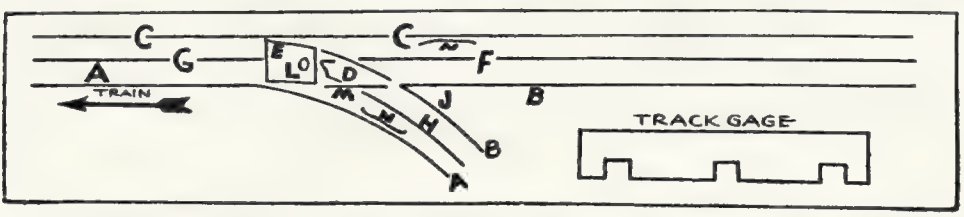
Tin is cut into strips about 1⅝" wide and bent lengthwise along the center over a straight edge. A piece of angle iron screwed to the bench is excellent for this purpose. After bending the strip, cut a piece of wire the same length and pinch it into the angle, making sure that your tin fits closely against the wire for its entire length.

This being done, place the tin in the vise between 2 pieces of ⅛" square wire. The curve of the tin, where it was pinched round the No. 10 wire, should fit tightly against the square wire. The upper faces of this square wire must be level with the top of the vise jaws. The tin protruding from the vise is then bent out on each side to form the foot of the rail. After that the wire is driven out for about an inch at one end to form male and female ends.

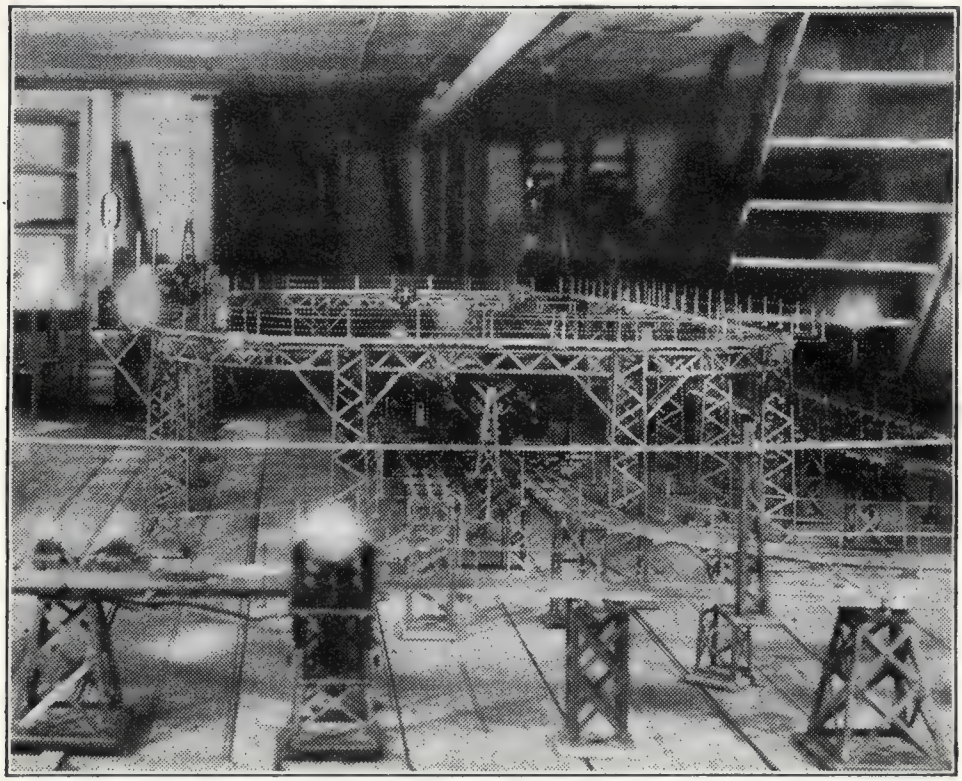
In cutting rail, be sure the wire is in place. Cut with a bolt cutter. Then bend downward; the result will be an even cut.

Cut your ties all the same thickness. Ties of varying sizes would make an uneven track. Before laying your rail a track gage should be made of heavy tin or brass. This should be carefully fitted to the rail and made to conform exactly to the gage of the track already in use.

Tack the rails down every 2 inches, using cigar-box nails or brads. These should



Instructions for Making This Type of Automatic Switch Are Given on Page 141



Miniature Elevated Railway Built by Louis V. Azzopardi, a Native of Malta, North Africa, In the Basement of His Home, 68 Louise St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Azzopardi Is Employed In Riveting Dept. of Interborough Rapid Transit Co., N. Y. City, Which Partly Explains His Ingenuity in Creating This El Structure of Riveted Brass, Covering an Area of About 25 by 15 Ft. He Began Work on This 7 Years Ago for His Daughter Marion. It Is Built to Scale but Without the Use of Blueprints. When Finished It Will Have 3 Levels—El, Subway and Surface Lines—also Bridges, Stations, etc. The Road Is Electrified and Operated With Lionel Trains

be clinched on the under side. When doing this, make sure that nails holding the center rail do not touch those connected to the outer lengths, as this would cause a short-circuit. The 2 outer rails should be connected by a short length of insulated wire, soldered to both. This assists in picking up current if one or other of the rails becomes dirty.

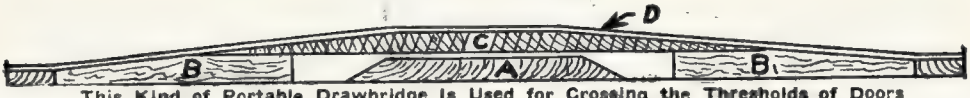
If you don't think ties are necessary, nail your rails directly to the baseboard. This is advisable where a gap is to be bridged.

CURVES are laid somewhat the same way as straight track. Lay the outside rail first, followed by the center and inner ones. The male end of the rail should be laid last so that the female end of the next length may be ground to fit it. An emery wheel is best for this work.

Where a curve is laid around a corner on a shelf, make the entire curve on a single piece of wood. This section may then be nailed to the ends of the straight shelves, a procedure which eliminates building long, projecting supports from the corners.

Make your " S " curves in the same manner, by tacking to a solid baseboard. Use a 2-inch straight length at the junction of the opposite curved sections. This permits the use of the regular short coupler, which would otherwise frequently derail the train.

Do not use curves with a shorter radius than that of the regular commercial track. Larger-radius curves result in easier running.



This Kind of Portable Drawbridge Is Used for Crossing the Thresholds of Doors

Do not make the grades too steep. Where one track crosses over another, start the grade at least 5 feet from the underneath track. A lower grade would be better, as there is a limit to the power of the engine.

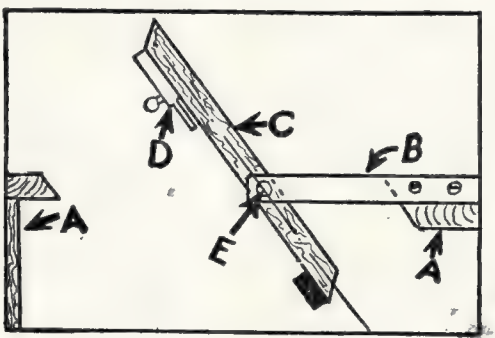
Curves on grades should be banked by placing thin pieces of wood under the outer ends of the ties. A safe method for standard-gage track banking is to use a piece of cigar box material under the end of the tie.

Use a straight stick, from 4 to 6 feet long, for leveling the top of your rail. By placing this stick on top of the rail, it should be easy to see the places where the track must be raised. This is done by placing thin pieces of wood under the ties.

Start all grades with a gradual rise. Otherwise the pilot of the engine may short-circuit the third rail. This will usually result in one of the drive wheels being lifted off the track, causing a derailment.

Nail safety strips along shelf or table edges to prevent trains from falling to the floor in case of derailment.

MOSS which grows in sandy places is excellent for covering large spaces between tracks. Sawdust dyed green makes good imitation grass. Bunches of old broom bristles or unraveled rope painted green form a realistic hedge when glued into holes in a thin board. Very small evergreen trees will last a long time if dipped into warm paraffin.



A Simple Type of Drawbridge

For ballast use fine washed gravel. Don't use sand, which eventually works its way into the gears and motor.

Follow the manufacturers' directions and oil all moving parts of your rolling stock. If you do this, trains will not only run more easily, but they will stay on the track better. But keep oil off the wheel treads. It causes the drive wheels to slip.

Clean all rust off the running surface of your rails. Dirty rails prevent good electrical contact and cut down the power of your engine. A few drops of heavy oil rubbed on the outer rail of curves with a woolen cloth will greatly reduce the resistance of the train and will also prevent the wheels from climbing the rail.

BRIDGES are necessary for scenic effect, also for utilitarian purposes. One illustration shows a method of making a strong portable bridge for crossing thresholds of doors. This is useful for those who lay temporary tracks on the floor.

An elevated drawbridge is not hard to make. Track laid on shelves or tables is much better than when on the floor, but this construction calls for some provision for openings at doorways. The design is one which has been used successfully for as many as 3 tracks.

The bridge is pivoted on the screws E (see illustration) which run through the strap iron brackets B. The spring catch D holds your bridge in place when down. A counterweight is fastened under the inner end of C to allow it to be raised easily. The ends of C and the rail points should be carefully bevelled.

Electrical connections are made at E with flexible wire. Bore a hole into the board to permit a wire to be connected to the center rail. In wiring this bridge for several tracks, all the outer rails are connected to one wire and all the third rails to another. Similar wires should be run over the top of the door to provide a continuous cur-

rent supply to the stationary track. It is not difficult to make an automatic current cut-out which would be operated by the bridge for shutting the power off from the adjoining tracks when the draw opened.

CROSSOVERS are easily made by cutting a piece of hardwood to the shape of the center of the crossover. Make your wood exactly the same height as the top of your rail. Fasten down the block and the tracks, then burn grooves into the wood with a heavy wire.

Connect your rails by soldered wires to provide a continuous circuit. Guard rails B (see illustration) do much to improve smooth running of the trains through the crossover.

Now study the drawing of the automatic switch. This device will work automatically when all trains run in direction of arrow.

C is a straight track. A and B are shaped as shown in the drawing. F, G and H are separate tracks, electrically connected. The small section D also is connected to these by insulated wire.

The movable section E is made of 1/16 inch sheet metal bent up at the edges and filed to the exact height of the rail. It is pivoted at L. Note that E is not as wide as the rest of the track, because only one side is in use at a time.

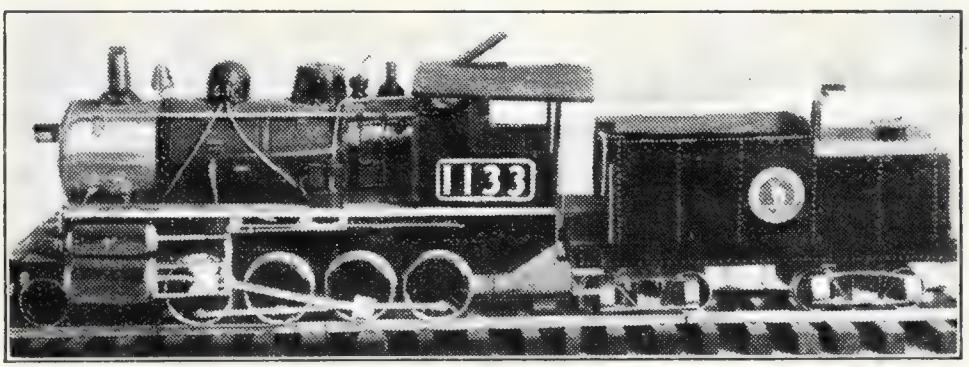
If you desire to use this switch for track on which trains run in both directions, install a lever to hold E in position.

Tinplate railroading appeals most to readers who have not the time, money or experience to build scale models. Which do YOU prefer? What subjects would you like to read about in this department? The Editor will be guided by readers' suggestions in planning for future articles on model railroading. If you are interested in this hobby, don't forget to fill out and mail the "Reader's Choice" coupon on page 143.

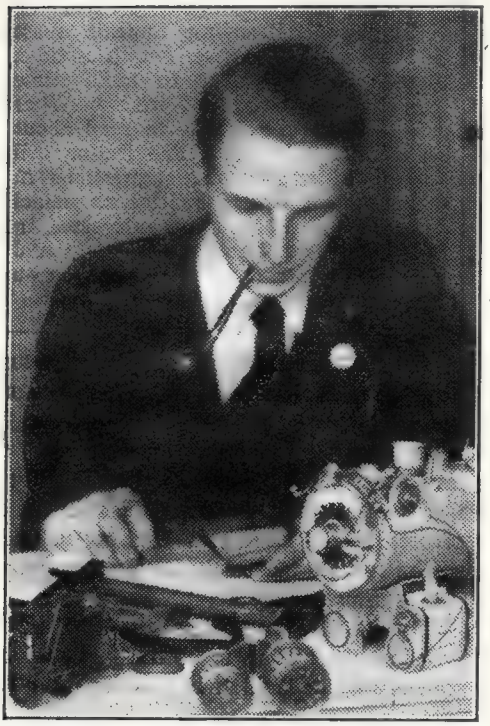
Model Built for One Dollar

DECIDING to build a G.N. engine model, I looked over my collection of 250 photos of G.N. power and selected No. 1133, a Consolidation type (2-8-0) made in 1901 by Cooke Loco. Works, Paterson, N. J. I often see the 1133 in service; this fact whetted my desire to own a model of her. After enlarging the photo I went to work. First I made the drivers, 2½ inches in diameter, from ends of small milk cans, and chiseled out the spokes. For flanges I bent the edges slightly outward with a pair of pliers. For counter-balances I got some small covers of milk cans, cut them in half and ⅛ inch thick, and soldered them onto the wheels. Axles are wood about ½ inch in diameter. Drivers are attached to axles with tiny screws.

The engine frame I carved from soft pine wood ½ inch wide by 1¼ inches high.



Model of Great Northern Engine Constructed by John T. Granfors of Superior, Wis.



Harry Schiller of Berlin, Germany. He Builds North American Models. (See Next Page)

Cylinders came from large spools. After cutting the steam chest smaller than the main cylinder, I fitted and tacked tin around these spools. By tacking small round pieces of wood to the cylinder and steam chest I formed the cylinder heads. Next I made the boiler from 2 tomato cans each 4 inches in diameter. The boiler head was a square luncheon meat can. The firebox, made of tin, is soldered under the boiler head part, resting on the main engine frame.

Fortunately I got a riveting machine, which made perfect rivet imprints. By utilizing parts of an old radio I constructed the air pump. Piping, grab-irons and handrails were made of galvanized wire of various sizes. Pilot wheels and tank wheels came from small covers 1¼ inches in diameter. Sandbox was whittled out of wood. An old thermos-bottle cup was used for the dome. Side-rods were made of tin, channeled to give the appearance of heavy steel.

Cab and tender are wood covered with tin and stamped with riveting machine. This looks like steel strongly riveted and durable. Headlights also are of tin. On the tender is a small man-hole which opens and closes. Tender trucks are make-believe but look realistic. The "Big G" emblem, clipped from a timetable, was shellacked on; so were the numbers, cut from white paper. The track I purchased from a model supply firm.

A model could be spoiled with cheap paint, so I used the best enamel I could buy.

This model is 38 inches long, 9½ high, 6½ wide, and 3¾ track gage. Engine weighs 5 lbs., tender 3½ lbs. Total cost of model less than $1; this fact should encourage other model makers. Most of the material used in construction could be found in almost any back yard. Tools needed are screw driver, file, snips, solder iron, rule, vise, compass, hammer, pliers, saw, small brads and tacks. Riveting machine not absolutely necessary.

I was helped greatly by "Railroad Stories" articles and readers' letters. Also by Ora C. Deal, of Starkweather, N. D., with whom I became acquainted through the International Engine Picture Club. Because I used simple tools and worked from photos instead of blueprints, the job took 7 months of my spare time. Am now working on a model of G.N. 3399, a 2-8-2 type. (It is interesting to note that the G.N. 3397-8-9 were the only 3 locos built for an American railroad in the year 1932!) I get much fun out of this hobby. Will gladly answer readers' questions.—John T. Granfors, 209 39th Ave. E., Superior, Wis.

The Model Trading Post

RHODE ISLAND Society of Model Engineers is laying out a double-track 0 gage model railway in its club room. This line is portable in 6-ft. sections; can be transported elsewhere for exhibition purposes when desired. R. J. Badger is doing much of the work in spare time. Our club had an attractive display in the local "Sportsman's Show," March 19-27. Membership now totals 41. Meetings held every other Wednesday; visitors welcome. — Fred Williams, Secretary, 120 Colonial Ave., Cranston, R. I.

AT the latest meeting of the Phila. Society of Model Engineers, Al Pittman, Supt. of Motive Power, reported that the club's loco. (P. R. R. Class E-6) would soon be ready for her maiden trip; also that plans had been made to build a gas-electric motor car and switcher. For further information about this society write to Gilbert Scofield, Room 720, City Center Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

THE "Modell Eisenbahn (Railroad) Klub" of Berlin, largest of its kind in Germany, now has over 200 members and is planning to open a workshop with trial tracks of various gages. This club has a library of books on railroading and model-building; also English and American

periodicals dealing with those subjects, including "RaHroad Stories." We Germans, those of us who read English, look forward with eager interest to each new issue of your magazine.

Your readers will be interested to learn that one of our club members, Harry Schiller, of Berlin West 30, Gleditschstrasse 37, Germany, specializes in North American locomotives, although he has never visited your continent. Mr. Schiller builds his models from pictures which appear in "Railroad Stories" and **Railway Age.** His model of a Canadian National Rys. heavy freight locomotive was displayed in a glass case at the entrance to our club's exhibition last winter; 6,000 persons visited this exhibition. His beautiful model of a Canadian Pacific refrigerator car also attracted much comment. He is now making a model of a Hudson type locomotive, ⅜-inch scale. — Raymond C. Buchardt (electric engineer), Berlin, Wilhelmstrasse 140, Germany.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The above is quite interesting, especially in view of the fact that our May '35 issue showed a picture of the only American-type miniature railway in England. We'd like to hear from readers in other foreign lands who make North American models.)

* * *

WALTHAM railroad watch (used by engineers), excellent condition, is offered for sale or will trade for wide-gage A. F. electric outfit with loco, pass. and frt. equipment, switches, etc.—Waldon Ewald, 116 Albert St., Waterloo, Ont., Canada.

* * *

I WISH to dispose of model Rock Island engine made by my late husband (a former Burlington employee). She is 14 inches high, 4 ft. long with tender, stationary, but is wired to show fire in firebox, headlight, signal lights and light in cab. Railroad men assure me she is an exact replica of a real engine. Write for details.—Mrs. H. E. Boggs, 111 E. Terry St., Centerville, Ia.

* * *

WHO'D like to help me out with some pass. and frt. cars and a transformer? I'm out of work. A friend gave me a set of standard-gage tracks and a Lionel loco. for my 2 little sons. They just push the engine up and down the track; they'd be mighty happy to have it work. I don't care what shape the cars are in, if they can be fixed. I'd pay shipping costs from nearby places. — Kenneth Murray, 170 Myrtle Ave., W. N. B., Staten Island, N. Y.

* * *

I'LL exchange 14 issues "Railroad Stories," 100 loco. photos of 16 roads, 3 issues of **Railroad Trainman,** 2 model catalogs, etc., for model loco. and tender (any type, but no toy). Send details and photo of model. If the above are not enough for a fair exchange, I will add a reasonable amount.—E. Schumacher, 1337-A W. Locust St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

WHO'LL give me O gage rolling stock, track or loco. in exchange for a standard typewriter and 74 boys' books? Write for details.—W. B. Horner, 6456 N. Damen Ave., Chicago.

* * *

I HAVE Lionel No. 81 controlling rheostat, good condition, to swap for train orders or engine photos.—Ray Wilcox, 37 Hamilton Pl., Tarrytown, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED: Erector set to build N. Y. C. Hudson loco. and tender, also other used 2½-inch-gage material.—Ralph Sargent, West Scarboro, Me.

* * *

I WILL trade the following for realistic scale model steam type loco: Microscope of my own make which magnifies about 1,000 power, very clear with 5 lenses and smooth working adjustment and also an aneroid barometer with accurate weather forecaster dial.—Joe Fahnestock, 623 N. Union St., Union City, Ind.

* * *

WHAT am I offered in trade or in cash for the following equipment: 30 sections track, one 90-degree crossover, 3 O-gage drive wheels, signal tower, lamp-post, Lionel powerhouse No. 435, 8 standard drive wheels, 2 hand switches and real telegraph set, sender and receiver, etc.—A. Granito, 524 Moosic St., Scranton, Pa.

* * *

I'LL TRADE 14 sections Lionel standard-gage curved track for Lionel O gage equipment. —C. F. Harder, 692 14th Ave., Paterson, N. J.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel signal bridge 440 and 3-color signals 99 or 099.—T. M. Murphy, Jr., 1515 R St., Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

I WILL swap 3 pairs lves standard-gage automatic couplers, good condition, for 3 pairs Lionel, same type.—C. Sid Tucker, Jr., 224 N. W. 14th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel double-truck frt. car, caboose and other O gage equipment. I have Lionel O gage caboose No. 807, flat car 831, dump car 809 and model airplanes and supplies to trade.—Geo. Goodhead, Jr., 1623 S. Quincy, Tulsa, Okla.

* * *

I HAVE 33 back issues, '33-'35 incl., of various model magazines to trade for any ¼-inch scale or O gage tinplate equipment.—Fred Ettinger, 561 W. 175th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

WHO will swap an O gage outfit for my Lionel standard-gage outfit? Write for details. —Andrew Hull, P. O. Box 432, Bristol, Conn.

* * *

I AM a retired loco. engineer, now building an O gage model road. I want to trade radio parts for steel running rail, spikes, used frt. cars with automatic coupler or any other O gage equipment.—Dr. L. J. Crowl, 1936 Vista del Mar Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

I WISH to dispose of my ½-inch scale 4-4-0 English type steam loco. Inside cylinders ¾ by 1⅛ in., water tube boiler all brazed with fittings and tested to 100 lbs. pressure. Engine is in complete running order, but tender needs wheels and a little work on the tank. Best offer takes it.—Norman Robinson, 25 W. Burtis St., Celoron, N. Y.

* * *

MODEL fans, please write. I have ¼-in. scale craft model railroad, "Silver Town Northern."—Wm. Maier, Jr., 142 Wentworth St., Manchester, N. H.

* * *

I HAVE the following equipment to trade for Lionel O gage freight cars 800 series: A. F.

RAILROAD STORIES Reader's Choice
280 Broadway, New York City

Stories, features and departments I like best in the June issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

Organize a Model Club

MODEL railroading has grown to such an extent that clubs are being formed all over U. S. and Canada to promote this hobby. Any reader can get the address of the club nearest his home by sending a reply postal card to the Editor of "Railroad Stories."

If there is no such club in your vicinity, why not organize one? You can't tell how many model fans there are until the news gets around that you are going to start a club.

Such news is printed free in "The Model Trading Post," together with letters from readers desiring to trade equipment or tell about models they have built.

When writing to strangers listed here, use a reply postal card or enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

electric engine 1218 and 2 cars; Lionel standard-gage ob. car 332, baggage car 341 and engine cover and frame 10-E; 3 new O gage Lionel junior frt. cars 1679-80, 82.—Theodore Sanzeri, 33 Phoenix Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for Lionel standard bridges, houses, and derrick car 219; also other for sale or trade?—Herbert Iselin, 226 Mt. Hope Pl., Bronx, N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE A. F. field parts and a couple armatures to trade for O gage tinplate rail.—F. W. Moulder, 2531 Amherst Ave., Butte, Mont.

* * *

WANTED: Standard-gage 390-E Lionel loco. and equipment; will trade tenor banjo outfit ($75 value) or pay cash if no trade is wanted. Local fans, please write.—James Golden, 19 Burbank Ave., Johnson City, N. Y.

* * *

ST. PAUL model builders, please write.—Patrick O'Regan, 113 Winter St., St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

WHAT am I offered in trade or cash for A. F. O-gage track, bridge, 3 pass. cars, 2 frt. cars, box car, caboose, Ives manual-controlled left-hand switch, Dorfan tunnel, foreign and U. S. stamps? —Albert Dunkel, 17 Coram St., Taunton, Mass.

* * *

WANTED: A. F. No. 3,000 baggage cars, Dorfan No. 492 baggage cars, or model frt. cars. State what you have and whether for sale or to trade for other O gage goods.—A. J. Volk, 440 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, N. J.

* * *

I'LL swap my running scale model of P. R. R. K-4s loco. and tender for 100 ft. cap. 16 mm. movie and camera and 400 ft. cap. 16 mm. Keystone projector. I also have Lionel, Ives and A. F. cars, switches, and track to trade for 16 mm. film.—John Stone, 294 California St., Stratford, Conn.

* * *

WHO wants to trade 2¼-in. gage Lionel engine, track and frt. or pass. cars for 3½-in. gage "Buddy L" freight train (engine, tender, 6 cars) and track? All cars have good wheels, but couplers are broken; engine has no leading or trailing truck wheels.—Richard Bowne, 100 Haskell Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

I WISH to trade new Lionel standard-gage train outfit (pass. and frt.) for ¼-in. scale equipment; write for details.—Bernard Gonder, Jr., 58 Alder St., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

I'LL trade the following for O gage set with steam type loco: Lionel wide-gage engine No. 8 and 2 cars, 103 sections track, one crossover; also Keystone movie machine with 1,500 ft. of film.—George Pierce, Howland, Me.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for model steam-pressure locomotive? She is ½-in. scale, .75 lbs. h. p., 10 lbs. t. f., weighing 58 lbs. plus 25 lbs. tender; tube boiler, coal-fire.—W. G. Adkins, 4322-A San Francisco Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

SEATTLE fans interested in building O gage or 2¼-in. gage models, please write.—Harold Hill, 5221 37th Ave. S., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

I HAVE 33 issues of a nature magazine to trade for O gage wheels and axles.—Victor Rawstron, 19 Summer St., Auburn, Me.

* * *

WILL trade 10,000 ft. 35 mm. movie film, mechanical mags., radio tubes and parts, for O gage Lionel or Ives electric train sets or accessories.—A. T. Dolan, 187 Union St., Randolph, Mass.

* * *

WANTED: Set of 8 drive wheels, 2⅝ in. diam., for passenger loco; am building C. & N. W. 4-8-4 type, ⅜ in. scale.—H. O. Wuesthoff, 5325 Zara Ave., Richmond, Calif.

* * *

RECENTLY I completed a 9-in. gage working model of the old N.A.&A. Ry. (Va. Beach) narrow gage engine No. 8. This line now belongs to Norfolk Southern and has been standard gage for 38 yrs.—M. J. Long, 10 Carvel Hall, Norfolk, Va.

* * *

I WILL trade my used Lionel O gage equipment for ¼ in. scale equipment or printing press, or will sell.—C. T. Garten, 2402 Washington St., Charleston, W. Va.

* * *

I HAVE U. P. streamliner plans, Kodak printing frame, "Star Coin Book," "How to Make Good (Kodak) Pictures," Lionel Magazines since Nov. '31, 15 boys' books, timetables, and Lionel warning bell, to sell or will trade for standard cars or switches, or photos and negs. —Bob Durham, 521 37th St., Union City, N. J.

* * *

WANTED: Used Lionel or Ives standard-gage, automatic reversing type loco., good condition. Will pay cash. Send details.

For 3c. stamp I will mail anyone plans and descriptions of frt. cars, lamp posts, relays, and circuit-breaker used on my model road. These are of simple design, inexpensive and practical for any model railway.—Frederick Hoff, Elgin, Minn.

* * *

TELL Leonard Cooper that snow could not be removed with his plow (pictured on page 141, April issue) for many reasons, such as:

(a) Construction of the incline is such that snow would not clear, and the power necessary to force it through a drift or cut would crush the plow.

(b) Absence of wings makes it further useless, in that snow would pack and make a wall that could not be penetrated.

(c) Absence of flangers would permit the snow to pack and derail the rear truck. In making a second attempt over the same track the incline would raise and derail.

(d) Location of cupola is wrong. It should be immediately in back of the incline overshoot in order that the operators could see. As now located, it would become covered with snow and be useless.—Johnny Lincolnpinn, Gen. Delivery, Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

SMALL transfer letters for model equipment now on the market. For details write Ralco, Dept. 17, MY-1082 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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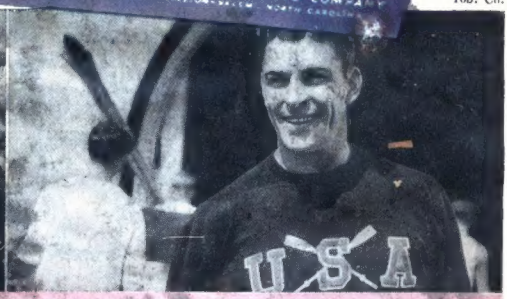

ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I know that I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel."

VALUE! Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculling Champion, says: "Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"

HEALTHY NERVES! "Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped by the color camera. He says, "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves."